Loue and liue.

TO THE NOBILITIE and all other in office, God graunt

the increaſe of wyſedome, with all thinges
neceſſarie for preſeruacion of their
eſtates, Amen.

Amongſt the wiſe (right *Honorable*) whoſe ſentẽces (*for the moſte parte*) *tende either to teache the attaining of vertue, or eſchuing of vice: Plotinus that wonderfull and excellent Phyloſopher, hath theſe wordes: The propertie of Temperaunce is to couet nothing* Plotin. *which maye bee repented: not to exceade the bandes of meaſure, and to keepe deſire vnder the yooke of Reaſon. VVhiche ſaying if it were ſo well knowen, as is needefull: ſo well imbraced, as hee wyſhed, or ſo ſurely fixed in minde, as it is printed in his woorkes: then certis manye Chriſtians might by the inſtruction of an Ethnicke Phyloſopher, ſhunne great and daungerous perils. For to couet without conſideration: to paſſe the meaſure of his degree: and to lette will runne at randon, is the onely deſtruction of all*

eſtates. Elſe howe were it poſsible, ſo many learned, politike, wiſe, renoumed, valiaunt and victorious perſonages, might euer haue come to ſuch vtter decaye. Will you that I rehearſe Alexander the great, Cæſar, Pompey, Cyrus, Hannibal, &c. All which (by deſire of glorie) felte the rewarde of their immoderate and inſatiable luſtes: for if Alexander had ben content with Macedonie, or not ben puſte vp with pride after his triumphes: hee had neuer ben ſo miſerably poyſoned: If Cæſar and Pompey had ben ſatisfied with their victories, and had not fell to ciuill diſcention, ỹ one had not ben ſlaine in ỹ Senate with daggers, the other abrode, by his frendes procurement. If Cyrus had ben pleaſed with all Perſia, and Media, and not thirſted for bloud, he had neuer com to ſo infortunat a fall: If Hannibal had not ſo much delited in glory of warfare, his countrey had neither fel in ruine, nor he ben miſerably forced to poyſon him ſelfe. But you wil ſay, deſire of fame, glorie, renowne, and immortalitie (to which al mẽ wel nighe of nature are inclined eſpecially thoſe which excel or haue any ſinguler giſt of Fortune or of the body) moued them to ſuch daungerous, great and hardy enterpriſes, which I muſt nedes confeſſe as an infallible veritie: but for ſo much as the aboue named vertue by Plotinus his iudgemẽt hath ſuch excellent properties, it is ſo fit in a Magiſtrate,

Qu. Curtius.

Iuſtinus. lib. 1.

Plutarchus. Liuius. Polybius.

ſtrate, that I ſurely deme thoſe Princes aboue ſpecified (conſidering their factes, eſtates, fortunes, fame and exployte) had neuer come to ſuche ende, but for wante of temperance. Yet ſithe there are three other Cardinall vertues whiche are requiſite in him that ſhould be in authoritie: that is to ſaye, Prudence, Iuſtice, and Fortitude, which ſo wōderfully adorne and beautifie all eſtates, (if Temperaunce bee with them adioyned that they moue the very enemies with admiration to praiſe thē) ſome peraduenture as affection leades: will commende one, ſome another. Yea, and though Ariſtotle prince of Phyloſophers name Prudence, The mother of vertues. And Cicero define hir the knowledge of thinges which ought tō be deſired and followed: and alſo of them which ought to be fled and eſchewed, yet ſhall you finde that for wante of Temperaunce, thoſe whiche were counted the wiſeſt that euer were, fel into wonderfull reproche and infamie. Yea and though Iuſtice that incomparable vertue, as the auncient Ciuilians define hir, be a perpetuall and conſtant will which geueth to euery man his right. Yet if ſhe be not conſtant, which is the gift of fortitude, nor equal in diſcerning right from wrong, wherin is prudence: nor vſe proportion in iudgement and ſentence which pertaineth to temperaunce. ſhee can neuer be called equitie or iuſtice, but fraude, deceite,

Ariſtot. Cicero. Prudence

Iuſtice.

ceate, in iustice, and iniurie. And to speake of Fortitude which Cicero definith, A consyderate vndertaking of perils, and enduring of labours. If hee whom we suppose stoute, valiaũt, and of good courage, want Prudence, Iustice, or Temperaunce, he is not counted bolde, manly and constant, but made beastly and desperate. I will also sith I haue gone so farre with the vertues (and the place so vrgeth) lastly set downe the difinition of Temperaunce, according to Cicero his opinion, Temperaũce (saith he) is of reason in lust and other euil assaultes of ẏ minde, a sure and moderate dominion and rule. This noble vertue hath three partes, that is cõtinence, clemẽcie and modestie, which well and wisely obserued and kept (if grace be to thẽ adioyned) it is impossible for him that is endued with the aboue named vertues euer to fall into the vnfortunate snares of calamitie or missfortune. But Ambition which is an immoderate desire of honore, rule, dominiõ, and superioritie. (the very destructiõ of nobilitie, and commune weales: as among the Romains Silla, Marius, Carbo, Cinna, Cateline, Pompey, and Cæsar, are witnesses) hath brought great decay also to our countrey, and countreymen. which Maister Baldwin hath so learnedly touched in his Epistle of the other volume of this booke, that I nede not therewith deale any further. Onely I would to God it were

Fortitude Cicero.

Cicero. Temperaunce.

so oft

ſo oftē read and regarded of all Magiſtrates as the matter requireth. I haue here (right honorable) in this booke (which I am ſo bold to dedicate to your honors) only reproued foly in thoſe which are heedeleſſe: iniurie in extortioners, raſhnes in vēterers, and exceſſe, in ſuch as ſuppreſſe not vnruly affections. And I truſt you will ſo thinke of it (although the ſtyle deſerue not like commendation) as you thought of the other part: which if you ſhall, I doubt not but it may pleaſure ſome, if not, yet giue occaſiō to others which can do farre better, either with eloquence to amend that is amiſſe in mine, or elſe when they ſee theſe ſo rudely pende, to publiſh their own. And thus wiſhing you Prudence to diſcerne what is meete for your callings. Iuſtice in the adminiſtrations of your functiōs, Fortitude in the defence of your countrey. and Temperance in moderation of all your affections, with increaſe of honors, and euerlaſting felicitie, I bid you in Chriſte Ieſu farewell.

Your humble Iohn
Higgins.

1 Lbanact the yongest ſonne of Brutus, telles of the finding of this lande, his fathers life, and his owne infortunate fall. Fol. 4

2 Humber the king of Hunnes, ſhewes howe he minding to conquere this lande was drowned, &c. Fol. 15

3 Locrinus the eldeſt ſonne of Brutus, declares his ſlaughter to haue happened for his euill life. Fol. 17

4 Elſtride the concubine of Locrinus miſerably drowned by Guendoline his wife declares hir preſumptuous leude life, and infortunate fall. Fol. 21

5 Sabrine the baſe childe of Locrinus telles how ſhe was pitifully drowned by his wife Guendoline in reuenge of her fathers adulterye. Fol. 28

6 Madan ſhewes howe for his euill life hee vvas ſlayne of vvolues. Fol. 32

7 Manlius declares how he minding to kil his brother for the kingdome was by him ſlayne. Fol. 34

8 Mempricius giuen all to luſt, pleaſure and the ſinne of Sodomy: telles how he was deuoured of wolues. Fol. 36

9 Bladud reciteth how hee practizing by curious arte to flye, fell and brake his necke. Fol. 40

10 Cordila ſhewes howe by deſpaire when ſhe was in priſon ſhe ſlewe hir ſelfe. Fol. 47

The Contentes.

11 Morgan telles how he waging warre with his cosin Conidagus was slaine at the place yet called Glamorgan. Fol. 54.

12 Forrex declares howe hee minding to kill his brother vvhich ruled with him (that he might ther:by raigne alone) was by him slayne. Fol. 57

13 Porrex recites how for the slaughter of his brother hee was slaine by his owne mother and hir maydens as hee laye sleeping. Fol. 60

14 Kimarus shewes howe for his euill life he was deuoured by wilde beastes. Fol. 63

15 Morindus a bastarde, declares how he was exalted to the kingdome, waxed cruell; and at last was deuoured by a monster. Fol. 65

16 Nennius a worthy Britaine the very patern of a valiant noble, and faithfull subiect, encountring with Iulius Cæsar at his first comming into this Islande, vvas by him death wounded: yet natheless hee gate Cæsars svvorde: put him to flight: slewe therewith Labienus a Tribune of the Romaynes: endured fighte till his countrymen wan the battayle: died xv. dayes after. And nowe encourageth all good subiectes to defende their countrey from the power of forraine and vsurping enemies. Fol. 68

17 The tragœdy of Irenglas slayne by Elenine. Fol. 76

I. Higgins to the Reader.

AMongst diuers & sondry Chronicles of many Nations, I thinke there are none (gentle Reader) so vncertaine & brief in ꝑ beginning as ours, at which I cannot but marueyle, sith at all tymes our Ilande had as learned wryters (some singuler men excepted) as any Nation vnder ꝑ Sunne. Againe, those which now are our best Chronicklers as they report, haue great Antiquities, but what they publish of late yeares may be enlarged in many places by Chronicles of other Nations: whereby it is manifest they are either ignorannt of the tōgues, or els not giuen to ꝑ studie of ꝑ which they most profesſe. For if they were, me thinkes it were easie for them w̄ such Antiquities as they brag they haue, to fetche our Hiſtories from the beginning, & make them as ample as the Chronicles of any other Coūtry or Nation. But they are faine in steede of other stuffe to talke of ꝑ Romains, Greekes, Perſians, &c. and to fill our Hiſtories with their facts & fables. This I speake not to ꝑ end I wold haue ours quite seperate from other without any mention of them, but I would haue them there only named where th'affayres of both countries by warre, peace, truce, mariage, trafique or some necessary cause or other is intermixed. I haue seen no auncient antiquities in wrytt̄ hand but two, one was Galfridus of Munmouth, which I lost by misfortune, the other an old Chronicle in a kind of Englishe Verse, beginning at Brute, and ending at the death of Humfrey Duke of Gloceſter, in the which and diuers other good Chronicles I finde many thinges not mentioned in that great tome engroced of late by Maiſter Grafton, and that where he is most barraine and wantes matter. But as the greateſt heades, the grayeſt hayres, and best clarkes haue not most wyte, so the greateſt Bookes, titles and Tomes contayne not most matter. And this haue I spoken because in wryting the Tragedies of the firſt infortunate Princes of this Iſle, I was often fayne to vſe

mine

AS Somer ſweete with all hir pleaſures paſt,
And leaues began, to leaue both brauche and tree,
VVhile winter cold approched neere full faſte,
Mee thought the time, to ſadnes moued mee
On drouping daies, not half ſuch mirth haue wee:
As when the time of yeare and wether-s fayre,
So moue our mindes, as mocions moue the ayre.

The wearye nightes, approched on apace
VVith darke eſom ſhades, which ſomewhat breedeth care,
The Sun hath take more neere the earth his race,
In Libra than, his greateſt ſwinge he bare,
For pardy then, the daies more colder are,
Then fades the greene fruite timely, herbes are don,
And wynter ginnes to waſte that Sommer won.

I deemde ſome booke, of mourning theame was beſte
To reade, wherwith inſtructions mingled ſo,
As migh againe, refreſh my wittes oppreſte
VVith tedioufnes not driue mee quyte therfro:
VVherfore I went the Printers ſtraight vnto,
To ſeeke ſome woorke of price I ſurely mente,
That might herein my carefull mynde contente.

At leength by hap, I found a booke ſo ſad,
As time of yeare or wynter could require,
The Mirroure namde, for Magiſtrates he had
So finely ponde, as harte could well deſire,
VVhich when I read, ſo ſet my harte on fire:
Eftſones it mee conſtraind to take the payne
Not leaue withonce, to reade it once againe.

The authours induction.

And as againe, I vewd this worke with heede:
And marked playne eache party tell his fall
Me thought in mynde, I ſawe thoſe men in deede:
Eke howe they came, in order pleading all,
Declaring well, this life is but a thrall:
Sithe thoſe on whom, for Fortunes giftes we ſtare,
Ofte ſooniſte ſinke in greateſt ſeas of care.

For ſome of theſe were kinges of high eſtate:
And ſome were Dukes, and came of Regall race:
Some Princes, Lordes and Iudges great that ſate
In councell ſtill, decreing euery caſe:
Some other Knightes, that vices did imbrace:
Some Gentlemen: ſome poore that looked hie,
Yet euery one had playde his tragœdie.

A Mirroure well it may be calde a glaſſe,
More cleare then any criſtall vnder Sun,
In eache reſpecte, the Tragœdies ſo paſſe,
Their names ſhall lyue, that ſuch a worke begun:
For why with ſuch Decorum is it don:
That Momus ſpight, which more then Argus eyes
Can neuer watche to kepe it from the wiſe.

Examples there, for all eſtates you finde,
For iudge (I ſay) what iuſtice he ſhould vſe:
The noble man to beare a noble mynde,
And not him ſelfe ambiciouſly abuſe:
The Gentleman vngentlenes refuſe:
The riche, and poore: and euery one may ſee,
VVhich way to loue and liue in his degree.

Me

Me thinkes they might beware by others harme,
And eke eſchue to clammer vp ſo hye:
Yet curſed pryde doth all their wittes becharme,
They thinke of naught, but prouerbes true do trie:
VVho hewes aloft the chips may hurte his eye:
VVho climes the tops of trees, wher bowes ar ſmal,
Or hawty towres, may quickly catch a fall.

This thing full well doth Phaëtons fall declare,
And Icarus aloft would flie and ſoare:
Eke Bladud once of Britayne rule that bare,
VVould clyme and flie, but eache did fal therfore.
For Phaëton was with lightning all to tore:
And Icarus the meane that did not recke
VVas drownde, by fal did Bladud breake his neck,

The ſcriptures eake of ſuch beare witnes can:
As Babilon for high preſumption fell.
But let me ende my tale that I began
VVhen I had red theſe Tragœdies full well
And paſt the night with labours long to tell:
One night at laſte I thought to leaue my vſe,
And take ſome eaſe before I chaungde my muſe.

VVherfore a way from reading I me gate:
My heauy head waxte dull for want of reſte.
I layde me downe the night was waxed late,
For lack of ſlepe myne eyes were ſore oppreſte,
Yet fancy ſtill of all their deathes increaſte:
Me thoughte nothing my minde from them could take
So long as Somnus ſuffered me to wake,

The authours induction.

Then ſtraight appeard in purple colour blacke,
Sweete Somnus reſte, which comfortes eche aliue,
By eaſe of mynde that weares away all wracke,
That noyſome night from wery wittes doth driue,
Of labours long the pleaſures wee atchiue,
VVherat I ioyde ſithe after paynes were paſt,
I might receiue by Somnus eaſe at laſt.

But hee by whom I thought my ſelfe at reſt,
Reuiued all my fancies fonde before,
I more deſirous humbly did requeſt,
Him ſhew th'vnhappy princes were of yore,
For well I wiſte that hee could tell mee more,
Sythe vnto diuers Somnus erſte had tolde,
VVhat things were done in elder times of olde.

At length hee foorth his ſeruaunt Morpheus calde,
And bad him ſhewe mee from the firſt to th'ende,
Such perſones as in Britayne Fortune thralde.
VVhich ſtraight vpon his calling did attende,
And thus hee ſpake with countenaunce of frende,
"Come on thy wayes and thou ſhalt ſee and here,
"The Britaynes and their doinges what they were.

And as he led me through the darkes a whyle,
At length wee came into a goodly hall,
At th'ende wherof there ſeemde a duſkiſh Ile:
Out of the which hee gan the Britaynes call,
Such only as from Fortunes hap did fall:
VVhich when he called thryce, me ſeemde to heare,
The doores to cracke from whence they ſhould appeare.

And

And thryce I ſhrinkte aſide, and ſhund the ſight:
And three times thryce I wiſhte my ſelf eavvay:
Eke thryce from thẽce there flevv a flaſhe of light:
Three times I ſavve thẽ cõming make their ſtaye:
At laſte they all approchte in ſuch array:
VVith ſundrie ſhevves, appearing vnto mee,
A ſtraunger ſighte then erſte vvith eyes I ſee.

Men mighty bigge, in plaine and ſtraunge attyre:
But ſome with woũds and bloud were ſo diſguiſde,
You ſcarcely could vvith reaſons ayde aſpire,
To knovv vvhat vvarre ſuch cruell death deuiſde.
But ſithe I haue their formes beneath compriſde,
VVheras their ſtories ſeuerally I ſhovve,
Your ſelfe therby their cauſe of death may knovv.

And eke their faces all and bodies vvere
Deſtaind with woade, and turkiſh beards they had
On th'ouerlippes mutchatoes long of heyre:
And wyeld they ſeemde as men diſpeiring mad,
Their lookes did make my fearful hartefull ſad,
And yet I could not for my life eſchevve
Their preſence, ere their mindes I likewiſe knewe.

For Morpheus vvilde me byde, and bad them tell
Their names and liues: their haps and haples days:
And by vvhat meanes frõ fortunes globe they fel,
VVhich did them erſte vnto ſuch honours rayſe.
VVhervvith the firſt not making moe delayes,
A perſon tall vvide vvoundes in breſte that bare:
Drevv neere to tell the cauſe of all his care.

And as to ſpeake he wiſte he might be bolde,
Deepe from his breaſte, hee threwe an vncouth ſounde:
I was amaſde his geſtures to beholde:
And bloud that freſhly trickled from his wounde:
VVith Eccho ſo did halfe his woordes rebounde,
That ſcarce at firſt the ſenſe might well appeare:
But thus me thought he ſpake as you ſhall heare.

Albanacte the yongeſt ſonne of Brutus telles of the finding of this lande, his fathers life, and his owne infortunate fall. He liued about the yeare before Chriſte. 1074.

SIth flattering Fortune ſlyely could begyle
Me firſt, of all the Princes of this lande:
And yet at firſt on me did ſweetely ſmyle:
Do marke me here that firſt in preſence ſtande,
And whē thou wel my woūded corps haſt ſcande,
Then ſhalt thou ſee, what tale I mynde to frame,
In ſtories called Albanacte by name.

So if thou liſte to heare what I recite,
If thou intende to ſhowe my fatall fall:
I praye thee take the paynes my tale to wryte,
As I in order here repeate it ſhall,
What needſe thou muſe? thou needſt not feare at all:
Syth thoſe that later liude their tales haue tolde,
Our elder liues to wryte thou mayſt be bolde.

Lay dreade aſide, let nothing thee amaze:
Me haue diſpaire of ſo vncouched ryme.
Leaue of on mee with fearefull lookes to gaze:
Thy pen may ſerue for ſuch a tale as myne.
Firſt will I tell thee all my fathers Lyne:
Then hitherwarde why he with Troianes mand
His voyage made, and founde this noble land.

And last I minde to tell thee of my selfe,
My life and death, a Tragedie so true,
As may approue your worlde is all but pelfe,
And pleasures sweete whom sorowes aye ensue:
Hereafter eke in order coms a crue,
Which can declare, of worldly pleasures vaine,
The price we all haue bought, with greeuous paine.

Well nowe I see thou puttst apart thy fright,
(And giuste an eare to heare not heard before)
I will declare the storie all so right,
Thou shalt no whit haue neede t'inquire no more.
Do marke me well what I recite therefore,
And after write it and therewith my name:
Let hardly me receiue if ought be blame.

When Troy was sackt, & brent and could not stand,
AEneas fled from thence, Anchises sonne,
And came at length to king Latinus lande,
He Turnus slewe, Lauinia eke he wonne,
And reignde. iii. yeares, Ascanius then his sonne,
Reignde next to him, eke Siluius was his heyre,
begate my father of a Lady fayre.

But when as Brutus fiftene yeares was olde,
(For so they calde my father by his name)
With Siluius then an hunting goe he would,
And thinking for to strike in chace the game,
His father that by chaunce beyonde it came
Receiude the glaunce, and through his tender syde
With deadly dint, the shaft did swiftly slyde.

So though

So though by chaunce, my father Brutus slewe
My graundsyre Siluius, sore against his will:
Which came by chaunce as he his arrow vewe,
That thought the fearfull Harte, not him to kill:
Yet was he banishe from Italia still:
Commaunded neuer to retourne no more,
Except he would his life to leese therefore.

On this to Greece, from thence he tooke his waye:
Where Troians were by Grecians captiues kept.
Helenus was by Pirrhus brought awaye,
Frō death of those, whose fall their frends bewept,
My father all this while no busines slepte:
But by his facts, and feats obtainde such fame:
Seuen thousand captiue Troians to him came.

Assaracus a noble Grecian eke,
Who by his mother came of Troiane race:
Because he sawe my fathers powre not weke,
Came vnto him to ayde him in this case:
For that his brother thought him to deface,
Which was a Greeke by both his parents sydes,
His Castels three my father Brutus guides.

Thus hee, to be their captaine was content:
And all the Troians gathered to his bande,
His post vnto the Grecian king he sent,
For to entreate he might depart his lande.
Which when king Pandrasus did vnderstande,
An armie straight he did therefore avayle,
On purpose all the Troianes to suppresse.

Then

Then whyle king Pandrasus at Sparine towne,
Thought them in deserts by, to circumuente:
My father with three thousand beate them downe:
Such fauoure loe him lady Fortune lente.
By Mars his force, their rayes & rankers he rente:
And tooke Antigonus the brother of their king,
With others mo, as captiues home to bring.

The taken towne, from which the king was fled
My father with fyue hundreth men did man:
Eche prisner was vnto his keper led,
To kepe in towne, the noble Troianes wan:
My father into woods conueyde him than
Again with his, and kepte him there by nighte,
To quaile the Grecians if they came to fighte.

And when the king had caide to mynde his foyle:
His slighte, and brother by the Troianes take:
The towne he losse, and Brutus had the spoyle:
He thought not so, the field and fight forsake,
But of his men a musser newe to make:
And so agayne for to beseige the towne,
In hope reuenge, or winne his losse renowne.

By night my father that his purpose knewe,
Came forth from woods where as he wayted by:
The Troianes all th'vnarmed Grecians slewe,
Whē through their cāpe, could none their force deny
Vnto the tente where Pandrasus did lye:
Where as my father tooke their king that night,
And laude his life as seemde a worthy wight.

Which

Which victorie when he had wisely won
The Troiane victour did a counsayle call,
To knowe what best were with the king he don:
Now tell (q he) what ransom aske we shall?
On which when none agreed scarce of all,
At leng the Mempricius vp from seate did ryse
And silence made, gaue thus his counsayle wyse.

« I cannot Troianes but commend the facte,
« Of this our noble captaine worthy praise:
« Which thought, as t'was a wicked heynous acte
« T'abridge the Grecian king of vitall dayes.
« Wee rather ought by clemency to rayse
« Our fame to sky, then by a sauage guyse,
« With Gods and men, both cruelty despise.

« The cause we fought: was for the freedome all
« Of Troianes taken, we haue freedome won.
« Wee haue our purpose, and their king withall,
« To whom of rigour nothing ought be don:
« Though he the quarell with vs first begon:
« And though we owe the fall of Troyes requite:
« Yet let reuenge therof from Gods to light.

« His subiectes all, do wayle their ill pretense,
« And weapons layde aside for mercy crye:
« They all cõfesse their plagues to come frõ thence,
« Where first from faith of Gods they seemde to flye,
« Their nobles dare not come for case to trie:
« But euen for peace with all their hartes they sue,
« And meekly graunt, whence all their mischiefes grewe.

The

« The Lady faire his daughter who surmountes,
« For vertues rare: for bewty braue, and grace,
« Both Helene fine, of whom they made accountes,
« And all the reste that come of Grecian race.
« She for her father sues, bewayles his case,
« And by hir wisdome, cheere and parentes loue:
« Doth vs, and Brutus both to pitie moue.

« Yet some will saye, he should deprined bee
« Of kingdome quite, and worthy Brutus should
« Receiue the scepter, this misliketh mee.
« To this vniustice Brutus if we could
« Consent (I deeme) agree he neuer would,
« So much him selfe ambitiously t'abuse:
« Or else a king vnkindly so to vse.

« For kingdomes sake a king at home to kill
« Were farre to bad, within his native lande:
« Though he by right or wrong directed still,
« His force gainst vs, that did him so withstande:
« The king hath therfore ay the sworde in hand,
« If any kicke against his pointes of lawe:
« To cut them of, or keepe them vnder awe.

« Tis best O Brutus if thou like her, take
« His daughter Innogen vnto thy wyfe:
« And let the king a dowry large hir make:
« Gold, syluer, chippes, and some for our relefe:
« With other thinges whereof this lande is rife:
« That wee so fraught may steke some desert shore,
« Where wee and ours, may raigne for euermore.

This

This pleasde both Brutus and the Troyanes all
Who wild forthwith that Pandrasus the king,
Should reuerently be brought into the hall,
And presēt, when they tolde him of this thing,
Great griefe and sorowe did his harte so sting,
He could not shewe by countenaunce or cheere,
That he it likte, but spake as you shall heare.

«Sithe that the hatefull Gods haue yelded mee
«And eke my brother captiues to your handes,
«I am content to doe as pleaseth yee,
«For feare I leese both life and goodes and landes,
«I must bee needes content as Fortune standes
«I giue my daughter, golde and syluer fine
«With what for dowry else you craue is myne.

To make my tale the shorter if I maye,
My father then was maried by and by,
And all thinges else performed by a daye:
The king restorde that did in pryson lye:
The Troianes parted from the shores pardy
Did hoyse vp sayles: in twoo daies and a night
Upon the Isle of Leogrece they light.

And leauing of their shippes at roade, to lande
They wandering went the countrey for to bewe,
Lo there a desert citie olde they fande:
And eke a temple (if reporte be true)
Wherin Diana to such credit grewe:
That sacrifice the Troianes counsayle gaue
My father make, an aunswere for to haue.

And he

And he no whit misliking their aduice
Went forth: and did before the alter holde
In his right hand, a cup to sacrifice
Fylde with wyne, and whyte Hyndes blond scarce colde:
And then before hir statare straight he tolde
Deuoutly all his whole peticion there,
In better sorte then I repeate it here.

" O Goddesse great in groanes that puttst, wylde boares in feareful feare:
" And mayste go all the compas pathes, of euery ayrie sphere.
" Eke of th'infernall houses to, resolue the earthly rightes:
" And tell what countrey in to dwell thou gyuste vs Troian wightes.
" Assigne a certayne seate where I, shall worship thee for aye:
" And where repleate with virgins, I erecte thy temples may.

When nyne tymes he had spoken this, and went
Fowre tymes the alter rounde and stayde agen:
He powrde the wyne and blond in hande he hente
Into the fyre, O witlelle cares of men!
Suche folye mere, and blindnes great was then:
But if religion nowe biddes topes fare well:
Embrace thats good, the vice of time I tell.

Hee layde him then downe by the alters syde
Upon the white Hindes skin espyed therfore:
It was the third howre of the night a tyde
Of sweetest sleepe: he gaue hymselfe the more
To reste and sleepe: then seemed him before
Diana chaste the Goddesse to appeare,
And spake to him these woordes that you shall heare.

O Brute

" O Brute farre vnder Phœbus fall, beyonde of Fraunce that raigne:
" In Ilande in the Occanis, with sea tis compasse mayne.
" In Ilande in the Occanis, where Giaunies once did dwell:
" But nowe a deserte place thats fit, will serue thy people well.
" To this direct thy race, for there shalbe thy state for aye:
" And to thy sonnes there shalbe builte, an other stately Troye.
" Here of thy progenye and stocke, shall mighty kinges descende:
" And vnto them as subiectes, all the worlde shall bowe and bende:

On this hee woke, with ioyfull chere and tolde
The vision all: and aunswere that it gaue.
So it reioyste their hartes a thousand folde
To shippes they gotte, away the shores they drawe:
And hoysing sayles, for happy wyndes they crawe:
In thirty dayes their voyage so they dight:
That on the coaste of Affrica they light.

Then to Philænes alters they atayned,
For so men call twoo hilles erected ar
In Tunise lande, twoo brethren ground that gainde
For Carthage once, and wente tis sayde to far
On Cyren ground for boundes, there buried wer:
Because they would not turne againe but striue
With Cyren men, they buried them aliue.

From thence they sayled vnto Salines lake:
Twene Azaræ hilles, and Ruscitadam
They paste, from thence to Maluæ flouds they gate:
To Hercules his pillers sight they came:
And then to Tuscan seae whereas by fame
Not far from shore, like minded mates they finde,
Foure banished races of the Troian kinde.

Com pa-

Companions of Antenor in his flighte,
But Corinæus was their captaine than,
For counsayle calde a wyse and worthy wighte:
In warres the prayse for vallauntnes he wan.
My father did so frendely vse this man,
He was content and all his men beyde:
To trie aduentures by my fathers guyde.

Then vnto Guyne in Fraunce they sayled thence,
And at the hauen of Loire they did arriue:
To bewe the countrey was their whole pretence,
And vitayles for their men and them atchiue,
Eke Corinæus leste the Galles should striue,
Led foorth twoo hundreth of his warlike bande,
To get prouision to the shippes from lande.

But when the king Gofarius herde of this,
That Troianes were arriued on his shore:
With Frēchemen & with Guines, their power & his
He came to take the pray they gat before,
And when they met they fought it both full sore:
Till Corinæus rushte into their bande,
And causde them flye, they durst no longer stande.

First might you there seen harts of Frēchmē broke,
Twoo hundreth Troianes gaue them all the foyle:
At home with oddes they durst not byde the stroke,
Fewe Troianes beate them in their native soyle.
Eke Corinæus folowed in this broyle
So fast vpon his foes before his men:
That they retourned & thought to spoyle him then.

There

There he alone againſt them all, and they
Againſt him one, with all their force did fight,
At laſt by chaunce his ſworde was flowne away
By Fortune on an halberde then he light,
Which he did driue about him with ſuch might,
That ſome their hands, & ſome their arms did leeſe,
Some legges, of ſome the head from ſhoulders fleeſ.

As thus amongſt them all he fought with force,
And Fortune great in daunger of his life,
My father had on him therewith remorce:
Came with a troupe of men to ende the ſtrife,
When Frenchmen ſawe the Troians force ſo rife,
They fled awaye, vnto their loſſe and paine,
In fight and flight nighe all their hoſt was ſlaine.

And in that broyle ſaue Corinæus none
Did fight ſo fearcely, as did Turnus then,
My fathers coſin with his ſworde alone,
Did ſley that time welnigh ſixe hundreth men:
They found him dead as they retourned agen,
Amongſt the Frenchmen, wounded boide of breath,
Which pincht my fathers hart as pangs of death.

On this they bode a whyle reuenge to yelde
And to interre the dead, and Turnus ſlaine,
They tooke a towne not farre from place of fielde,
And built it ſtrong to vere the Calles againe:
The name they gaue it ſtill both yet remayne,
With there they buried Turnus yet men call
It Tours, and name the folke Turones all.

Which towne they left at laſt with Troians mande
When as their ſhips were ſtorde wᵗ what they nede:
A borde, they hoyſte vp ſayles and left the lande,
By ayding windes they cut the ſeas with ſpede.
At length the ſhining Albion clyues did ſeede,
Their gasing eyes, by meanes wherof they ſaude,
Out Totnes hauen, and tooke this promiſte lande.

The countrie ſeemed pleaſaunt at the vewe,
And was by none inhabited as yet:
But certaine Giauntes whom they did purſue,
Which straight to caues in mountains did thē get.
So fine were woods, & floudes, and fountaines ſet:
My father had no cauſe but like it well,
And gaue his Souldiers places into dwell.

And then this Ile that Albion had to name,
My father cauſed Britayne called bee:
And eke the people Britaynes of the ſame:
As yet in auncient recordes is to ſee.
To Corinæus gaue hee franke and free,
The lande of Cornwall, for his ſeruice don,
And for becauſe from Giauntes he it won.

Then ſith our Troiane ſtock came firſt from Troy,
My father thought that dutie did him bynde,
Sith Fortune thus had ſaude him from anoye,
The auncient towne againe to call to minde.
He builte new Troye, and Troian lawes aſſignde,
Whereby his ſtocke to his eternall fame:
Might keepe of Troye the euerlaſting name.

And

And ſetled there, in perfecte peace and reſte,
Deuoyde of warre, of labourr, ſtrife or payne:
Then eke my mother, all his ioyes encreaſte,
A Prince ſhe bare and after other twayne:
Was neuer king, of children erſte ſo fayne,
Three ſonnes becauſe of Innogen he gate:
Locrinus, Camber, laſt me Albanacte.

Thus hauing wealthe, and eke the woꝛld at will,
Noꝛ wanting ought that might his minde content:
T'increaſe his power with wightes of warlike ſkill,
Was all his minde his purpoſe and intent.
Wherby if foes, inuaſion after ment,
The Britaynes might not feare of foꝛaine landes:
But keepe by fight, poſſeſſions in their handes.

Then when his people once perceaude his myndꝛ,
(As what the Prince doth often moſt embꝛace,
To that the ſubiectes all, are ſtraight inclinde:
And reuerence ſtill, in eache reſpecte his grace)
They gat in warre ſuch knowledge in ſhoꝛt ſpace,
That after they their foꝛce to trie begon:
They carde foꝛ nought by wit oꝛ wight not won.

They got of Giantes mountaines whence they came,
And woods frō whence they oft made wiſe they wold
Deſtroy and kill, when voyage out they framde
Oꝛ ſhewde themſelues, in banding ouer bold:
Then ſtraight the Britaynes, gladder then of gold
Were redy ſtill, to fight at euery call:
Till time they had extincte, the monſters all.

Whereby the king had cause to take delight,
And might be bolde the lesse to feare his foes:
Perdie eche Prince may recke his enmies spite,
Thereafter as his force in fight he knoes:
A Princely hart the liberall giftes disclose.
He gaue to eche such guerdons for their facts,
As might them onely moue to noble actes.

No labours great his subiects then refusde,
Nor trauailes that might like his regall minde,
But eche of them such exercise well vsde,
Wherein was praise or glorie great to finde:
And to their liege bare faithfull hartes so kinde,
That what he wild they all obeyde his heste,
Nought els was currant, but the kings requeste.

What Prince aliue might more reioyce then hee?
Had faithfull men so valiaunt bolde and stout,
What pleasure more on earth could lightly bee?
Then winne an Isle and liue deuoyde of doubt:
An Isle said I? nay namde the worlde throughout
An other worlde, sith Sea doth it deuide
From th'earth, that wants not all ỳ world beside.

What subiects eke more happie were then these?
Had such a king of such a noble hart,
And such a lande enioyde and liude at ease,
Whereof eche man almost might chose his part:
No feare of foes, vnknowen was treasons arte,
No fayning frends, no fawning Gnatoes skill:
No Thrasoes brags, but bearing eche good will.

But

But as each Sommer once receaues an ende,
And as no state, can stable stande for aye:
As course of time doth cause things bowe and bende,
As euery pleasure, hath hir ending daye:
As will, can neuer passe the power of maye:
Euen so my father happy dayes that spente,
Perceaude he must by sickenesse laste relente.

As doth the shipman well forsee the storme,
And knowes what daunger lyes in syztes of sande:
Eke as the husband man prouides before,
When he perceaues the wynter colde at hande:
Euen so the wise, that course of thinges haue scande,
Can well the ende of sicknes great prelage,
When it is ioynde with yeares of stooping age.

His counsayle all and wee assembled were,
To bid vs hie, or haste there was no nede:
Wee went with them, this newes vs caused feare
Sith so he sent, he was not well in dede,
And when we all approcht to him with spede:
To soone alasse, his grace right sicke we founde,
And him saluted as our duty bounde.

And casting of his doulfull eyes aside,
Not able well to moue his painfull head:
As silent we with teares his minde abyde,
He wild himselfe be reard in his bed:
Which done with sight of vs his eyes he fed,
Eke pawsing so a whyle for breath he staide:
At length he to them, and vs thus wyse he saide.

" No marueyle sure, though you herewith be sad,
" You noble Britaynes, for your Brutus sake:
" Sith whilome me your captaine stoute you had,
" That nowe my leaue and last farewell must take:
" Thus nature willes me once an ende to make:
" And leaue you here behinde, which after mee,
" Shall come as I departe before you see.

" You wot wherefore I with the Grecians foughte,
" With dinte of swoorde I made their force to flye:
" Antenors frendes on Tuscane shores I soughte,
" And did you not my promisse lande denie.
" By Martiall powre I made the Frenchmen flye,
" Where you to saue I loste my faithfull frende:
" For you, at Tours my Turnus tooke his ende.

" I neede not now, recite what loue I bare,
" My frendship you I truste haue found so well:
" That none emongste you all which present are,
" With teares doth not recorde the tale I tell.
" Eke whom I founde for vertues to excell,
" To them I gaue the price therof as due:
" As they deserude, whose factes I founde so true.

" Now must I proue, if paynes were well bestowde,
" Or if I spente my gratefull giftes in vayne:
" Or if these great good turnes to you I owde,
" And might not aske your loyall loues againe.
" Which if I wist what tonge could tell my paine,
" I meane if you vngratefull mindes do beare:
" What meaneth death, to let me linger here.

For

" For if you shall abuse your Prince in this,
" The Goddes on you for such an heynous facte,
" To take revenge be sure will never misse:
" And then to late you will repente the acte,
" When all my realme & all your welthes are sackte,
" But if you shall as you begon procede:
" Of kingdomes fall or foes there is no drede.

" And to avoyde contention that may fall,
" Because I wishe this realme the Britaynes still:
" Therfore I will declare before you all,
" Sith you are come, my whole intent and will.
" Which if you kepe: and wrest it not to ill,
" There is no doubte, but ever more with fame,
" You shall enjoye the Britaynes realme and name.

" You see my sonnes, that after mee must raigne,
" Whom you or this have lickte and counsayde well:
" You know what erst you wisht they should refraine,
" Which way they might all vices vile expell:
" Which way they might in vertues great excell:
" Thus if you shall, when I am gone insue,
" You shall discharge the truste repolde in you.

" Be you their fathers, with your counsaile wise,
" And you my children take them even as mee.
" Be you their guydes, in what you can deuise:
" And let their good instructions teache you thee,
" Be faithfull all, as brethren ought agree:
" For concorde kepes a realme, in stable staye:
" But discorde brings all kingdomes to decaye.

" Recorde to this mine eldeſt ſonne I giue,
" This midle parte of realme to holde his owne:
" And to his heires that after him ſhall liue,
" Alſo to Camber that his parte be knowne,
" I giue that lande that lies welnighe ouergrowne:
" With woods Northwell & mountaines mighty hie,
" Twene this and that, the Stutiæ ſtreame doth lie.

" And vnto thee my youngeſt ſonne that arte,
" Wyne Albanacte I giue to thee likewyſe:
" As much to be for thee and thine a parte,
" As Northe beyond the arme of Sea there lyes.
" Of which loe here, a map before your eyes,
" Lo here my ſonnes my kingdome all you haue:
" For which I nought, but this remember craue.

" Firſte, that you take theſe fathers graue for mee,
" Imbrace their counſaile euen as it were myne:
" Next that betwene your ſelues you will agree,
" And neuer one at others wealth repine:
" See that ye byde ſtill bounde with frendly lyne,
" And laſte my ſubiectes, with ſuch loue retaine:
" As long they may your ſubiectes eke remaine.

" Loe now I fele my breath beginnes to faile,
" My time is come, giue eche to me your hande,
" Farewell, farewell, to mourne will not prenaple:
" I ſee with knife where Atropos doth ſtande,
" Farewell my frendes, my children and my lande,
" And farewell all my ſubiectes, farewell breath,
" Farewell ten thouſand tymes, and welcome death.

And euen with that he turnde himselfe aside,
And gaspe thryse, and gaue away the ghost:
Then all at once with mourning voyce they cryde,
And all his subiects eke, from lest to most
Lamenting fild with wayling teares eche coast:
Percy the Britaynes all, with one assent,
Did for their king, full doulfully lament.

But what auayles, to striue against the tyde:
Or els to sayle, against the streame and wynde
What booteth it against the clyues to ryde:
Or els to worke against the course of kynde:
Sith nature hath the ende of thinges assinde,
There is no nay, we must perforce departe:
Gainst dint of death, there is no ease by arte.

As custome wild wee funerals prepardo,
And all with mourning cloathes, and there did come:
To laye this king on Beere we had regarde,
In Royall sort, as did his corps become,
His Beere prepard, we brought him to his tombe,
At Troynouant, he built where he did dye,
Was he entombde: his Royall corps doth lye.

Thus raignd that worthy king, that found this land
By father Brutus, of the Troian bloode:
And thus he died when he ful well had mande,
This noble Realme with Britaynes fearce and good:
And so a while in stable state it stoode,
Till wee deuided had, this realme in three,
And I to soone, receiude my part to mee.

Then

Then straight through all the worlde gan fame to flie,
A monster swifter nought is vnder Son:
Encreasing, as in waters wee descrie,
The circles small, of nothing that begon.
Whych at the length, vnto such breadth do come,
That of a drop which from the skyes doth fall:
The circles spread, and hide the waters all.

So Fame in slight increaseth more and more,
For at the first she is not scarcely knowne:
But by and by, she flies from shore to shore:
To cloudes from th'earth her stature straight is growne,
There what sorues by her trompe is blowne:
The sound that both by sea, and land out flies,
Rebounded againe, and verberats the skies,

They say the earth, that first the Giaunts bred,
For angre that the Gods did them dispatche,
Brought forth this sister, of these monsters dead:
Full light of foote swift winges the winds to catch:
Such monster erst did Nature neuer hatche:
As many plumes she hath from top to toe,
So many eyes them vnder watche or moe.

And tongues do speake, so many eares do harke,
By night twene heauen she flyes and earthly shade:
And shreaking takes no quiet sleepe by darke.
On houses rowfes, or towres as keeper made
She sittes by day, and Cities threats t'inuade.
And as she telles, what things she sees by dewe:
She rather shewes thats fained falle, then true.

This

This Fame declarde, that euen a people small,
Had landed here: and found this pleasaunt Ile,
And howe that nowe it was deuided all
Into three parts, and might within a while
Be won, by force, by treason, fraude or guile:
Wherefore thee moues her frends, to make affay,
To win the price, and beare our pompe away.

A thousand things beside, she deuises and telles,
And makes the most of euery thing she beares:
Long time of vs she talkes and nothing els,
Eke what she seeth, abroade in haste she beares.
With tatling tones and tickleth so their eares,
That needes they must to flattering Fame assent:
Though afterwards they do therefore lament.

By East from hence, a countrey large doth lye,
Vngaria eke of Hunnes it hath to name,
And hath Danubius floud on South it by,
Deuiding quite from Austria the same:
From thence a king was named Humber came:
On coastes of Albanie did he arriue,
In hope this lande of Britayne to atchiue.

Which when by postes of subiects I did heare,
How enmies were arriued on my shore:
I gathered all my souldiers voyde of feare,
And backe the Hunnes by force and might I bore.
But in this battayle was I hurt so sore,
That in the fielde of wounds I had, I dide.
And left my men as flockes without a guide.

Such

Such was my fate, to venture on so bolde,
My rashnes was the cause of all my woe:
Such is of all our glorie vaine the holde,
So soone we pompe and pleasures all forgoe:
So quickly are we reft our kingdomes froe:
And such is all the caste of Fortunes playe,
When lest we thincke, to cut vs quite away.

I demde my selfe an heauenly happy wight,
When once I had my part to raigne within,
But see the chaunce what hap did after light:
Or I could scare t'enioy my glee begin:
This Hunne did seeke, from me my realme to win:
And had his will, O flattering Fortune fye,
What meanst thou thus to worke with Princes stye.

You worthy warriours, learne by mee, beware,
Let wisedome worke, lay rashnes all apart:
When as with enmies you encountred are,
You must endeuour, all your skilfull art:
By witty wyles, with force to make your mart:
Wit nought auailes, late bought with care and cost,
If you repent when life and labours lost.

FINIS.

The

The Authour.

With that the wounded Prince departed quite,
From sight he slinckte, I sawe his shade no more,
But Morpheus bade remember this to write,
And therewithall presented mee before,
A wight wet dropping from the waters shore
In Princely weede, but like a warlike man,
And thus mee thought his story he began.

Humber the king of Hunnes shewes how he minding to conquere this land was drowned. &c. He liued about the yeare before Christe. 1074.

Though yet no forraine Princes in this place,
Haue come to tell their hapleſſe great mishap:
Yet giue me leaue a whyle to pleade my case,
And shewe howe I slipt out of Fortunes lap:
Perchaunce some others will eschewe the trap
Wherein I fell, and both themselues beware,
And also seeke the lesse thy countreis care.

I am that Humber king of Hunnes that came
To win this Iſlande, from the Britaynes fell:
Was drowned in Humber where I left my name.
A iust reward for him that liude so well
At home, and yet thought others to expell,
Both from their Realme and right: O filthy lye
On such ambition carst as vsed I.

But

But I muſt blame repoꝛt, the chiefeſt cauſe
Of my decaye: be ware of raſhe repoꝛt:
Tis wiſedome firſt to take a while ſome pauſe,
Before to dint of daungers you reſoꝛt:
Leaſt when you come in haſt to ſcale the foꝛt:
By raſhe aſſault ſome engin, ſhaft, oꝛ fyꝛe
Diſpatcht you quite, oꝛ make you ſoone retyꝛe.

Foꝛ vnto mee the rumoꝛs daily flewe,
That here a noble Ilande might be won:
The king was dead: no warres the people knewe,
And eke themſelues to ſtriue at home begon.
It were (quoth I) a noble acte well don,
To win it then: and there withall did make
Pꝛouiſion good, this famous Ile to take.

A warre like regall campe pꝛouided was,
And ſhipps, and victayle fo my Hunnes and mee:
By ſea to Britayne conqueſt foꝛ to paſſe,
If Gods thereto and heauenly ſtarres agree:
At length wee came to ſhoꝛes of Albany,
And there to fight with Britaynes pitcht our field:
In hope to make them flinche, flye, fall oꝛ yeelde.

They met vs, long wee fearcely faught it out,
And doubtfull was the victours part of twaine,
Till with my Hunnes I ruſht among the route,
And faught, till that king Albanacte was ſlaine.
Then they to yeeld and pardon craue were faine,
And I with triumphes great receiude the pꝛay:
And marched foꝛward, ſtedfaſt with ſuch a frap.

I paſt

I paſt an arme of Sea, that would to God
I neuer had bin halfe ſo bold at furſt:
I made to beate my ſelfe withall a rod,
When ſo within their Realme I venture durſt:
But marke my tale thou heardſt not yet þ̄ woꝛſt.
As ſure as I thought the reſt to circumuent:
By ſpies beforе, they knew my whole intent.

And oꝛ I wiſte, when I was come to lande:
Not farre frō thoꝛe, two Pꝛinces were pꝛeparde,
Their ſcoutes conueyde away my ſhips they fand,
And of my ſhipmens fleſhe they nothing ſparde,
To reſcue which, as backe againe I farde:
The armies twaine were at my heeles behinde
So cloſde me in, I wiſte no waye to winde.

On th'eaſt Locrinus with an armie great:
By Weſt was Camber with an other bande:
By Noꝛth an arme of Sea the ſhoꝛes did beate,
Which compaſt me and mine within their lande:
No way to ſcape was there, but water fande,
Which I muſt taſte oꝛ els the ſwoꝛde of thoſe,
Which were to mee and mine full deadly foes.

So when I ſawe the beſt of all mine hoſte,
Beate down with bats, ſhot, ſlaine oꝛ foꝛſt to ſwim:
My ſelfe was faine likewiſe to flye the coaſt,
And with the reſt the waters entred in.
A ſimple ſhift foꝛ Pꝛinces to begin:
Yet far I demde it better ſo to dye,
Then at mine enmies foote an abiecte lye.

But when

But when I thus had swam with hope to scape,
If I might wend the water waues to passe:
The Britaynes that before my ships had gate,
Gan watche mee, where amidst the surge I was:
Than with my boates they rowde to me alas,
And all they cryde kepe Humber kepe their king:
That to our Prince we may the traytour bring.

So with my boates beset poore Humber I
Wille no refuge: my wery armes did ake:
My breath was short: I had no powre to crie,
Or place to stand whyle I my plaint might make:
The water cold made all my ioyntes to shake:
My hart did beate with sorrow, griefe and paine:
And down my cheekes, salt teares they gusht amaine.

O must thou yelde, and shall thy boates betraye
Thy selfe (quoth I) no mercy Britaynes haue:
O would to God I might escape awaye:
I wot not yet if pardon I may craue:
Although my deedes deserue no life to haue,
I will: I nill: death: bondage, beast am I
In waters thus, in sorainе sople to dye.

With that I clapt my quauering hands abrode,
And held them vp to heauen, and thus I sayde:
O Gods that know the paines that I haue bode,
And iust reuengment of my rashnes paide,
And of the death of Albanacte betraide
By mee and mine: I yelde my life therefore,
Content to dye, and neuer greeue yee more.

Then

Then straight not opening of my handes, I bowde
My selfe, and set my head my armes betweene:
And downe I sprang, with all the force I cowde:
So duckte, that neither head nor foote were seene:
And neuer sawe my foes againe I weene,
There was I drounde: the Britaynes to my fame,
Yet call that arme of Sea by Humbers name.

Take heede by mee, let my presumption serue:
And let my folly, fall, and rashnes bee,
A glasse wherein to see if thou do swerue,
Thou mayste thy selfe perceiue somewhat by mee:
Let neither truste, nor treason traine forth thee:
But be content with thine estate, so shall
No wrath of God, procure thy hapleste fall.

If thou be forraine, bide within thy soyle,
That God hath giuen to thee and thine to holde,
If thou oppression meane beware the foyle:
Beare not thy selfe, of thee or thyne to bolde:
Or of the feates thy elders did of olde,
For God is iust, iniustice will not thriue:
He plagues the prowde, preserues the good aliue.

FINIS.

THen vaniſhte Humber, and no ſooner gon
VVas he but ſtraight in place before me came,
A princely wight, had complet harneſſe on.
Though not ſo complet as they now do frame:
He ſeemde ſometime t'aue bene of worthy fame:
In breſte a ſhafte with bleeding wounde he bare,
And thus he tolde the cauſe of all his care.

Locrinus the eldeſt ſonne of Brutus, declareth his ſlaughter to haue happened for his euill life. He died the yeare before Chriſte.

1064.

IF euer any noble Prince might rue,
His factes are paſte, long ſince the ſame may I:
That would to God it were not farre to true,
Or that I iuſtly could my faultes denie:
The truthe of thinges the ende or tyme doth trie,
As well by me is ſeen: my hapleſſe fall,
Declares whence came my greate miſſortunes all.

I am Locrinus, ſeconde Britayne king:
The eldeſt ſonne of him that founde this lande:
Whoſe death to me my miſchiefes all did bring,
And cauſde why firſt I tooke my death in hande.
Hee chiefly wylde mee when he gaue this lande,
I ſhould be rulde, by all his counſayles will:
And vſe their iudgmentes in my dealings ſtill.

But

But what do I accuſe my fathers heſte,
What meane I here th'vnfaulty for to blame?
All he commaunded euen was for the beſte:
Though in effect of beſte the woꝛſte became.
So thinges oftetimes well mente vnfitly frame:
So often times the counſayle of your frende,
Apparent good, falles fawlty in the ende.

For as he wiſht I vſde his counſayles ayde,
In eache thing that I deemde was good for mee:
I neuer ought that they deſirde denayde:
But did to all their mindes and heſtes agree.
And Corinæus ſawe my harte ſo free,
By diuers meanes, he ſought this match to make:
That to my wife, I might his daughter take.

But I that wiſte not then what mariage ment,
Did ſtraight agree his Guendoline to haue:
Yet afterwarde ſuſpecting this intent,
My frendes to me this pointe of counſaile gaue:
That who ſo doth of Pꝛince aliaunce craue,
He meanes thereby to woꝛke ſome point of ill,
Oꝛ elſe to frame the Pꝛince vnto his will.

It may well bee he mente no euill at all,
But wyſe men alwayes vſe to dꝛeade the woꝛſte:
And ſith it was, the fountaine of my fall:
From whence the ſpꝛing of all my ſoꝛowes burſte,
I may well thinke was ſome of vs accurſte,
For why, the ende, doth alwayes pꝛoue the farte:
By ende we iudge the meaning of the acte.

I made no haſte, to wed my ſpouſed wyfe:
I wiſte I could as yet without hir byde:
I had not taſted ioyes of trayned life:
I deemde them fooles by Cupides darte that died:
I Venus vile and all hir force deſide:
And liude at reſte, and ruled my land ſo well,
That men delighted of my factes to tell.

My brethren eke long weldid well their partes:
We feard no foes, we thought our ſtate would ſtand
We gaue our ſelues to learned ſkilfull artes:
Wherin we either fruite, or pleaſure fand:
And we enioyde ſo fine a fruitfull land,
That few in earth, might with our ſtates compare,
We lyude ſo voyde of noyſome carke and care.

But see the chaunce when leaſt we thought of ill,
When we eſteamde our ſtate to be moſt ſure:
Than came a flawe to byde all our will,
For straungers far, gands to warre procure:
And euen when firſt, they put their pranke in vre,
On Albane ſhores my brother there they ſlewe:
Whoſe death we after made the Hunnes to rue.

When he was dead they hopte to winne the reſte,
And ouer Abi ſtreame with haſte did hie:
But I and eke my brother Camber dreſte,
Our armies straight, and came their force to trie:
We brake their rayes, and forſte their king to flie,
Into the arme of Sea they ouer came:
Where Humber drounde ꝑ waters toke his name.

We

Wee either slewe or tooke them captiues all,
Emongst the which, O mischief great to tell:
The Gods to worke mine ouerthrow and fall
Sent Ladies three, whose beauties did excell:
Of which because I liked one so well,
I tooke her straight, nor she did ought denie:
But eche thing graunted so she might not die.

Thus Humber wee this hatefull hungery king,
In Humber drenchte: and him depriude of pride:
And of his loftie Ladies he did bring,
He losse the praye: and all his men beside.
And we the spoyles of all his boaste deuide,
But I that thought, I had the greatest share:
Had caught the cause of all my wofull care.

They calde this Lady Elstride whom I tooke,
Whose beawty braue did so my wittes confounde:
That for hir sake my promise I forsooke,
Wherby I was to Gwendoline first bounde.
He thought no Lady went on earthely grounde
That might allure me, euer chaunge my minde:
So was I caught by snares of Cupide blynde.

Was neuer none before so likte mine eye,
I loude hir more then I could loue my life:
Hir absence still me thought did cause me die:
I surely mente to take hir to my wife.
But see howe beautie breadeth deadly strife,
Lo here began my whole confusion here:
Sprang out the shaft from which this wound I beare.

For Corinæus had no souer hearde,
That I did meane his daughter to forsake:
But straight as one, that did nought else regarde,
In haste his voyage towardes me did take:
And come, declarde what promise I did make,
From which he said if once I sought to slide:
It should by dinte of sworde, and bloud be tride.

But if I would her take, as erste I sayde,
And not this straunger choose against his minde:
His helpe he promiste at eache time, and ayde
To bee so ready, as I wishte to finde:
He furder sayde my countrey did me bynde,
To take such one as all my subiectes knewe:
Sith straungers to their foes are neuer true.

I wayde his wordes, and thought he wishte me well:
But yet because his stocke should gaine therby,
I reckte them lesse: and yet the truthe to tell,
I durste not dare my promise made denye:
For well I wiste, if once it came to trye:
It would both weaken all this noble lande,
And doubtfull be, who should haue th'vpper hande.

Thus nedes perforce I must his daughter take,
And must leaue of, to loue where I delighte:
I was constrainde contentid to forsake:
The forme that most did captiuate my sighte,
What lucke had I on such a lotte to lighte:
What mente you Godds that me such Fortune gaue,
To caste my minde on hir I might not haue.

To

To shorte my tale, his Guendoline I tooke,
I was content against my will: what then?
Nor quite for this, myne Elstride I forsooke:
For why, I wrought by skill of cunning men,
A vaulte along vnder the grounde a denne:
Hir companie wherein I vsed still,
There we accomplishte, our vnhappy will.

There I begat my Sabrine sely childe,
That virgine small, myne Elstride bare to mee:
Thus I my wife full oftentimes beguilde,
Which afterward did beare a sonne to mee,
Namde Madan: yet we neuer could agree,
And he that was the cause, she was my bride:
This whyle hir father Corinæus dide.

Which when I hearde, I had my hartes desire:
I crau'de no more, there was my ende of griefe.
At leste I thought to quenche Cupidoes fire,
And eke to worke my lusting loues reliefe:
I mente no more to steale it like a thiefe:
But maried Elstride, whom I lou'de as life,
And for her sake I put away my wife.

Likewise I causde was Elstride Queen proclaimed:
And tooke hir as my lawfull wyfe by right,
But Gwendoline that sawe hir selfe disdained,
Straight fled, and mou'de the Cornishmen to fight,
To them, when she declarde hir pitious plighte:
In haste they dresse an army for to bee,
Reuengers of my newe made Queene and mee.

And I like wyſe an armie did prepare,
I thoughte to quaile, their courage all by foyre:
But to my coſte I founde to late beware,
There is no ſtrengthe in armoure, man or boyſe,
Can vaple, if loue on wronged take remoyre:
For he on whom, the deadly darte doth lighte,
Can neuer ſcape: by ranſome, frende or flighte.

So when our armies met nighe Seura ſtreame,
The trompettes blewe and I denide the peace:
I minded to expell them all the realme,
Or elſe to make them euer after ceaſe:
And they except I Ilſtride would releace,
(They ſayde) and take my Gwendoline againe:
They would reuenge the wrong, or elſe be ſlayne.

On this wee met, and valiauntly we fought,
On either ſyde, and neither parte did yelde:
So equally they fell, it was great doubte,
Which part ſhould haue the better of the fielde:
But I to bolde, ruſhte in with ſwoyde and ſheelde
To breake their rayes, ſo haſty men get ſmarte:
An arrow came, and ſtroke me to the harte.

Then was I brought to Troynouant and there,
My body was enterrid as you reade:
When I had raigned all muſt twenty yere,
Lo thus I liude, and thus became I deade:
Thus was my crowne deprined from my heade,
And all my pompe, my princely troupe and trayne,
And I to earth, and duſte reſolude againe.

Nowe

Now warne eſtates, let this for wedlocke ſerue,
Beware of chaunge, it will not holde out long,
For who ſo mindeth from his make to ſwerue:
Shal ſure at lengthe, receiue reuenge for wrong:
Tis foly fight with God, h'is farre to ſtrong:
For though ye colour all, with coate of right:
Yet can no fained farde, deceiue his ſight.

FINIS.

The Authour.

With that this king, was vaniſht quite and gone:
And as a miſte, diſſolued into ayre:
And I was left, with Morpheus all alone:
VVho repreſented ſtraight a Lady faire:
Of frendes depriude, and left in deepe diſpaire,
As eke ſhe ſpake, all wet in cordes faſt bounde:
Thus tolde ſhe how, ſhe was in waters drounde.

Elſtride the concubine of Locrinus miſerablye drowned by Gvvendoline his wyfe, declares her preſumption, lewde life and infortunate fall. She ſuffered before Chriſte. 1064.

AND muſt I needes my ſelfe recite my fall
Poore woman I? muſt I declare my fate?
Muſt I the firſt ſaue three amongſte vs all,
Shew how I thrise, fell from my Princely ſtate?
And from the lofty ſeate on which I ſate?
If needes I muſt, then well content I will:
Leſt here my place in vaine I ſeeme to fill.

I am

I am that Elstride, whom Locrinus lou'de,
A Prince his daughter came from Germaines land:
My fame of beauty many Princes mou'de,
To sue for grace, and fauour at my hand.
Which bruite once blowne abroad in euery land,
One Humber king of Hunnes with all his traine:
To come to mee, a suiter was full faine.

What neede I tell, the giftes to mee he gaue,
Or shew his suite or promise he me plight,
Sith well you know a Prince neede nothing craue:
May nigh commaund ech thing as ryse his right.
For as the fowle before the Eagles sight,
Euen so we fall, submit and yeld vs still,
At Princes call, obeysaunt to his will.

And for that time the Hunnes full mighty were,
And did increase, by martiall feates of warre:
Therefore our Germaine kings agast did beare,
Them greater fauour then was neede by farre.
My father durst not Humbers heste debarre,
Nor I my selfe, I rather was content:
In hope of crowne with Humber to consent.

Two Princely Dames with me came then away,
He bragde to winne these country partes all three,
We Ladies rather was this Prince his pray:
Because he promist that wee Queenes should bee.
We came to coste these country coastes to see,
Sith he on whom our hope did wholy stande:
Was drownd, namde Humber waters, lost the land.

For

For as you heard before when he ſuppoſde,
He had wonne all becauſe he won a part:
Straight way he was againe thereof depoſde,
Conſtrainde to flye, and ſwim for life poore hart:
Loe here the cauſe, of all my dolefull ſmarte,
This noble king with whom I came to raigne:
Was drencht, and drownde vnto my greuous paine.

Then were his ſouldiers taken, ſlayne or ſpoylde,
And well were they, that could make ſuite for life:
Was neuer ſuch an armye ſooner foylde:
O wofull warre, that flowſte in floude of ſtrife!
And carſt not whom thou cutſte with cruell knife!
Or had not Venus fraught my face with hewe,
I had no longer liu'de, my forme to rewe.

For as I came a captiue with the reſt,
My countenaunce did ſhewe as braue as Sunne:
Ech one that ſawe my natiue hewe were preſte,
To yelde themſelues by beames of beauty won:
My fame ſtraight blowne to gaze on mee they ron,
And ſaid I paſte eche worldly wight as farre:
As Phœbus bright excelles the morning ſtarre.

Like as you ſee in darkes if light appeare,
Straight way to that ech man directes his eye:
Euen ſo among my captiue mates that were:
When I did ſpeake, or make my plaints with cry,
Then all on me they ſtared by and by:
Bemoning of my fates, and Fortune ſoe,
As they had bin partakers of my woe.

My

My sourme did praise my plea, my sighes they sued,
My teares entisde their hartes some ruth to take:
My sobbes in sight, a seemely bewe reneude:
My wringing hands, wan suters shift to make:
My sober southes did cause them for my sake:
Mee to commende, vnto their noble king,
Who wild they should me into presence bring.

Which when I came in cordes as captiue bounde,
O king (quoth I) whose power wee feele to strong:
O worthy wight, whose fame to skyes doth sounde:
Do pitie me, that neuer wisht the wrong:
Release me one thy captiues all among:
Which frō my frends, by fraude am brought away,
A Prince his daughter, drounde in deepe decaye.

Now as thou art a Prince thy selfe of might,
And maist do more then I do dare desire:
Let me (O king) finde fauour in thy sight,
Allwage somewhat thy deadly wrath and ire:
No part of manhode tis for to require,
A Ladies death thee neuer did offende,
Sith that thy foe, hath brought her to this ende.

But let mee rather safely be conuayde,
O gracious king, once home before I die:
Or let me on thy Queene be wayting mayde,
If it may please thy royall maiestie:
Or let me raunsome paye, for libertie:
But if thou minde reuenge of vnwrought ill,
Why spare you Britaynes this my corps to kill?

With

With that the king: good Lady ſayꝛe what iſſe
Thou canſt deſire oꝛ aſke, but muſt obtaine:
Eke would to God with all my hart I wiſſe,
Beſt wayꝛe to eaſe thee of thy wofull paine:
But if thou wilt, do here with mee remaine,
If not content, conductours ſhalt thou haue,
To bꝛing thee home, and what thou els wilt craue.

As foꝛ my Queene, as yet I none poſſeſſe,
Therefoꝛe thou rather maiſte vouchſafe to take
That place thy ſelfe: then waite on her I geſſe,
Whoſe beautie with thy face no match can make:
The Gods denye that I thy helpe foꝛſake,
I ſaue thy life, eke God foꝛbid that I,
Should euer cauſe ſo fayꝛe a Ladie die.

O King (quoth I) the Gods pꝛeſerue thy grace,
The heauens requite thy mercy ſhewde to mee,
And all the ſtarres, diꝛect thy regall race
In happie courſe, long length of yeares to ſee:
The earth with fertile fruites inriche ſo thee:
That thou maiſt ſtill like Juſtice her diſpoſe,
And euer moꝛe treade downe thy deadly foes.

The noble king commaunded to vnbinde,
Mine armes, and let mee lewde, and free at will,
And afterward ſuch fauour did I finde
That as his Queene I was at elbowe ſtill:
And I enioyde all pleaſures at my fill:
So that they quite had quenched out my thꝛall,
And I foꝛgate my foꝛmer Foꝛtunes all.

Thus

Thus lo by fauoure I obtainde my ſuite,
So had my beauty ſet his breſt on fire,
That I could make Locrinus euen as mvite,
Or pleaſaunt as my cauſes did require:
And when I knewe he could no way retire:
I prayde he would his fauour ſo extende,
As I might not be blamed in the ende.

For if (quoth I) you take me as your owne,
And eke my loue to you haue conſtant beene:
Then let your loue like wiſe againe be ſhowne,
And wed me as you ſayd, your ſpouſe and Queene:
If ſince in mee miſliking you haue ſeene:
Then beſt depart betime before defame,
Begin to take from Elſtride her good name.

No wauering hart (ſaid he) Locrinus beares,
No fayned flatery ſhall thy faith deface:
Thy beauty, birth, fame, vertue, age and yeares
Conſtraine me both, thee and thy beſtes imbrace:
I muſt of force, giue thy requeſtes a place,
For as they do with reaſon good conſent,
Euen ſo I graunt thee all thy whole intent.

Then was the time appointed and the day,
In which I ſhould be wedded to this king,
But in this caſe, his counſayle cauſde a ſtaye,
And ſought out meanes at diſcord vs to bring:
Eke Corinæus claimde a former thing,
A precontract was made and full accorde,
Betweene his daughter, and my ſoueraigne Lorde.

And ye

And yet the king did giue me comfort still,
He sayd he could not so forsake my loue,
Yet euermore would beare me all good will:
As both my beauty and desertes did moue:
But still the ende doth who is fauty proue,
His counsayle at the last did him constraine
To marry her, vnto my greeuous paine.

At which I could not but with hate repine,
It vexed mee, his mate that should haue beene,
To liue in hate, a Prince his concubine
That euer had such hope to be his Queene.
The steppes of state are full of wo and teene,
For when we thincke we haue attainde the throne:
Then straight our pompe & pride is quite ouerthrone.

Lo twise I fell from hope of Princely crowne,
First when vnhappy Humber lost his life,
And next I laide my Peacockes pride adowne,
When as I could not be Locrinus wife:
But oft they say the third doth ende the strife,
Which I haue proude: therefore the sequele bewe
The third payes home, this prouerbe is to true.

This king could not refraine his former minde,
But vide me still, and I my doubtfull yeares
Did linger on, I knew no shift to finde,
But past the time full oft with mourning teares.
A concubine is neuer voyde of feares,
For if the wife her at aduauntage take:
In rage reuenge with death shee seekes to make.

Like-

Likewise I wisse if once I sought to flye.
Or to entreate the king depart I might,
Then would he streight be discontent with mee,
Yea if I were pursued vpon the flight,
Or came deflourde into my parents sight:
I should be taken, kept perforce, or slaine:
Or in my country liue in great disdaine.

In such a plight, what might a woman doe,
Was euer Lady fayre, in such a case:
O wretched wight be wrapt in webbes of woe!
That still in dread wast tost from place to place,
And neuer foundest meane to ende thy race:
But still in doubt of death, in carking care,
Didst liue a life deuoyde of all welfare.

The king perceiuing well my chaunged cheare,
To ease my hart with all deuisde decrees,
By secrete wayes I came deuoyde of feare,
In vaultes, by cunning Masons craft y feats:
Where as wee safely from the Queene her threats,
Perdy the king and I so vsde our arte,
As after turnde vs both to paine and smarte.

By him I had my Sabrine small my childe,
And after that his wife her father losse,
I meane he died and she was straight exilde,
And I made Queene vnto my care and costes:
For she went downe to Cornewal straight in poste,
And caused all her fathers men to ryse,
With all the force, and strength they might deuise.

My

My king and hirs, with me, gainst hir preparde
An army strong: but when they came to fighte,
Dame Guendoline did wax at length to harde:
And of our king vs both deposed quighte,
For from her campe an arrowe sharpe did lighte
Upon his breste, and made him leaue his breath:
Lo thus this king came by vntimely death.

Then I to late, began in vayne to flye,
And taken was presented to the Queene,
Who me behelde with cruell Tygres eye,
" O Queene (q̃ shee) that cause of warres hast bene
" And deadly hate, the like was neuer seene:
" Come on for these my handes shall ridde thy life,
" And take reuengement of our mortall strife.

" I longed long to bring thee to this baye,
" And thou likewyse hast sought to sucke my bloud.
" Nowe arte thou taken, in my spoyles a praye,
" That causde my life full long in daunger stood:
" I will both teache thy selfe, and others good
" To breake the bandes of faithfull wedlocke plight,
" And giue thee that which thou deseruidst right.

" O harlot whore, why should I stay my handes?
" O painted picture, shall thy lookes thee saue?
" Nay bynde hir faste both hande and foote in bandes,
" And let hir some straunge kinde of tormentes haue.
" What strõpet stues, thinkste for thou seemist braue?
" Or for thy teares, or sighes, to scape my sight?
" My selfe will rather vanquishe the by fight.

« Thou rather shouldst my vitall breath depriue,
« Then euer scape if none were here but wee,
« But nowe I will not file my handes to striue,
« Or else to touch so vile a drabe as thee.
« Come on at once, and bring hir after mee,
« With hande and feete as I commaunded bounde:
« And let me see, hir here as Humber drounde.

A thousand things beside, she spake in rage,
While that a captife did with cordes me binde.
No tears, nor sobbes, nor sighs might ought aswage
The gelous Queene, or molifie hir mynde.
Occasions still hir franticke head did finde,
And when she spake, hir eyes did leame as fire:
Shee lookte as pale as chalke with wrathfull yre.

Ne stoode she still but with hir handes on syde,
Walkte vp and down, and oft hir palmes she stroke.
« My husband now (q she) had not thus dyde:
« If such an harlot, whose he had not tooke,
And therewithall she gaue me such a looke,
« As made me quake, what lettes (q she) my knife,
« To ridde this whore my husbandes second wife:
If's dead, I liue, and shall I saue hir life?

O Queene (quoth I) if pitie none remaine,
But I be slayne or drounde as Humber was:
Then take thy pleasure by my pinching paine,
And let me hence as thou appointst I passe:
But take some pity on my childe alasse,
Thou knowste the infante neede no fault but thee,
Thats dead and I therfore reuenge on mee.

No

« No bastardes here shall liue to dispossesse
« My sonne (she sayd) but sith thou soughtste fame.
« I will prouide for hir a kingdome lesse,
« Which shall hereafter euer haue hir name.
« Thou knowste wherof the name of Humber came,
« Euen so Sabrina, shall this streame be calde:
« Sith Sabrine me, as Humber Locrine thralde.

With that my childe was Sabrine brought in sight,
And when she see me take in bandes to lie,
Alasse (she cryde) what meanes this pitious plight,
And downe she fell before the Queene with crye,
« O Queene (quoth she) let me more rather die,
« Then she thats giltlesse should, for why thy king
« Did as his captiue, hir to lewdnes bring.

Which when I sawe the kindnes of the childe,
It burst my harth much more then dome of death:
Poore little lambe with countenance how milde
She pleaded still, and I for wante of breath,
With wofull teares, that laye hir feete beneath
Could not put forth a worde, our lines to saue,
Or if therfore I might a kingdome haue.

Hir pitious plaintes, did somewhat death withdraw,
For as she long beheld the Queene with teares:
« (Quoth she) let me haue rigour voyde of lawe,
« In whom the signe of all thy wrath appeares,
« And let me die my fathers face that bearest:
« Sith he is dead, and we are voyde of staye,
« Why should I thee, for life or mercy praye.

« My mother may to Germanie retourne,
« Where she was borne, and if it please thy grace,
« And I may well lye in my fathers tombe,
« If thou wilt graunt his childe so good a place.
« But if thou thinke my bloud is farre to base,
« Although I came by both, of princely line:
« Then let me haue what shroude thou wilt assigne.

With that the Queene replide with milder cheere,
And said the child was wondrous wyse and wittie:
But yet she would not hir reuenge forbeare,
« For why (q she) the prouerbe sayes that pitie,
« Hath lewdly lost full many a noble citie.
« Then Elstride now prepare thy selfe therfore
« To die, take leaue, but talke to me no more.

On this my leaue I tooke, and thus I sayde,
Farewell my countrey, Germany farewell,
Adewe the place from whence I was conueyde,
Farewell my father, and my frendes there dwell:
My Humber drounde, as I shalbe, farewell:
Adew Locrinus dead, for thee I die,
Would God my corps might by thy coffine lie.

Adew my pleasures paste, farewell, adew,
Adew the cares, and sorowes I haue had,
Farewell my frendes that earst for me did sue.
Adew that were, to saue my life full glad:
Farewell the fauning frendes, I lately had,
And thou my beauty cause of death farewell,
As softe, as harte can thinke, or tonge can tell.

Adew

Adewe you heauens, my mortall eyes shall see
No more your lightes, and Planetes all farewell,
And chiefly Venus faire that painte dst mee,
When Mercurie his tale to me did tell:
Eke afterwardes when Mars with vs did dwell,
And now at last thou cruell Mars adewe,
Whose darte my life, and loue Locrinus slewe.

And must I nedes departe from thee my childe,
If nedes I must, ten thousand times farewell,
Poore litle lambe, thy frendes are quite exilde:
And much I feare thou shalt not long do well,
But if they so with boyling rancoure swell:
As thee to slea, which neuer wroughtist ill,
Howe can they staye, my staynid corps to kill.

With that my Sabrines slender armes imbraist
Me rounde, and would not let me so departe,
" Let me (q̃ she) for hir the waters tast,
" Or let vs both together ende our smarte:
" Yea rather rippe you foorth my tender harte,
What should I liue? but they the childe withdrew,
And mee, into the raging streame they threw.

So in the waters as I striu'de to swimme,
And kept my head aboue the waues for breath,
Me thought I sawe my childe, would venter in.
" Which cryde a mayne, O let me take like death,
The waters straight had drawne me vnderneth,
Where striuing vp at length againe came I,
And sawe my childe, and cryde farewell I die.

Then as my strength was wasted, down I went,
Eke so I plunged twise or thrice yet more:
My breath departed neyes I must relent,
The waters perst my mouth and sares so sore,
And to the botome with such force me bore,
That life, and breath, and minde, & sence was gone:
And I as dead, and colde as marble stone.

Lo thus you here the race of all my life,
And howe I paste the pikes of painfull two,
Howe twise I thought to be a Prince his wife:
And twise was quite depriu'de myne honour fro:
The third time Queene, and fele soule ouerthro:
Then warne all Ladies, that howe much more hie,
Then their degrees they clime: no daungers nye.

Bid them beware, lest hewty them abuse,
Beware of pride, for haue a fall it must:
And will them Fortunes flattery to refuse:
Hir turning whele, is voyde of stedy trust:
Who reckes no meane, but leanith all to lust,
Shall finde my woordes, as true as I them tell:
Then bid beware, in time I wishe them well.

FINIS.

VVith

Whilst that she flitted in the ayre abrode,
As twere a miste or smooke dissolued quite,
And or I long on this had made abode,
A virgine smale, appearde before my sight,
For colde and wet eke scarsly moue she might,
As from the waters drownd she didering came:
Thus wise hir tale in order did she frame.

Sabrine the base childe of Locrinus, telles how she was pitifully drowned by his wyfe Guendoline, in reuenge of hir fathers adulterye. The yeare before Christe, 1064.

Behold me Sabrine orphane erste bereste,
Of all my frendes by cruell case of warre:
When as not one to treate for me was left,
But Ielosie did all their powres debarre,
When as my father eke was slayne in warre:
And when my mother euen before my sight,
Was drounde to death, O wretche in wofull plight!

Truste who so will the staffe of hie estate,
And bring me word what slay therby you haue,
For why if Fortune once displeasure take:
She giues ỹ foyle, though lookes be neuer so braue.
Tis wisedome rather then to winne to saue,
For oft who trustes to get a Prince his trayne:
Would at the length, of beggers life be fayne.

This might the Hunne erste Humber well haue saide,
And this my mother Elstride proude to true,
When as his life by striuing streames was stayde:
And when the tyrauntes hir in waters threwe.
What I may saye, my selfe reportes to you:
Which had more terrour shewde, then twice such twayne:
Giue eare, and iudge if I abode no payne.

First when my fathers corps was stroken downe,
With deadly shafte, I came to mourne and see:
And as he laye with bleding breste in sowne,
He cast aside his watring eyes on mee.
" Flye flye (he sayd) thy stepdame seekes for thee,
" My wofull childe: what slight maiste thou to take,
" My Sabrine poore, I must thee neues forsake.

" See here myne ende, beholde thy fathers fall,
" Flye, flye, thy gelous stepdame seekes thy life,
" Thy mother eke or this is wrapte in thrall:
" Farewell in woe you cannot scape hir knife:
" Farewell my childe, mine Elstride and my wife,
" Adew (q he) I may no longer byde,
" And euen with that, he gaspid thrise and dyed.

What byrde can flye and forre, if stormes do rage?
What ship can sayle, if once the wyndes resiste?
What wight is that, can force of warres asswage?
Or else what warre can bridle Fortunes liste?
What man is he, that dare an hoaste resiste?
What woman only dare withstande a fielde?
If not: what childe but must to enemies yelde?

My

My fathers ſouldiers fled, away for feare:
As ſoone as once their Captains death they ſcande:
The Queene proclaimde a pardon euery where:
To thoſe would yelde, and craue it at hir hande,
Excepting ſuch, as did hir ay withſtande:
For ſo the courſe alwayes of pardons goes,
As ſaues the ſouldiour, and entraps the foes.

Then wiſte I flight could nothing me preuayle,
I feard hir pardon would not ſaue my life:
The ſtorme was ſuch, I durſt not beare a ſaile:
I durſt not goe t'intreate my fathers wife,
Although I neuer was the cauſe of ſtrife.
For gelouzie, deuoyde of reaſons raine:
With frenſies fume, enragde hir reſtles braine.

But ſee the chaunce, thus compaſt round with feare
In droples of bloud, as in the field I ſtande.
I wiſhte to God my corps were any where,
As out of life, or of this hatefull lande:
No ſooner wiſht, but there was euen at hande,
« A perſon vile, in haſt (quoth he) come on,
« Queene Elſtride will before thou come be gon.

The raſcall rude, the rooge, the clubfiſt gript
My litle arme, and plucte me on in haſte:
And with my robes, the bloudy ground he ſweept,
As I drue backe: he halde me on full faſt,
Under his arme my ſclender corps he caſt:
Sith that (quoth he) thou putſt me to this paine,
Thou ſhalt thereby at length but litle gaine.

Thus

Thus through the hoste he bare me to my bane,
And shewde the Souldiours what a spoyle he had.
" Loke here (quoth he) the litle Princes tane,
And laught, and ran as brutish butcher mad.
But my lamenting made the souldiours sad,
Yet nought preuailde, the captife as his pray:
Without all pitie bare me still away.

Till at the length we came where we discride,
A number huge, of folkes about the Queene:
As when you see some wonder great betide,
Or els ỳ place wher some straũge sight hath beene:
So might you there the people standing seene,
And gazed all when as they see me brought:
Then sure I deemde, I was not come for nought.

And in the prease, some praisde my comly face,
Some said lo Elstride thee resembleth right:
Some said I loked like my fathers grace,
Some other said it was a piteous sight
I should so die: the Queene me pardon might,
Some said the thiefe me bore did me abuse,
And not so rudely ought a Princes vse.

But what did this redresse my wofull care,
You wot the commons vse such prouerbs still:
And yet the captiues poore no better are,
It rather helpes their pained harts to kill:
To pity one in griefe doth worke him ill,
Bemone his woe: and cannot ease his thrall:
It kils his hart, but comforts nought at all.

Thus

Thus paſt we through the preaſe, at length we came,
Into the preſence of the gelous Queene,
Who nought at all the Raſcall rude did blame
That bare me ſo: but aſkte if I had ſeene
My father ſlayne, that cauſe thereof had beene,
O Queene (quoth I) God knowes me innocent:
To worke my fathers death, I neuer ment.

With that I ſawe the people looke aſide,
To bewe a mourning voyce I heard thereby,
It was my wofull mother by that cryde.
« Lo Sabrine bounde, at brinke of death I lie.
What pen or tonge, or teares with weeping eye,
Coulo tell my woes, that ſawe my mother bounde,
On waters ſhore, wherin ſhe ſhould be drounde.

With that I fell before the Queene and prayde
For mercy, but with fierie eyes ſhe bent
Hir browes on me: out baſtarde vile (ſhe ſayd)
« Thou wotſt not yet, wherefore for thee I ſent,
« O Queene (quoth I) haue pity be content,
And if thou mynde, of mercy ought to ſhow:
Drowne mee, and let my mother harmeleſſe go.

For why ſhe was a Prince his daughter borne
In Germany, and thence was brought away
Perforce by Humber, who by warres forlorne:
Thy king as captiue tooke hir for his pray,
Thou maiſte full well her caſe with reaſon weye:
What could ſhee do, what more then ſhe or I,
Thy captiues nowe, thyne owne to liue or die?

Take

Take pitie then, on Princely race O Queene:
Take pity, if remorce may ought require:
Take pity, on a captiue thrice hath beene:
Let pity pearce the rage of all thyne ire:
But if thy breast burne with reuenging fire:
Then let my death quenche out that fuming flame,
Sith of thy husbands bloud, and hirs I came.

Much more I said, while teares out streaming wet
But nought of ease at all thereby I gainde,
My mother eke, did as she lay lamente:
Wher with my harte a thousand folde she painde,
And though ỳ Queen my plaints to fauour fainde:
Yet at the last she bade she should prepare,
Hir selfe to die, and ende hir course of care.

Then all hir frendes my mother Elstride namde,
And pleasures paste, and bade them all adue:
Eke as she thus hir last farewell had framde,
With losse of him, from whom hir sorowes grue:
At length to mee (which made my hart to rue)
"She sayd farewell my childe, I feare thy fall:
"Ten thousand times, adewe my Sabrine small.

And as the cruell captiues came to take
Hir vp, to caste and drowne hir in the floud:
I fast myne armes about hir clipt did make,
And cryde, O Queene let mercy meeke thy moode:
Do rather reaue my hart of bitall bloude,
Then thus I liue: with that they slackte my holde,
And drencht my mother, in the waters colde.

Forlone

For loue to ayde her, venter in would I,
That sawe my mother striue aloft for winde,
" To lande thee lookte and saide farewell I dye.
O let me go (quoth I) like fate to finde,
" Said Guendoline come on likewise and binde
" This Sabrine hand and foote: at once let see
" Her here receyue, her whole request of mee.

" Eke as I wyshe to haue in minde her fame,
" As Humbers is, which should her father been
" So shall this floud of Sabrine haue the name,
" That men thereby may say a righteous Queene,
" Here drowned her husbands childe of concubine.
" Therefore leaue Sabrine here thy name and life,
" Let Sabrine waters ende our mortall strife.

" Dispatch (quoth she) with that they bound me fast,
My slender armes and feete which litle neede:
And sans all mercy mee in waters caste,
Which drewe me down, & cast me vp with speede,
And downe me drencht, the Sabrine fishe to feede,
Where I abode till now: from whence I came,
And there the waters holde as yet my name.

Lo thus this gealous Queene, in raging sort,
With bloudy hate bereft her husbands health:
And eke my mother Elstrids life God wot,
Which neuer ment to hurt this common wealth:
And me Locrinus childe begot by stealth:
Against all reason was it for to kill,
The childe, for that her parents erst did ill.

By this

By this you ſee, what time our pompe doth bide:
Hereby you ſee th'vnſtedy truſt in warre:
Hereby you ſee, the ſlope of ſtates eſtryde:
Hereby you ſee, our hope to make doth marre:
Hereby you ſee, we fall from benche to barre:
From hence (quoth I:) nay from the Princely ſeate,
You ſee how ſoone vs Fortune down doth beate.

And here you ſee, how lawleſſe loue doth thriue:
Hereby you ſee, how gelous folkes do fare:
Here may you ſee, with wiſedome they that wiue,
Neede neuer recke Cupidoes curſed ſnare:
Here may you ſee, deuorcement breedeth care:
Here may you ſee, the children ſeldome thee,
Which in vnlawfull wedlocke gotten bee.

Declare thou then our fall, and great miſchap:
Declare the hap, and glorie we were in:
Declare howe ſoone we taken were in trap,
When we ſuppoſde we had moſt ſafeſt bin:
Declare what loſſe they haue that hope to win:
Farewell, and tell when Fortune moſt doth ſmile:
Then will ſhe frowne: ſhe laughes but euen a while.

FINIS.

The

The Authour.

WIth that the Lady Sabrine ſlinckt from ſight,
I lookt about, and then me thought againe
Approched ſtraight an other wofull wight:
It ſeemde as though with Dogs he had bin ſlaine,
The bloud from all his members torne amaine
Ran downe: his clothes were alſo torne and rente,
And from his bloudy throte theſe plaintes he ſente.

Madan ſhewes how for his euill life he was ſlaine of wolues, the yeare before Chriſte, 1009.

AMongſt the reſt, that ſate in hauty ſeate,
And felt the fall I pray thee pen for mee:
A Tragedie may ſome ſuch wiſedome geate,
As they may learne, and ſomewhat wiſer bee:
For in my glaſſe when as themſelues they ſee,
They may beware my fall from Fortunes lap,
Shall teach them how, t'eſchew the like miſhap.

I am that Madan once that Britayne king,
Was third that euer raigned in this lande,
Marke well therefore my death: as ſtraunge a thing
As ſome would deeme, could ſcarce with reaſon ſtande:
Yet when thou haſt my life well throughly ſcande:
Thou ſhalt perceiue, not halfe ſo ſtraunge as true:
All life: worſe death, doth after ſtill inſue,

For

For when my mother Guendoline had raignde
In my nonage, full xv. yeares she died:
And I but yonge, not well in vertues trainde,
Was left this realme of Britaynes for to guide:
Whereby when once, my minde was puft with pride:
I past for nought, I vsde my lust for lawe:
Of right, or iustice reckte I not a strawe.

No meane I kept, but ruled all by rage:
No boundes of measure, could me compasse in:
Durst none aduenture anger mine t'aswage,
If once to freate and fume I did begin:
And I excelde in nothing els but sinne:
So that welnighe all men did wishe my ende,
Saue such to whom for vice I was a frende.

In pleasures pleasaunt was my whole repaste,
My youth me led deuoyde of compasse quite,
And vices were so rooted in at last:
That to recure the euill it past my might.
For who so doth with will and pleasure fight,
Though all his force do striue them to withstande,
Without good grace they haue the vpper hande.

What licoure first, the earthen pot doth take:
It keepeth still the sauour of that same.
Full hard it is a cramocke straight to make:
Or crooked logges, with wainscot fine to frame:
Tis hard to make the cruell Tiger tame:
And so it fares with those haue vices caught,
Naught once (they saye) and euer after naught.

I speake

I speake not this as though it past all cure,
From vices vile, to vertue to retire:
But this I saye if vice be once in vre,
The more you shall, to quite your selfe require,
The more you plunge your selfe in fulsome myre.
As he that striues in soakte quicke syztes of sande,
Still sinkes scarse neuer comes againe to lande.

The giftes of grace may nature ouercome,
And God may graunt both time and leaue repent:
Yet I did more in laps of lewdnes runne,
And last my time in tyrauntes trade I spent.
But who so doth, with bloudy actes content
His minde, shall sure at last finde like againe:
And feele for pleasures, thousand panges of paine.

For in the midst of those vntrusty toyles,
When as I nothing feard, but all was sure:
With all my traine, I hunting rode for spoyles
Of them, who after did my death procure:
Those lewde delightes did boldly me allure,
To folow still and to pursue the chase:
At last I came into a deserte place.

Desolate with hilles, and monstrous rockes of stone,
My company behinde, me lost, or straye:
The place was eke with hauty trees ouergrowne
So wilde, and wyeld it made me half afraye,
And straight I was wt rauening wolues betraye:
Came out of caues, and dennes, & rockes amaine,
There was I rent in pieces, kilde and slaine.

Alas that youth (in vayne) so vyly spente,
Should euer cause a king to haue such ende:
Alas that euer I should here lamente,
Or else should teache vnto my cost my frende:
Alas that fortune such mishap should sende:
But sithe it is to late for me to crie,
I wishe that others may take heede herebye.

I might full well by wisdome shund this snare,
Tis sayde a wiseman all mishap withstandes.
For though by starres we borne to mischieues are:
Yet prudence bayles vs quite from carefull bandes,
Eche man (they say) his fate hath in his handes,
And what he makes, or marres to lese, or saue
Of good, or euill, is euen selfe do, selfe haue.

As here thou seest by me, that led my dayes
In vicious sorte, for greedy wolues a praye:
Warne others wysely, than to guide their wayes
By mine example, wel eschue they may,
Such vices as may worke their own decay:
Which if they do, full well is spent the time
To warne, to wyte, and eke to reade this rime.

FINIS.

VVhen

WHen this was ſaid, no more was Madan ſeene,
(If it were he) but ſure I half ſuſpecte
It was ſome other elſe, ſo ſeru'de had bene,
For that all ſtories do not ſo detecte
His death, or elſe I did perhaps neglecte
His tale, bicauſe that diuers ſtories brought,
Such fancies of his death into my thought.

Therefore although it be not as ſome write
Here pende by me, and yet as others haue:
Let it not greeue thee reade that I recite,
And take what counſaile of good life he gaue:
I truſt I may (that dreame) ſome pardon craue,
For if the reſte, no dreames but ſtories pen:
Can I for that they wryte be blamed then?

No ſure, I thinke the readers will not giue
Such captious dome, as Momus erſte did vſe,
Though Zoilus impes as yet do carping liue:
And all good willing writers much miſuſe.
Occaſion biddes me ſome ſuch beaſtes accuſe,
Yet for their bawling hurtes me not I nill:
But with my purpoſe, on procede I will.

Next after that, came one in princely raye
A worthy wight but yonge, yet felt the fall:
It ſeemde he had bene at ſome warlike fraye,
His breſte was woundid wide and bloudy all:
And as to mynde he muſde his factes to call,
Depe ſighes he fet, made all his limmes to ſhake:
At length theſe wordes, or like to me he ſpake.

Manlius declares how hee minding to kill his brother for the kingdome, was by him slayne. The yeare before Christe. 1008.

IF Fortune were so firme as she is fraile,
Or gloring glorie, were still permanent:
If no mishap our doings did assaile,
Or that our acts & factes were innocent,
If we in hope no hurt nor hatred ment:
Or dealing ay were done with dutie dewe,
We neuer could, our great misfortunes rewe.

If pompe were payne, and pryde were not in price,
Or hawty seate had not the highest place,
If we could learne by others to be wise,
Or else eschew the daungers of our race:
If once we could the golden meane embrace,
Or banishe quite ambition from our breste:
We neuer neede to recke, or reape unreste.

But O we thinke, such sweetenes in renowne,
We deeme on earth, is all the greatest hap:
We nothing feare, the hurte of falling downe:
Or litle rome, in Lady Fortunes lap,
We giue no heede, before we get the clap:
And then to late, we wishe we had bene wise:
When from the fall, we would and cannot rise.

As if

As if two twinnes, or children at the teate
Of Nurce, or mother both at once might be:
And both did striue, the better dugge to geate
Till one were downe, and slipt beside hir knee:
Euen so it fares, by others and by me
In Fortunes lap: we haue so litle holde,
She cannot shape, both striuing if she would.

I am that Manlius, one of Madans sonnes,
Whith thought to raigne and rule this noble Ile,
And would so done: but see what chaūce ther comes,
When bretheren loue, and frendship quite exile.
Who thinkes an other of his right beguyle,
Him selfe is soonest cleane bereaude of all:
In steade of rule, we reape the crop of thrall.

My elder brother then Mempricius highte,
Whose hauty minde, and mine did euer square:
We euermore as foes highte other spite,
And deadly Ire in hatefull hartes we bare.
He sought alwayes he might to worke me care,
And each regarded others enuy so:
As after turnid both to painfull wo.

Because my father lou'de me well therfore,
My brother feared I should haue his right:
Likewise on fauour boldned I me more,
And neither had in vertues wayes delite:
What nede I here our inward griefes recite?
We not as brethren liu'de in hatrid still,
And sought occasion other each to kill.

I for because I might obtaine the crowne:
And he for that he feared my lauoure, bred
Such frendship, as might alwayes kepe him downe,
And both depriue him of his crowne and head.
But when it chaunst, our father once was dead,
Then straight appeared all our enuy playne:
And I could not from mine attempt refraine.

See here, th'occasion of my hapelesse happe,
See here, his chaunce that might haue liu'de ful wel:
So baited swete is euery deadly trappe:
In brauisle bowres, doth deepest daunger dwell,
I thought mine elder from his right t'expell,
Though he both age, and custome forth did bring,
For title right: I sayd I would be king.

Some wichte we should, depart the realme in two,
And sayde my father eke was of that mynde:
But nether of vs both, that so would do,
We were not eche to other half so kinde,
And vile ambition made vs both so blinde:
We thought our raigne, could not be sure and good,
Except the ground therof were layde with bloud.

Wherefore as eache did watch conuenient time,
For to commit this haynous bloudy facte:
My selfe was taken not accusde of crime,
As if I had offendid any acte.
But he as one that witte and reason lackte,
Sayde traytour vile thou art to me vntrue:
And therwithall his bloudy blade he drewe.

Not

Not like a king, but like a cutthrote fell:
Not like a brother, like a butcher brute:
Though twere no worse, then I deserued well:
He gaue no time, to reason or dispute.
To late it was, to make for life my suite:
Take traytoure here (quoth he) thy whole deserte,
And therwithall he thrust me to the harte.

Thus was I by my brutishe brother slayne:
Which likewyse ment my brother for to kill,
This oftentimes, they vse to get and gayne,
Which do inuente anothers bloud to spill.
Was neuer man pretended such an ill,
But God to him like measure shortly sent:
As he to others erste before had ment.

Iniustice euer thriues, as theues doe thie:
And bloudthirste cries for vengeaunce at his hande,
Which all our rightes and wronges doth daylye see:
The good to ayde, and graceles to withstande:
If either vice or vertue wee abande:
We either are rewarded, as we serue:
Or elles are plaged, as our deedes deserue.

Let this my warning then suffice eche sorte,
Bid them beware, example here they see:
It passeth playe, tis tragicall disporte,
To clime a step aboue their owne degree,
For though they thinke good fortune serude not me,
Yet did she vse me, as she vide the reste:
And so I thinke, she seruith euen the beste.

FINIS.

The Authoure.

WHen Manlius had thus endid quite his tale,
He vanisshte out of sight as did the reste:
And I perceiued straight a persone pale,
VVhose throte was torne and blodied all his breste,
cc Shall I (qp he) for audience make requeste,
cc No sure it nedes not, straunge it semes to thee:
cc VVhat he that beares this rentid corps should bee.

cc VVherefore I deeme thou canst not chuse but bide.
cc And here my tale as others erste before:
cc Sith by so straunge a meanes thou seest I dyde,
cc VVith rentid throte and breste, thou musist more:
cc Marke well (qp he) my ratling voyce therefore,
And therwithall, this tale he gan to tell,
VVhich I recite, though nothing nere so well.

Mempricius giuen all to luste, pleasure and the sinne of Sodomie: telles how he was deuoured with VVolues.

The yeare before Christe.

989.

THis often sayd a man should do likewyse
To other, as he would to him they did:
Do as thou wouldste be done to, saith the wyse,
And do as conscience, and as iustice bid.
But he that myndes for rule another tryd,
Must not his handes with cruell bloud distayne:
For bloud doth alwayes cry for bloud agayne.

Eke

Eke lustfull life that sleepes in sinkes of sinne
Procures a plague, fy fy on Venus vyle
We litle wot the mischiefe is therein,
When we with poysons sweete our selues beguile:
The pleasures passe, the ioyes indure but while,
And nought therby at all we get or gaine:
But vyeavfull death, and euerlasting paine.

Wee thinks thou lookist for to haue my name,
And mvsist what I am that thus do com:
I would or this haue tolde it but for shame,
Wherefore to giue example yet to som:
I will no longer kepne my selfe so dom,
But sith I must as others tell their fall:
Take here my name, my life, my death and all.

I am Mempricius, Madans eldest sonne,
Once king of Britayn: that my brother slewe:
Wherby the crowne, and kingdome all I won,
And after nozisht vices moe that grewe.
Not natures lawes, noz Gods, noz mans I knewe,
But liu'de in lust not recking any thing:
I deemde was nought vnlawfull for a king.

For when I had, my brother brought on beare,
I thought in rest to keepe this kingdome long,
And I was voyde of doubt, I had no feare:
Was none durst checke me, did I right or wrong:
I liu'de at larde, and thought my powze so strong:
There could no man preuaile against my will,
In steede of lawe that vsed rigor still.

So after

So ofter that I fell to slouthfull ease,
A vice that breedes a number more besyde:
I waxt so restie none durst me displease
And eke so pust with glory vaine and pride.
My senceles sence as ship without a guide,
Was tost with euery fancye of my braine:
Like Phœbus chariot, vnder Phaetons raine.

I deemde them foes that me good counsaile gaue,
And those my chiefest frends could glose and lye:
I hated them that were so sage and graue,
And those I lou'de were lusty, lewde and slye:
I did the wisest witles as fooles defye:
Such sots, knaues, ruffians, roisters I embraste:
As were vnwise, vnhoneſt, rude, vnchaſt.

I lusted eke as lothsome lechers vse,
My subiects wiues and daughters at my will
I did so often as me pleasde abuse,
Perforce I kept them at my pleasure still.
Thus gat I queanes, and concubines at fill:
And for their sakes I put away my wyfe:
Such was my lewdnes, lust, and lawlesse life.

But shame forbids me for to tell the rest,
Ie me abhorres to shew what did insue:
And yet because it moueth in my brest,
Compunction still and was Godwot to true:
I will declare whence my destruction grue:
To Sodomes sinne alas I fell and than,
I was despised, both of God and man.

Conta.

Could I long prosper thus, do you suppose?
Might ought of euill exceede these vices told?
Thinke you thers any wight on ground that goes,
Might scape reuenge, of vice so manifold?
No sure, who is in sinfulnes so bolde,
His vices fare like weedes, they sproute so fast:
They kill the corps, as weedes the corne at last.

My great outrage, my heedelesse head, the life
I beastly led, could not continue soe,
My brothers bloud, my leauing of my wife:
And working of my scendes and subiects woe,
Cride still to God for my fowle ouerthroe: (case,
Which heares ẏ wrongd, he heedes their carefull
And at the length doth all their foes deface.

Yet I mistrusting no mishaps at hand,
(Though I were worthy twenty times to dye)
I lewdly liu'de, and did my wealth withstande:
I neuer thought my ende was halfe so nye.
For my disport I rode on hunting I,
In woodes the fearefull hart I chased fast:
Till quite I lost my company at last.

And or I wist, to cost I founde my foes,
By chaũce I came, wher as the wolues they bred.
Which in a moment did me rounde inclose:
And mounted at my horse his throte, and head.
Some on his hinder parts their paunch es fed,
Yet fought I still to scape, if it might bee:
Till they my fainted horse, pulde downe with mee.

Then

Then was I hopeleſſe to eſcape their iawes,
They faſtned all their holders faſt on mee:
And on my royall robes they ſet their clawes,
My Princely preſence, nor my high degree,
Won'de them no more obeyſannce for to bee,
Nor of my corps, to take no more remorce:
Then did the greeuous groning of my horſe.

But rauenouſly they rent, my breaſt and throte,
Forſoke my ſleeue, came all at once and tare
My tender corps, from which they ſleyde my coate.
And of my fleſhe they made at all no ſpare:
They neuer left me till my bones were bare.
Lo thus I ſlewe my brother, left my wife,
Liu'de vilely, and as vilely ended life.

Beware of bloudy broyles, beware of wrong:
Embrace the counſaile of the wiſe and ſage.
Truſt not to pouwre, though it be nere ſo ſtrong:
Beware of raſhnes rude and roiſters rage.
Eſchew vile Venus topes, ſhe cutter of age,
And learne this leſſon of (and death) thy frende:
By pocks, death ſodaine, begging, harlots ende.

FINIS.

The

ON this me thought he vaniſht quite away,
And I was left with Morpheus all alone:
VVhom I deſirde theſe gryzely ghoſtes to ſtay,
Till I had ſpace to heare them one by one.
And euen with that was Somnus ſeruaunt gone,
VVhereby I ſlept and toke mine eaſe that night,
And in the morning roſe their tale to wrighte.

Nowe (Reader) if you thinke I miſte my marke,
In any thing whilere but ſtories tolde:
You muſt conſider that a ſimple clarke,
Hath not ſuch ſkill theffect of things t'vnfolde,
But may with eaſe of wiſer be controlde:
Eke who ſo writes as much the like as this,
May hap be deemde likewyſe as much to miſſe.

VVherefore if theſe may not content your minde,
As eche man cannot fauour all mens vaines:
I pray you yet let me this frendſhip finde,
Giue your good will, I craue nought els for paines.
VVhich if you grutch me, as to great a gaines:
Then is my loue to you, and labour loſt,
And you may learne take heede, with greater coſt.

But now me thinkes I heare the carpers tell,
Saith one, the writer wanted wordes to fill:
The next reprou'd the verſe not couched well:
The third declares, where lackte a point of ſkill:
Some others ſay they like the meeter ill.
But what of this? ſhall theſe diſmay mee quite?
No ſure, I will not ceaſe for ſuch to write.

For

For with more eaſe, in other workes they finde
A fault, then take vpon them ſelues to pen
So much, and eke content eche readers minde:
How ſhould my verſe craue all their likings then?
Sith ſondry are the ſects of diuers men:
I muſt endeuour only thoſe to pleaſe,
VVhich like that comes, ſo it be for their eaſe.

The reſt I recke as they blame worthy bee,
For if the words I wrote for good intent:
Take other ſence then they receiu'de of mee,
Be turnde to worſe, torne, reached racktor rent
Or hackt and hewde, not conſtret as I ment:
The blame is theirs, which with my workes ſo mell:
Leſſe faulty he, that wiſht his country well.

If ſome be pleaſde and eaſde, I leaſe no toyle,
At carpers gyrdle hanges not all the keyes:
VVhat price gaines he, that giues him fall or foyle,
VVhich neuer wan by wraſtling any prayſe,
I haue not ſpent in poetrye my dayes,
Some other workes in proaſe I printed haue:
And more I write for which I ley ſure ſaue.

And for mine age not thirty yeares hath paſt,
No ſtyle ſo rype can yonger yeares attaine.
For of them all, but only ten the laſt,
To learne the tongues, and write I toke the paine,
If I thereby receiued any gaine,
By Frenche or Latine chiefely which I choſe,
Theſe fiue yeares paſt by writing I diſcloſe.

Of which

Of which, the firſt two yeares I Grammer taught:
The other twaine, I Hulœts worke enlargde:
The laſt tranſlated Aldus phraſes fraught
VVith eloquence, and toke of Terence charge
At Printers hande, to adde the flowers at large
VVhich wanted there, in Vdalles worke before:
And wrote this booke with other diuers more.

Then pardon whats amiſſe, a while giue eare,
So ſhall you heare the reſt that I recite,
Deſcribing next what Princes did appeare:
VVhen I had ended theſe are paſt to wrighte.
In ſlomber as I chaunſt to lye one night,
VVas Somnus preſt, whom I deſyrde to ſende
His Morpheus ayde, theſe Tragedies to ende.

VVherewith he graunted my requeſt and calde
For Morpheus ſtraight: which knew wherto he came
I will (q he) the reſt, vvhom Fortune thralde
Of Britaynes ſhewe: thy ſelfe to heare them frame.
And therewithall he fet forth one like Fame.
In fethers all vvith vvinges ſo finely dight,
As twere a birde, in humaine ſhape of flight.

Yet twas not Fame that femme of painted plume,
He rather ſeemed Icarus deceau'de,
VVith vvinges to flye nighe Phœbus did preſume.
At length in deede I plainly well perceau'de,
It vvas ſome king of vitall breath bereau'de,
From flight he fell preſuming farre to hye:
Giue eare take heede and learne not ſo to flye.

Bladud

Bladud recyteth how he practyzing by curious artes to flye, fell and brake his necke, The yeare before Christe. 844.

Shall I rehearse, likewyse my name?
And eke a place amongst them fill,
Which at their endes to mischiefe came?
Sith Morpheus bids me so, I will.

And that because I see thee minde,
To wryte my stoyle fate and fall,
Such curious heads it reade and finde:
Pay flee to flye, and shunne my thrall.

Ikdaunger teach them liue take heede:
If leesers harme, make lookers wyse:
If warines, do safetie breede,
Or wracke make saylers shelues dispise.

Then may my hurt, giue sample sure:
My losse of life may lokers learne:
My warning may beware procure,
To such as daunger scarce discerne.

I am that Bladud Britaine king,
Rudhudebras his eldest sonne,
Did learning first to England bring:
And other wonders more were done.

Nowe

Now giue me eare, and after wryte:
Marke well my life, example take:
Eschue the euill that I recite,
And of my death a myrrour make.

In youth I gaue my minde to loze,
For I in learning tooke repaste:
No earthly pleasure likte me moze,
I went to Athens at the last.

A towne in Greece, whose fame went foorth
Through all the woorld hir name was spred:
I counted knowledge so much woorth,
Hir only loue to Greece me led.

There first of all the artes of seuen,
Wherein before I had small skill:
I Grammer gate declares the steuen,
By rule to speake, and wryte at will.

Next after that in Rhetorike fine,
Which teacheth how the talke to fyle:
I gate some knowledge in short time,
And coulde perswade within a whyle.

I thirdly learned Logicke well,
An arte that teacheth to dispute:
To aunswere wisely or refell,
Distinguishe, proue, disproue, confute.

Then after that, of number, I
The ſkilfull arte likewyſe attaynde:
Wherin of Mathematickes lie,
Full many pointes I after gaynde.

And Muſicke milde I lernde that telles,
Tune, tyme, and meaſure of the ſong:
A ſcience ſwete the reſte excelles,
For melody hir notes among.

But ſtrtly I the name of artes,
Geometrie of great engine
Employde, with all hir ſkilfull partes:
Therby ſome greater giftes to winne.

So laſte I lernde Aſtronomie,
A lofty arte that paſte them all:
To knowe by motions of the ſkye,
And fixed ſtarres, what chaunce might fall.

This pleaſaunt arte allured me,
To many fonde inuentions them:
For iudgements of Aſtrologie,
Delites the mindes of wiſeſt men.

So doth the arte Phiſiognomie,
Dependes on iudgment of the face:
And that of Metopoſcopie,
Which of the forehead telles the grace.

And

And Chiromancie by the hande,
Coniecures of the inward minde:
Eke Geomancie by the lande,
Doth diuers many farlies finde.

Augurium eke was vsde of olde:
By byrdes of future things apelagde:
And many thinges therby they tolde,
Were skilfull, learned, wyse and agde.

But Magicke for it, seemid sweete,
And full of wonders made me muse:
For many feates I thought it meete,
And pleasaunt for a Prince to vse.

Three kindes there are, for natures skill,
The first they Naturall do name:
In which by herbes and stones they will,
Worke wonders thinges, are worthy fame.

The next is Mathematicall,
Where Magike workes by nature so:
That brasen heads make speake it shall,
Of woode birdes, bodies flye, and go.

The thirde Veneficall by righte,
Is named for by it they make:
The shapes of bodies chaunge in sighte,
And other formes on them to take.

What neede I tell what Theurgie is,
Or Necromancie you despise?
A diuelishe arte, the feendes by this,
Seeme calde, and conjurde to arise.

Of these too much I learned then,
By those such secrete artes professt:
For of the wise and skilfull men,
Whome Fame had praisde I gate the best.

They promist for to teach me so,
The secretes of dame natures skill:
That I nede neuer taste of woe,
But alwayes might forsee it still.

Wherfore enflamed with their loue,
I brought away the best I could:
From Greece to Britayne lande to proue,
What feates for me deuise they would.

Of which were foure Philosophers,
For passing skill excelde the rest:
Phisitions and Astronomers,
In Athens all they were the best.

My father harde of my retourne,
Of my successe in learning there:
And how the Grecians did adourne,
My wittes with artes that worthy were.

The

He herde likewyse what store I brought,
Of learned Greekes from Aetricke soyle:
And of my laboure learning sought,
With study, trauayle, payne and toyle.

Likewyse heard he buylded here,
Three townes while absent thence was I:
By South he founded Winchester,
By East he built Cantorbury.

By West full bigge he built the last,
On hill from waters deepe belowe:
Calde Shaftesbury on rockes full fast,
It standes and giue to Brass a showe.

These causde we both might well reioyce
He for because I gate such fame:
And I, for that by all mennes voyce,
His factes deserude immortall name.

What nedes much talke, the peres and all
The commons eke with one assent:
Extold my name especiall,
Which had my youth in learning spent.

I was receaude with triumphes great,
With pageauntes in eache towne I past:
And at the court my princely seate,
Was by my fathers ioyned fast.

The nobles then vsed me to haue,
On me their children wayte and tende:
And royall giftes with them me gaue,
As might their powres therto extende.

But here began my cause of care,
As all delightes at length haue ende:
Be mirte with woes our pleasures are,
Amidste my ioyes, I lost a frende.

My father, nyne and twenty yeares,
This time had raignde o're this the crowne:
As by your Chronicles appeares,
Whan fates, on vs began to frowne.

For euen amidste his most of ioye,
As youth, and strength and honours fade:
Sore sickenes did him long annoye,
At laste, of life an ende it made.

Then was I chose king of this lande,
And had the crowne as had the rest:
I bare the scepter in my hande,
And swayde that all our foes oppest.

Eke for because the Greekes did vse,
We well in Greece at Athens lerne:
I had those foure I brought to chuse,
A place that I might dedicate.

To all

To all the Muses and their artes,
To learnings vse for euermore:
Which when they sought in diuers partes,
At last they found a place therfore.

Amidst the realme it lies welnighe,
As they by art and skill did proue:
An healthfull place not lowe nor highe,
An holsome soyle for their behoue.

With water streames, & springs for welles:
And medowes sweete, and valeyes greene:
And woods, groaues, quarries, al thing elles
For students weale, or pleasure beene.

When they reported this to me,
They prayde my grace that I would builde,
Them there an Vniuersitie,
The fruites of learning for to yelde.

I buylte the scholes, like Artikes then,
And gaue them landes to maintayne thoser
Which were accounted learned men,
And could the groundes of artes disclose.

The towne is called Stamford yet,
There stande the walles vntill this daye:
Foundations eke of scholes I set,
Vide yet (not maintained) in decaye.

Whereby the lande receaued store,
Of learned clarkes long after that:
But nowe giue eare I tell thee more,
And then my fall, and great mishap.

Because that time Apollo was,
Surmisde the God that gaue vs wit:
I builte his temple brane did passe,
At Troynouant the place is yet.

Some saye I made the bathes at Bathe:
And made therefaye two tunnes of brasse:
And other twayne seuen salles that haue
In them, but these be made of glasse

With sulphur filde, and other things,
Wylde fire, saltgem, salte peter eke:
Salte armoniake, salte Alchime,
Salte commune, and salte Arabecke.

Salte niter mixid with the rest,
In these fowre tunnes by portions right:
Fowre welles to laye them in were drest,
Wherin they bayle both daye and night.

The water springes them round about,
Doth ryse for aye and hayleth still:
The tunnes within and eke without,
Do all the welles with vapours fill.

So that

So that the heate and clenſing powre,
Of Sulphur and of ſalts and tyres
Doth make the bathes eche pointed houre,
To helpe the ſickly health deſyre.

Theſe bathes to ſoften ſinewes haue,
Great vertue and to ſcoure the ſkin:
From Mozphew white, and blacke to ſaue,
The bodies taint, are bathde therein.

Foꝛ Leppy, Scabs, and ſoꝛes are olde,
Foꝛ Scurfes, and Botch, and Humoꝛs colde:
The bathes haue vertues manyfolde,
If God giue grace to cure them all.

The ioyntes are ſwelde, and hardned mylte:
And hardned liuer, paiſeis paine,
The Poꝛe and Itche, if woꝛke thou wilt,
By helpe of God it heales againe.

Shall I renege I made them then?
Shall I denye my cunning founde?
By helpe I had of learned men,
Thoſe woꝛthy welles in gratefull grounde?

I will do ſo: foꝛ God gaue grace,
Whereby I knew what nature wꝛought:
And lent me ioꝛe to finde the place,
By wiſedome where thoſe welles I ſought.

which

Which once confest to here any harme,
Eschewe the like if thou be wyse:
Let neuer will thy wits be charme,
Or make the chaunge of kinde deuise.

For if the fishe would learne to goe,
And leaue to swim against his vre:
When he were quite the waters fro,
He could not swim you may be sure.

Or if the beast would learne to flie,
That had no plumes by nature lent:
And get him wynges as earst did I,
Would not thinke you it him repent?

Though Magike Mathematicall,
Make wooden birdes to flye and soare:
Eke brasen heads that speake they shall,
And promise many marueiles more.

Yet sith it swarues from Natures will,
As much as these that I recite:
Refuse the fondnes of such skill,
Doth ay with death the proufe requite.

I deemde I could more soner frame,
My selfe to flye then birdes of wood:
And ment to get eternall fame,
Which I esteemde the greatest good.

I deckte

I deckt my selfe with plumes and wynges,
As here thou seest in skilfull wise:
And many equall poysing thinges,
To ayde my flight, to fall or rise.

Thou thinkste an arte that seldome bide,
In hand I tooke, and so it was:
But we no daunger then refusde,
So we might bring our feates to passe.

By practise at the length I could,
Gainst store of wynde with ease arise:
And then which way to light I should,
And mount, and turne I did deuise.

Which learned but not perfectly,
Before I had therof the sleight:
I flew aloft but downe fell I.
For want of skill againe to light.

Upon the temple earst I built,
To God Apollo, downe I fell:
In fiters broisde for such a guilt,
A iust reuenge requited well.

For what should I presume so highe,
Against the course of nature quite
To take me wynges and saye to flye,
A foole no fowle in fethers dight.

As lear-

As learning founds and cunning finds,
To such haue wit the same is vile:
So she confounds, and marres the minds,
Of those her secrets seeme t'abuse.

Well then desert sue quites my fall,
Presumption proude, despite my breath:
Renowne bereft my life and all,
Desire of praise, procurde my death:

Do let allureing arts alone,
They pleasaunt seeme yet are they payne:
Amongst an hundreth scarce is one,
Doth ought thereby but labour gayne.

Their cunning castes are craftie cares,
Deuices payne deuise by mens:
Such witched wiles are Sathans snares,
To traine in fooles, despise them then.

Their wisdome is but wily wit,
Their sagenes is but subtilties:
Darke dreames deuise for fooles are fit,
And such as practise pampestry.

Thou seest my fall and eke the cause,
Unwisely I good giftes abuse:
Lo here the hurt of learned lawes,
If they be wrested or misused.

Then

Then wypte my ſtoꝛy with the reſt,
May pleaſure when it comes to bewe:
Take heede of counſayles all is beſt,
Beware, take heede farewell adieu.

Farewell, will ſtudents keepe in minde,
οὐκ ἀρετῆς κακὰ ἔργα:
Els may they chaunce like fate to finde,
Foꝛ why, τοῖς κακοῖς τρὶς κάκα.
Τελος.

The Authour.

WHen Bladud thus had ended quite his tale,
And tolde his life as you haue heard before:
He toke his flight and then a Lady pale,
Appeard in ſight, beraide with bloudy gore:
In hande a knife of ſanguine dye ſhe bore:
And in her breſte a wounde was pearced wyde,
So freſhly bledde, as if but than ſhe dyde.

She ſtaide a while, her coulour came and went,
And doubtful was that would haue tolde hir paine:
In woſull ſort ſhe ſeemed to lament,
And could not vvel her tongue from talke refraine.
For vvhy her griefes vnfolde ſhe vvould right faine,
Yet baſhfull vvas: at length an ende to make,
Hir Morpheus wild, and then thus wyſe ſhe ſpake.

Cordile

Cordila ſhewes how by deſpaire when ſhe was in priſon ſhe ſlue her ſelf.

The yeare before Chriſt. 800.

IF any wofull wight haue cauſe, to waile her woe:
Or griefes are paſt do pricke vs princes tel our fal:
My ſelfe likewyſe muſt needes cõſtrained eke do ſo,
And ſhew my like miſfortunes & miſhaps withall.
Should I keepe cloſe my heauy haps and thrall:
Then did I wrong: I wrongde my ſelfe and thee,
Which of my facts, a witnes true maiſt bee.

A woman yet muſt bluſhe when baſhfull is the caſe,
Though truth bid tell the tale and ſtorye as it fell:
But ſith that I miſlike not audience, time, nor place
Therfore I cannot ſtill keepe in my counſaile well:
No greater eaſe of hart then griefes to tell,
It daunteth all the dolours of our minde,
Our carefull hartes therby great comfort finde.

For why to tell that may recounted be againe,
And tell it as our cares may compaſſe eaſe:
That is the ſalue and medcine of our paine,
Which cureth coſſies all and ſores of our diſeaſe:
It doth our pinching panges, and paines apeaſe:
It pleades the part of an aſſured frende,
And telles the trade, like vices to amende.

Therefore

Therfore if I more willing be to tell my fall,
And shew mishaps to ease my burdened brest and minde:
That others haply may auoide and shunne like thrall,
And thereby in distresse more ayde and comfort finde.
They may keepe measure where as I declinde,
And willing be to flye like bruite and blame:
As I to tell, or thou to wryte the same.

For sith I see thee prest to heare that will recorde,
What I Cordila tell to ease my inward smart:
I will recite my storie tragicall eche worde,
To thee that gin'st an eare to heare and ready art,
And lest I set the horse behinde the cart,
I minde to tell eche thing in order so,
As thou maiste see and shewe whence sprang my wo.

My grandsyre Bladud highte, that found the Bathes by I.
A fethered king that practisde for to flye and soare:
Whereby he felt the fall God wot against his will,
And neuer went, roade, raigned nor spake, nor slew no more.
Who dead his sonne my father Leire therefore,
Was chosen king, by right apparent heyre,
Which after built the towne of Leircestere.

He had three daughters, first and eldest highte Gonerell:
Next after hir, my sister Ragan was begote:
The third and last was I the yongest namde Cordell,
And of vs all, our father Leire in age did dote.
So minding hir that lou'de him best to note,
Because he had no sonne t'enioye his lande:
He thought to giue, where fauoure most he fande.

What

What though I yongeſt were, yet men me iudgde more wiſe
Then either Gonorell, or Ragan had more age,
And fairer farre: wherefore my ſiſters did deſpiſe
My grace, and giftes, and ſought my prayſe t'aſwage:
But yet though vice gainſt vertue die with rage,
It cannot keepe her vnderneth to drowne,
But ſtill ſhe flittes aboue, and reapes renowne.

Yet natheleſſe, my father did me not miſlike:
But age ſo ſimple is, and eaſy to ſubdue:
As childhode weake, thats voide of wit and reaſon quite:
They thinke thers nought, you flatter fainde, but all is true:
Once olde and twyſe a childe, tis ſaid with you,
Which I affirme by proofe, that was definde:
In age my father had a childiſhe minde.

He thought to wed vs vnto nobles three, or Peres:
And vnto them and theirs, deuide and part the lande:
For both my ſiſters firſt he ſent as firſt their yeares
Requirde their mindes, and loue, and fauour t'vnderſtand.
(Quoth he) all doubtes of duty to abande,
I muſt aſſaye and eke your frendſhips proue:
Now tell me eche how much you do me loue.

Which when they aunſwered, they lou'de him well and more
Then they themſelues did loue, or any worldly wight:
He prayſed them and ſayd he would againe therefore,
The louing kindnes they deſeru'de in fine requite:
So founde my ſiſters fauour in his ſight,
By flattery fayre they won their fathers hart:
Which after turned, him and mee to ſmart.

But

But not content with this he minded me to proue,
For why he wonted was to loue me wonders wel:
How much doſt thou (q he) Cordile thy father loue
I wil (sayd I) at once my loue declare and tell:
I lou'de you euer as my father well,
No other wyſe, if more to know you craue:
We loue you chiefly for the goodes you haue.

Thus much I ſaid, the more their flattery to detect
But he me aunſwered therunto again with Ire,
Becauſe thou doſt thy fathers aged yeare neglect,
That lou'de þ more of late thē thy deſerts require,
Thou neuer ſhalt, to any part aſpire
Of this my realme, emong thy ſiſters twayne,
But euer ſhalt vnpotid ay remayne.

Then to the king of Albany for wife he gaue
My ſiſter Gonerell, the eldeſt of vs all:
And eke my ſiſter Ragan for Hinnine to haue,
Which then was Prince of Camber & Cornwall:
Theſe after him ſhould haue his kingdome all
Betwene them both, he gaue it franke and free:
But nought at all, he gaue of dowry mee.

At laſt it chaunſt þ king of Fraūce to here my fame,
My beuty braue, was blazed al abrode eche where:
And eke my vertues praiſde me to my fathers blame
Did for my ſiſters flattery me leſſe fauour beare.
Which when this worthy king my wrongs did heare,
He ſent ambaſſage like me more then life,
T'intreate he might me haue to be his wife.

My father was content with all his harte, and sayde,
He gladly should obtaine his whole request at will
Concerning me, if nothing I therin denayde:
But yet he kept by their intisment hatred still,
(Quoth he) your prince his pleasure to fulfill,
I graunt and giue my daughter as you craue:
But nought of me for dowry can she haue.

King Aganippus well agreed to take me so,
Hee deemde that vertue was of dowries all the best:
And I contentid was to Fraunce my father fro
For to depart, & hoapte t'enioye some greater rest.
I maried was, and then my ioyes encreaste,
A gate more fauoure in this Prince his sight,
Then euer Princesse of a princely wight.

But while þ I these ioyes enioyd, at home in Fraūce,
My father Leire in Britayne waxed aged olde,
My sisters yet them selues the more aloft t'aduaūce,
Thought well they might, be by his leaue, or sans so bolde:
To take the realme and rule it as they wolde.
They rose as rebels voyde of reason quite,
And they depriu'de him of his crowne and right.

Then they agreed, it should be into partes equall
Deuided: and my father thyrstye knightes & squires
Should alwayes haue, attending on him still at call.
But in sixe monthes so much encreasd hateful Ires,
That Gonerell denyde all his desires,
So halfe his garde she and her husband reste:
And scarce alowde the other halfe they leste.

The

Eke as in Scotlande thus he lay lamenting fates,
When as his daughter so, sought all his beter spoyle:
The meaner vpstart gentles, thought them selues his mates
And betters eke, see here an aged Prince his foyle.
Then was he fayne for succoure his, to toyle.
With all his knightes, to Cornewall there to lye:
In greatest neede, his Ragans loue to trie.

And when he came to Cornwall, Ragan then with ioye,
Receiued him and eke hir husband did the like:
There he abode a peare and liu'de without anoy,
But then they tooke, all his retinue from him quite
Saue only ten, and shewde him dayly spite,
Which he bewailde complaining durst not striue,
Though in disdayne they last alowde but fiue.

On this he deemde him selfe was far that time vnwyse,
When from his daughter Gonerell to Ragan hee:
Departed erste yet eache did him pooze king despise,
Wherfoze to Scotlande once againe with hir to bee
And bide he went: but deadly cruell shee,
Bereau'de him of his seruauntes all saue one,
Bad him content him selfe with that or none.

Eke at what time he askte of eache to haue his garde,
To garde his grace where so he walkte or wente:
They calde him doting foole and all his hestes debarde,
Demaunded if with life he could not be contente.
Then he to late his rigour did repente,
Gainst me and sayde, Cordila nowe adieu:
I finde the wozdes thou toldste mee to to true.

And to be ſhort, to Fraunce he came alone to mee,
And tolde me how my ſiſters him our father vſde:
Then I beſought my king with teares vpō my knee,
That he would aide my father thus by them miſuſde
Who nought at all my humble beſte refuſde:
But ſent to euery coaſte of Frauuce for ayde,
Wherwith my father home might be conueide.

The ſoldiours gathered from eche quarter of ꝑ land,
Came at the length to know the king his mind & wil:
Who did commit them to my fathers aged hand,
And I likewiſe of loue and reuerent mere goodwill
Deſirde my king, he would not take it ill,
If I departed for a ſpace withall:
To take a parte, or eaſe my fathers thrall.

This had: I partid with my father from my fere,
We came to Britayne with our royal campe to fight:
And manly fought ſo long our enmies bāquiſht were
By martial feates, & force by ſubiects ſword & might.
The Brityſhe kinges were faine to yelde our right,
And ſo my father well this realme did guide,
Three yeares in peace and after that he dide.

Then I at Leirceſter in Ianus temple made,
His tombe and buried there his kingly regall coarſe,
As ſondry tymes in life before he often bade:
For of our fathers will we then did greatly force,
We had of conſcience eke ſo much remorce,
That we ſuppoſde thoſe childrens liues to ill:
Which brake their fathers teſtament, and will.

And

And I was Queene the kingdome after still to holde,
Till fiue yeares past I did this Iland guyde:
I had the Britaynes at what becke and boy I wolde,
Till that my louing king mine Aganippus dyde.
But then my seate it faltered on eache syde,
Two churlishe Impes began with me to Iarre,
And for my crowne wagde with mee mortall warre.

The one hight Morgan th'elder sonne of Gonerell
My sister, and that other Conidagus hight
My sister Ragans sonne, that lou'de me neuer well:
Both nephewes mine, yet would against mee Cordell fight
Because I lou'de always that semed right:
Therefore they hated mee, and did pursue,
Their aunte and Queene as she had bene a Iewe.

This Morgane was that time the Prince of Albany,
And Conidagus king of Cornewale and of VVales:
Both which, at once prouided their artillery,
To worke me wofull wo, and mine adherentes bales:
What nede I fill thyne eares with longer tales?
They did preuayle by might and powre so fast
That I was taken prisoner at last.

In spitefull sorte, they vsed then my captiue corse,
No fauour shewde to me, extincte was mine estate.
Of kinred, princesse blood, or pere was no remorse,
But as an abiecte vile and worse they did me hate,
To lie in darksome dongeon was my fate:
As t'were a thiefe mine aunswers to abide,
Gainst right and iustice, vnder Iaylours guyde.

For libertie at length I suid, to subiectes were:
But they kept me in pryson close deuoyde of truste,
If I might once escape, they were in dreade and feare,
Their fawning frendes with me would proue vntrue & iust.
They told me take it paciently I must,
And be contented that I had my life:
Sith with their mothers I began the strife.

Wherby I sawe might nothing me preuaile to pray,
Or pleade, or proue, defende, excuse or pardon craue,
They herde me not, despisde my plaintes, sought my decay,
I might no law, nor loue, nor right, nor iustice haue
No frendes, no faith, nor pitie could me saue:
But I was from all hope of licence barde,
Condemde my cause like neuer to be herde.

Was euer lady in such wofull wreckfull wo:
Depriu'de of princely powre, bereft of libertie,
Depriu'de in all these worldly pompes, hir pleasures fro,
And brought from wealth, to nede distresse, and miser y':
From palace proude, in prison poore to lye:
From kingdomes twayne, to dungion one no more:
From Ladies wayting, vnto vermine store.

From light to darke, from holsom ayre to lothsom smell:
From odowr swete, to sweate: from ease, to grieuous payne:
Frō sight of princely wights, to place where theues do dwell:
From deinty beddes of downe, to be of strawe full fayne:
From bowres of heauenly hewe, to dennes of dayne:
From greatest haps, that worldly wightes atchieue:
To more distresse then any wretche aliue.

When

When first I left the crowne of Fraunce, did me exalte,
And eke my noble king, myne Aganippus true:
And came to England for their heynous factes, and faulte:
Which from his right and kingdom quite our father threw,
To take this realme, to raigne and treason knew:
I thinke of all mysfortunes was the worste,
Or else I deeme, was some of vs accurste.

For marke my haplesse tall that drawes at length to ende,
As in this pryson vile, on liue I lingering laye:
When I had mourned long, but founde no faithfull frende
That could me helpe, or ayde, or comforte any way,
Was seru'de at meate, as those their kings betray,
With fare God wot was simple, bare and thinne,
Could not sustayne the corps it entred in.

And when the sighes, & teares, & plaintes nigh burst my hart,
And place, and stenche and fare nighe poysond euery pore:
For lacke of frendes to tell my seas of giltlesse smarte,
And that mine eyes had sworne to take swete slepe no more,
I was content sith cares oppresst me sore,
To leaue my foode, take mourning plaintes & crie,
And lay me downe, let grieft and nature crie.

Thus as I pyning lay my carkas on touch of straw
And felt ye payne erst neuer creature earthly knew:
Me thought by night a gryzely ghost in darkes I sawe,
Eke nerer still to me with stealing steps she drewe.
She was of colour pale, & deadly hewe:
Hir clothes resembled thousand kindes of thrall,
And pictures playne, of hastened deathes withall.

I musing lay in paynes and wondred what she was,
Mine eye stode still, myne haire rose vp for feare an end.
My fleshe it shoke and trembled: yet I cryde alasse,
What wight art thou, a foe or else what fawning frende?
If death thou art, I praye thee make an ende?
But th'arte not death: art thou some fury sente?
My wofull corps with paynes to more tormente?

With that she spake: I am (q̃ she) thy frend Despaire
Which in distresse eache worldly wight with spede do ayde:
I rid them from their foes, if I to them repayre,
To long from thee by other caytiues was I stayde.
Now if thou arte to die no whit affrayde,
Here shalt thou choose of instrumentes, beholde?
Shall ridde thy restlesse life, of this be bolde.

And therewithall she spred her garmentes lap asyde,
Under the which a thousand thinges I sawe with eyes:
Both knyues sharpe swordes, poynadoes all bedyde
With bloud, and poysons prest which she could well deuise.
There is no hope (q̃ she) for thee to ryse,
And get thy crowne or libertie againe:
But for to liue, long lasting piking payne.

Loe here (q̃ she) the blade that Did of Carthage highte,
Whereby she was from thousand panges of paine let passe:
With this shee slewe her selfe, after Aeneas flighte:
When he to sea from Tyrian shores departed was,
Do chouse of these: thou seest from woes to passe,
Or bid the ende prolong thy painefull dayes,
And I am pleasde from thee to get my wayes.

With that was I (poore wretche) content to take the knife,
But doubtfull yet to dye, and fearfull faine would bide:
So still I laye in study with my selfe at bate and strife,
What thing were best of both these deepe extreames vntride.
My hope all reasons of dispayre denide,
And she againe replide to proue it best
To die, for still in life my woes increast.

She calde to minde, the ioyes in Fraunce I whilom had:
She tolde me what a troupe of Ladies was my trayne,
And how the Lordes of Fraunce & Britaynes both were glad,
Of late to wayte on mee and subiects all were fayne.
She tould I had bin Queene of kingdomes twayne,
And how my nephewes had my seate and crowne:
I could not ryse, for euer fallen downe.

A thousand thinges, beside recited then dispaire:
She tould the woes in warres, that I had heapt of late:
Rehearst the pryson dile, in steede of Pallace faire:
My lodging low and mouldy meates my mouth did hate,
She shewde me all the dongeon where I sate,
The dankeishe walles, the darkes and bad me smell:
And bide the sauour if I likt it well.

Whereby I wretch deuoyde of comfort quite and hope,
And pleasures past comparde with present paynes I had:
For fatall knife slipt forth my fearfull hand did geope,
Dispaire in this to ayde my senceleſſe limmes was glad,
And gaue the blade to ende my woes she bad.
I will (quoth I) but first with all my hart:
Ile pray to Gods, reuenge my wofull smart.

If any

If any wrong deserue the wrecke I praye you skyes,
And starres of light, if you my wofull plight do rue:
O Phœbus cleare I thee beseech and praye likewyse,
Beare witnes of my plaints well knowne to Gods are true.
You see from whence these iniuries they grue,
Then let like vengeaunce hap and light on those:
Which vndeserued were my deadly foes.

God graunt a mortall strife betwene them both may fall,
That one the other may without remorse distroye:
That Conidagus may, his cosin Morgan thrall,
Becapse he first decreast my wealth, bereft my ioye.
I praye you Gods he neuer be a Roy.
But caitife may be payde with such a frende:
As shortly may him bring, to sodayne ende.

Farewell my Realme of Fraunce, farewell Adieu:
Adieu mes nobles tous, and England now farewell:
Farewell Madames my Ladies, car ie suis pardu:
Il me fault aler desespoir m' adonne conseil
De me tuer, no more your Queene farewell.
My nephewes mee oppresse with maine and might,
A captiue poore, gainst iustice all and right.

And therewithal the sight did faile my dazeling eyne,
I nothing sawe saue sole Dispayre bad mee dispatch,
Whom I behelde, she caught the knife from me I weene,
And by hir elbowe carian death for me did watch.
Come on (quoth I) thou hast a goodly catch,
And therewithall Dispayre the stroke did strike:
Whereby I dyde, a daumed creature like.

Which

Which I alaſſe lament, bid thoſe alive beware,
Let not the loſſe of goodes or honour them conſtrayne,
To play the fooles, and take ſuch carefull carke and care.
Or to diſpaire for any pyſon pine and payne.
If they be giltleſſe let them ſo remayne,
Farre greater folly is it for to kill,
Themſelues diſpayring, then is any ill.

Sith firſt thereby their enmies haue, that they deſire:
By which they proue to deadly foes vnwares a frende:
And next they cannot liue, to former bliſſe t'aſpyre
If God do bring their foes in time to fodayne ende:
They laſtly as the damned wretches ſende,
Their ſoules to hell, when as they vndertake
To kill a corps: which God did liuely make.

FINIS.

The

The Authour.

NOw when this deſperate Queene had ended thus
Hir tale, and told what hapleſſe grace ſhe had:
As of hir talke ſome pointes I did diſcuſſe,
In ſlomber faln I waxed wondrous ſad,
Hir nephewes dealings were me thought to bad:
VVhich greu'de me much, but Morpheus bad let bee,
And therwithall preſented one to mee.

Of ſtature tall a worthy princely wight,
In countenaunce he ſeemde yet mourning ſtill:
His complet harneſſe not ſo braue in ſight,
Nor ſure as ours, made now adayes by ſkill:
But clampt together, ſpynts but ioyned ill:
Vnfit, vnhandſome, heauy, houge, and plaine,
Vnweldy wearing, rathing like a chaine.

VVherthrough he had receu'de a deadly ſtroake,
By ſworde, or other inſtrument of warre,
And downe his thighes the bloud by ſithes did ſoake
VVhich I perceiued as he came a farre.
Now ſith (quoth he) to heare you preſent are:
I will declare my name, life, factes and fall-
And therewith thus he gan to tell it all,

Morgan telles how he waging warre with his coſin Conidagus was ſlaine at the place yet called Glamorgan, The yeare before Chriſt. 766.

I wot

I Wot not well what reasons I may vse,
To quyte my selfe from blame, blame worthy I:
Wherfore I must perforce my selfe accuse,
I am in fault I can it not denye:
Remorse of conscience, prickes my hart so nye,
And me tormentes with panges of pinching paine:
I can no longer, me from speach refraine.

I am that Morgan sonne of Gonerell,
Th'ungratefull daughter, of her father Leire:
Which from his kingdome did him once expell,
As by the Brityshe stories may appeare.
Ragan, and shee conspir'de both sisters were,
But were subdude againe, and causde to yeld
Their fathers crowne, Cordila wan the field.

I neede not here the stories all recite,
It were to long but yet I briefly shall,
The cause Cordila ought hir sisters spite,
Was they procurde hir, and their fathers thrall:
Yet t'was hir chaunce at length t'out liue them al,
Both sisters elder, and hir father graue:
And eke at length the kingdome all to haue.

That tyme was I of Albany the king,
Calde Scotland now and eke my cosin then
Of Cornewall and of VVales, whom I did bring
To warre against Cordila and her men.
Wee said we would our title winne agen:
And that because our mothers had it yore,
Wee ment to get it ours againe therefore.

I must

I muſt confeſſe I was the cauſe of warre,
I was not pleaſde with that was lotted mee:
Euen ſo our mindes Ambitious often ar,
And blinded that we cannot reaſon ſee.
Wee thinke no men, but Gods on earth we bee,
Yet woꝛſe are wee then beaſtes, which knowe their kinde:
Foꝛ we haue nought but miſchiefe oft in minde.

We thinke if ſo we may our willes attaine:
By right, oꝛ wꝛong, by might oꝛ malice wee
Could neuer liue, like Foꝛtune foꝛ to gaine.
Oꝛ if on foes, we once reuenged bee:
If that our ennemies fall, we chaunce to ſee,
O then we ioy we lift our ſelues to ſkye,
And on the pooꝛe, we crucifige crye.

I deemde if once, I might put her adowne:
The kingdomes all, were Conidags and mine,
And I could eaſly after winne the crowne:
If alſo I, his ſtate might vndermine.
I thought in deede to haue it all in fine,
By foꝛce, oꝛ fraude I ment my purpoſe bꝛing
To paſſe, I might be after Britayne king.

To ſpeake in fewe, we waged warre ſo long,
Gainſt hir, at laſt we put hir vnto flight,
Wee Nephewes foꝛ our Aunt were farre to ſtrong,
Purſude and toke, depꝛiu'de her of hir right.
Wee thought it ours what ſo we wanne by might,
Eke ſo play tyꝛaunts, traytours all do watch,
To get by ſpoyle, and count their own they catch.

Not ſo.

Not ſo contented were we with the pray,
But fearing leſt ſhe ſhould recouer ayde:
I ſent in haſt to priſon her away,
And all recourſe of meſſengers denayde.
Thus when ſhe ſawe hir Maieſtie decayde,
And that hir griefes and ſorrowes daily grue:
In priſon at the length hir ſelfe ſhe ſlue.

O captiſe vile ſhould I conſtrainde a Queene
That Iuſtice ment, hir kingdome to forſake,
Nay traytour I, as nowe by proofe is ſeene
That would my ſelf by bloudſhed ruler make.
Howe could reuenge on me but vengeaunce take,
Before the ſeate of God, hir bloud did call:
For vengeaunce, and at length procurde my fall.

Lo here Gods iuſtice, ſee my treaſon ſee:
Beholde, and ſee to raigne was my delight,
And marke, and make a mirrour here of mee,
Which afterward was ſeru'de by iuſtice right.
Wee wan the crowne, betweene vs both in fight:
And then becauſe I was the elder ſonne,
Of th'elder Queene I claimed all we wonne.

So were my dealings nought, in peace and warre.
But for my force, and fortunes vſde in fight,
I paſt that time the Britaynes all by farre.
I was of perſon fortitude and might,
Both comely, tall, ſtrong, ſeemely eke in ſight,
Whereby I wonne mens fauour, glory, wealth:
And puft with pride, at length forgate my ſelfe.

I ſayde

I said it was my right, the crowne to haue,
But Conidagus stoutly it denide:
Wherefore I went to VVales my right to craue,
With all mine army and to haue it tryde.
Where long we fought it stoutly on eche syde,
Till at the last vnto my wofull paine:
I was depriu'de of kingdome quite, and slaine.

And for to keepe in memory for aye,
That there vnfaithfull Morgan lost his life,
The place is cald Glamorgan to this daye.
There was I perst to death with fatall knife,
There was the ende of all my hatefull strife:
So Morgan where he thought to winne the crowne,
Was at Glamorgan traytour stricken downe.

Thus maist thou tell, how proude ambition proues,
What hap haue tyrants, what we traitours haue:
What ende he hath, that cruell dealing loues:
What subiects get the Diademe do craue,
Tis better then to winne: thine owne to saue,
For so crosthwartly trade of Fortune goes:
When win thou would'st, then art thou sure to lose.

FINIS.

The

With that Morganus quickly past away,
The night me thought likewise was far epast
Whereby it wered me so long to staye,
But Morpheus bad me bide and see the last,
" (q he) the stories passe awaye as fast,
" As doth the tyme, and sith th'art nigh th'ende:
" Thou nedste not grutche, so short a space to spend.

And turning then, him selfe from measy det
He calde the next which therwithall in sight,
Appeard and all his breste with bloud bedide,
What chaunce (q I) hath so thy corps bedight,
Thou worthy prince, or what mishaps of fight?
" I will (q he) with all my hart vnfolde
" My fatall fall, and therwithall he tolde.

Forrex declares howe hee minding to kill his brother which ruled with him (that he might therby raigne alone) was by him slain. About the yeare before Christe. 491.

PRide moues the mindes, of stately wightes
Such hauty hartes to haue,
And causeth vs for glory vayne,
That is not ours to craue.

Pryde pluckes out reason forth hir place,
And planted will in stede:
She puffes our minds with vayne desires,
Our fancies fonde to feede.

Wherby we growe so obstinate,
And so ambitious ill:
That vs at length our bravery bids,
In all things vse our will.

Ambition thinkes that lawfull is,
Which likes hir fancie best:
And demes she ought to haue hir forth,
And swinge before the rest.

She loues no mates, controlment shee
And warning doth despise:
She demes her selfe in all hir deedes,
And actions wonders wise.

She hath desire of this and that,
To get by crouche or clawe:
By right or wrong she forceth not,
She vseth will for lawe.

No kinde, or countrey she regardes,
No mother, father shee:
Nor wyfe, or husbande, kithe or kin:
But enuies eche degree.

For

For if thy hart Ambition haue,
Thy greedy mynde to fill:
Thou wilt not sticke thy dearest frende,
Or nerest kin to kill.

But as the prouerbe sayes that Pryde,
Must needes at length haue fall:
Though we suppose of strength and powre,
We haue the deuill and all.

Euen so I saye Ambition makes,
Us often clime so hie:
At length we fall, we come to nought,
And drowndе in darkenes lye.

This may I Forrex well auouche,
By proufe to true I finde:
Wherefore I praye thee with the rest,
Do put my faultes in mynde.

My father olde hight Gorboduge,
Raignde three score yeares and three:
And at his death gaue all his lande,
Twene Porrex proude and mee.

Fiue yeares we helde it so in peace,
In rest we ruled well:
But at the last by pryde and wrath,
We foule at discorde fell.

We eache encrochte on others partes,
For rule we liu'de at strife:
And eache did seeke occasion aye,
To reaue the others life.

I haue this counte I elder was,
By birth the realme was myne:
By warre, or wrong, or bloud I ment,
To haue it all in fine.

And he although he yonger were,
Esteemde his state so sure
As mine: and thought it his, if hee
By death might once procure.

My mother eke that lou'demde more,
Although he yonger was:
By diuers meanes did helpe me still,
To bring my feates to passe.

Wherby I thought my selfe so sure,
To haue my purpose sped,
As I requirde: if once I might,
Get of his crafty head.

See here what faith what freendship is,
What loue what fauour wee:
Do shewe to any wight aliue,
If once aloft we bee.

To la-

To fathers, we are faithlesse ofter,
To brothers, butchers vile:
Of sisters small accounte we make,
And wedded wyues exile.

If any kithe, or kin, we haue,
By whom we vantage make:
We care not by what cruell meanes,
Their lines we take away.

But for to get the seate alone,
And for to wynne the crowne:
We care not whom, nor when, nor how:
So we may get them downe.

O brutish beasts! nay worse then those,
For they are still content:
With that they haue, what euer them
Hath God or Nature sent.

But we do gape, and gaze for gloze:
We prowle, and powle, and pill,
And sweare, & stare, and striue, & fight,
And one another kill.

And all for pompe, and glozing great,
For name, renowne, estate:
Not caring of the commons crye,
Or Gods eternall hate.

If I had had, the giftes of grace,
I neuer would haue sought:
By any meanes such worldly trashe,
With brothers bloud to bought.

But as I ment euen so I spedd,
So bloudy butchers thyke:
When moste I deemde my purpose sure,
He was to good for me.

For as I thought his bloud to shed,
I compast was about,
So that for thousand kingdomes,
Could not with life scape out.

He pearst my hart, what skilles it tell,
My minde was euen as bad:
For why what measure I him mente,
My selfe like measure had.

And so all such, as murder meane,
Intende, or treason plot:
Shall at the length, like ende attayne,
Or worse they cannot chuse.

FINIS.

The

WHen as king Forrex thus had tolde his tale,
Me thought he ſtayde no whit, but went his way.
Then came a mangled corps as full of bale,
And or he nerer came made half a ſtay.
(q Morpheus) come for ſhame thou nedſte not ſtay,
As bad as thou haue tolde their tales before,
And ſo muſt thou and diuers other more.

Porrex recites howe for the ſlaughter of his brother, he was ſlaine by his owne mother and hir maydens, as he laye ſleeping. About the yeare before Chriſte. 491.

FRom darkeſome dennes, where cruel Cayne, Geneſ. 4
And other like do lye:
Whoſe bloudie blades were bathde in bloud,
Poore captiue thence come I.

Where Typhon is his brother ſlewe, Annius
Oſiris in deſpite:
And where their ſiſter Iſis is,
Did him againe requite.

Where Dardanus to rule alone, Virgil.
His brother made awaye: in culi.
Etheocles, Polinices,
At once did others ſley.

Where Helenus king Priams sonne
His brother Tycon killde.
Medea eke in bloudy wyse:
Hir brothers bloud that spilde.

Where Tydeus is in hunting chace
His brother through the side
Polytes eke his brothers harte
With swoorde that opened wyde.

And where as that Cambyses is,
His sister once that slewe.
And Polipontes king that made,
His brother treason rewe.

And cruell where Odores is,
Which mercy did denye:
To Mithridate his brother deare,
That did for pardon crie.

Eke where Learchus is that did,
His brother sicke destroye:
With poyson deadly hoping so,
To make him selfe a Roye.

And where that wretche Manneres lies,
His brothers sonnes that spilte.
And Sisapho tormenting him,
For such an heynous gilte.

Where

Where Rhesus and Cadmides are, Plutarch.
With shaftes their brethren slewe, Laert.
And Philadelphus Ptolomie, Volater.
His brothers death did brewe.

Where Philopater Ptolomee, Volater.
His father made away:
And after that his brother with
His dearest frendes did slay.

And where Ardieus tyraunt vile, Plato. ro.
His aged father stroyde, de rep.
And after that his elder brother
kingdomes to enioyde.

Where Mithridates heastly king, Cælius.
Of Pontus feeles anoye:
Which mother his and brother eke,
Sixe children did destroye.

Where is Antiochus the great, Volater.
His brother brought to graue:
That he might onely raigne alone,
And all the kingdome haue.

Where Romulus that Remus slew, Liuius.
Of Romaines first had sall: Lucan.
Though louing brother first he were, Ouid.
Presumde to scale the wall.

And

Flores Histor.

And where Nempricius [illegible]
A Britayne Prince that [illegible]
His brother Manlius fearing lost,
He were to him vntrue.

Salust.

Where Iurgurthe ke that [illegible]
His brethren brought to grave
That after them Numidia,
He might for kingdome [illegible]

And wheres thousande acts beside,
Which were to long to tell:
Their parentes deare and brethren flue,
And now in darkenes dwell.

From theme I came a [illegible]
Namde Porrex once a king
Againe: to shewe what vices mee,
To sodaine death did bring.

Now list a while and then do write,
What I thee tell: that others may,
Themselues in such attempts as these,
From bloudy acts, as brethren stay.

My brother Porrex flue yeares space,
And I this kingdome helde
Betweene vs both the [illegible] weale,
We scace did wisely welde.

At length

At length we fondly fell at strife,
So Princes bide no mate,
Nor make, nor partners, with to raigne
But beare their equals hate.

The heire because I yongest was,
Thought his by right the crowne:
But I esteemde the halfe was mine,
And all if he were downe.

Whereby O brothell, butcher eke,
Not brother I did slay:
My brother for to haue it all,
And get his right away.

Such are the acts of heedelesse youthes,
Such are their studies still:
Which care not what offence they make,
So they their fancies fill.

But as it is vniustice, and
An haynous acte to vse:
Such murder, slaughter, parricide
And iustice all refuse.

So Ioue the iust at length requites,
Our deedes: and makes vs rewe,
Wee euer were, to God, or man
or natures hestes vntrue.

For when

For when I deemde the crowne was mine:
Which had my brother slayne,
O griefe to tell my mother, and
Hir maydens wrought my payne.

Both for my fault, and for she loude,
My brother Forrex still,
With all hir maydes shreame by night,
My sleeping corps to kill.

And I that slombring sleeping lay,
Though many dreames fortolde,
My haplesse fall: could neuer wake,
The meaning to vnfolde.

But last supposing with my selfe,
I cruell Tigres sawe,
With rauening fearcenes, rent their yong:
Against dame Natures lawe.

She came on me to fill my dreame,
Before my eyes could wake,
And with a dagger reft my life:
For Forrex slaughters sake.

Virgil in Culice.

Much like Agaue and his mates,
Shee and hir maydens got:
Them tooles therefore, and hewde my corse,
As small as fleshe to pot.

Or Prog-

Or Progne Queene hir children slue,
and hewde their membres small:
In wrathfull ire made Tereus feede,
and fil himselfe withall.

Ouid. 6. Metamor.

Or like Medea monster Queene,
hir Iasons sonnes that kilde:
Because she was forsaken when,
his purpose was fulfilde.

Virgil. 8. Aegl.

Like these was thee nay worse, for why,
This ended Brutus syne:
Wrought me to ende and hir to shame,
though first the fault were mine.

Wo those beware that weene to winne,
by bloudy acts the crowne:
Lest from the height they feele the fall,
of topsy turuye downe.

For if when they suppose themselues,
aloft to touch the skie,
There chaunce a storme there is no holde,
to staye themselues so hie.

But faster farre, more swiftly they,
and with more swinge descende:
Then euer erst they could with all,
their force to clime contende:
So bid them then in all their deedes,
marke well the finall ende.

Finis.

The

The Authour.

NExt after Porrex came an other ſuch,
Had all his body quite in peeceſrent:
A deſperate man, his life bewayling much.
VVhich for he ſeemed ſorely to lament,
I was the rather him to heare content:
That I might alſo note his ſtory here,
From like attempts of vices you to feare.

Kimarus ſhewes howe for his euill life he was deuoured by wylde beaſtes, the yeare before Chriſt 321.

NO place commends the man, vnworthy prayſe:
No title of eſtate, doth ſlaye vp vices fall:
No wicked wight, to woe can make delayes:
No lofty lookes preſerues the proude at all:
No bragges or boaſte, no ſtature high and tall:
No lofty youth, no ſwearing, ſtaring ſtoute:
No brauery, banding, cogging, cutting out.

Then what auayles, to haue a princely place:
A name of honour, or an highe degree:
To come by kinred, of a noble race:
Except we princely, worthy, noble be:
The fruite declares the goodnes of the tree.
Do bragge no more, of birth or lineage than:
Sith vertue, grace, and manners make the man.

By

My ſelfe might bragge and firſt of all begin,
Mulmutius made and conſtituted lawes:
And Belinus and Brenne his ſonnes did win,
Such prayſe their names to be immortall cauſe.
Gurgunſtus Redbearde with his ſober lawes,
The ſonne of Beline and my grandſyre grande:
Was fortunate what ere he toke in hande.

His ſonne my grandſyre Guintheline did paſſe,
For vertues prayſe, and Martia was his wyfe,
A noble Queene that wyſe and learned was,
And gaue hir ſelfe to ſtudie all hir life,
Deuiſing lawes, diſcuſt the endes of ſtrife,
Among the Britaynes, to hir endles Fame:
Hir ſtatutes had of Martian lawes the name.

My father eke was ſober, ſage and wiſe,
Cicilius highte king Guintheline his ſonne,
Of noble Princes then my ſtocke did riſe:
And of a Prince of Cornewall firſt begonne,
But what thereby of glory haue I wonne?
Can this ſuffice to aunſwere eke for mee,
I came by parentes of an highe degree?

Or ſhall I ſaye Kimarus I was king?
Then might I liue as lewdely as I luſt?
No ſure I cannot ſo auoyde the ſtinge,
Of ſhame that prickes ſuch Princes are vniuſt:
We rather ſhould vnto our vertues truſt,
For vertue of the auncient bloud and kin,
Doth onely prayſe the parties ſhees within.

And no

And nobles onely borne of this be sure,
Without the vertues of their noble race:
Do quite and cleane themselues thereby obscure,
And their renowne and dignities deface:
They do their birth and linage all abace:
For why in deede they euer ought so well,
In vertues graue, as titles braue excell.

But oft (God wot) they fare as erst did I,
They thincke if once they come of Princely stocke:
Then are they placed safe, and sure so hye
Aboue the rest as founded on a rocke.
Of wise mens warnings all they make a mocke:
Their counsayles graue, as abiect reedes despise:
And count the braue, men gracious, worthy wise.

This kingdome came to me by due discent,
For why my father was before me king:
But I to pleasure all and lust was bent,
I neuer reckt of Iustice any thinge:
What purpose I did meane to passe to bring,
That same t'accomplishe I with all my might
Endeuorde euer, were it wronge or right.

I deemde the greatest ioyes, in earthly hap:
I thought my pleasures euer would abide:
I seemde to sit, in Ladie Fortunes lap:
I reckt not all the world, me thought beside:
I did by lust my selfe, and others guide:
Whereby the fates to worke my bane withall,
And cut me of, thus wise procurde my fall.

As I

As I was alwayes bent to hunting ſtill,
(Yet hunting was no vice to thoſe I had)
When I three yeares had rulde this realme at will,
In chace a chaunce did make my harte full ſad:
Wilde cruell beaſtes as deſperate and mad,
Turnde back on me, as I them brought to baye:
And in their rage, my ſinfull corps did ſlay.

A iuſt reward, for ſo vniuſt a life,
No worſe a death, then I deſerued poze.
Such wreckes in th'ende to wretches all are rife:
Who may and will not call for grace before.
My wilfull deedes wer nought, what wilt thou more:
My wanton wildneſſe, witleſſe, heedleſſe toyes:
By bruteſhe beaſtes bereau'd me of my toyes.

FINIS.

The Authoure.

ON this Kimarus left me all alone,
And ſo did Morpheus, then I thought to reſte:
But yet againe he came preſenting one,
For audience likewiſe making his requeſte,
A worthy prince, he ware a warlike creſte:
A blade in hande, he bloudy ruſty bore,
VVas all his harneſſe from his ſhoulders tore.

His armes and handes were all embrued in blood,
So was his breste, but all the reste beside,
Seemde rayde with matter vyle, or slimy mud,
VVith red and yelowe as it were bedide:
You scarcely could the sight thereof abide:
Yet sith he seemde some worthy wight to be,
It brought by farre lesse squemishnes to me.

Morindus a bastarde, declares howe hee was exalted to the kingdome, waxed cruell, and at last was deuoured by a monster, the yeare before Christ.

303.

LEt me likewyse declare my factes and fall:
And eke recite what meanes this slimy gleare:
You nede not fayne so quaynte a looke at all,
Although I seeme so fulsome euery where.
This blade in bloudy hand perdy I beare,
And all this goze bemingled with this glue:
In witnes I my deadly enmy slewe.

Then marke my tale beware of rathnes bile,
I am Morindus once was Britayne king:
On whom did swetely lady Fortune smile,
Till she me to hir top of towres did bring.
My fame both farre and nere she made to ring,
And eke my prayse exalted so to skye:
In all my time, moze famous none then I.

Some

Some saye I was by birth, a bastarde bace:
Begotten of the Prince his concubine.
But what I was, declared well my grace:
My fortitude, and stature princely mine:
My father eke that came of princely line,
King Danius gaue not so bace degree,
Nor yet the noble Britaynes vnto mee.

For feates of armes, and warlike pointes I past:
In courage stoute, there liuide not then my pere:
I made them all, that knewe my name agaste,
And heard how great my enterprises were,
To shrinke, and slynke, and shifte aside for feare:
All which at length, did me such glory bring,
My father dead, the Britaynes made me king.

But see how blinde we are, when Fortune smyles,
How senceles we, when dignities increase:
We euer vse our selues discretely whyles
We litle haue, and loue to liue in peace.
Smale fauters factes, with mercy we release:
We vse no rigoure, rancoure, rapine such:
As after, when we haue our willes to much.

For while that I, a subiect was no king,
Whyle I had nothing, but my factes alone:
I studied still, in euery kinde of thing
To serue my prince, and vnderfange his fone:
To vse his subiectes frendly, euerichone:
And for them all, aduentures such to take,
As might them all my persone fauoure make.

But when I once attained had the crowne,
I waxed cruell, tyrannous and fell:
I had no longer minde of my renowne:
I vse my selfe to ill, the truthe to tell:
O base degree in happy case full well!
Which art not puft with pryde, vainglory, hate:
But art beneath, content to byde thy fate.

For I aloft, when once my heate was in:
Not rain'de by reason, ruled all by might:
Ne prudence rekte, right, strength, or meane a pin:
But with my frendes, in anger all would fight:
I stroke, kilde, slewe who euer were in sight:
Without respect, remorse, reproufe, regarde,
And like a mad man, in my fury farde.

I deemde my might, and fortitude was suche:
That I was able therby conquere all.
Highe kingdomes seate, encreast my pompe so much:
My pryde me thought, impossible to fall.
But God confoundes our proude deuices all,
And bringes that thing wherein we most do trust:
To our destruction, by his iudgement iust.

For when three peares I ruled had this Ile,
Without all rule, as was my ruleles life:
The rumour ran abroade within a whyle,
And chiefly in the Norwest country ryfe:
A monster came from Th'irish seas, brought griefe,
To all my subiectes in those coastes did dwell,
Deuouring man, and beaste a monster fell.

Which

Which when I knew for trought I straight prepard
In warlike wyse my selfe to try the case:
My haste therto a courage bolde declard,
For I alone would enter in the place.
At whom with with speare on horse I fetcht my race
But on his scales it enter could no more:
Then might a bulrushe on a brasen dore.

Againe I prou'de, yet nought at all prevailde,
To breake my speare, and not to pearce his side:
With that the roaring monster me assailde,
So terrifide my horse, I could not ride.
Wherwith I lighted and with sworde I tryde,
By strokes and thrustes to finde some open in:
But of my sight he neuer past a pin.

And when I weried was, and spent with fighte:
That kept my self with heede his daunger fro,
At last almost ashamde I wanted mighte,
And skill to worke the beastly monster wo,
I gate me nerer with my sworde him to,
And thought his flanckes or vnderpartes to wounde:
If there from scales, might any place be founde.

But frustrate of my purpose, finding none,
And eke within his daunger entred quite:
The grizely beast, straight seasoned me vpon,
And let his talauntes, on my corps to light,
He gript my shoulders, not resiste I might:
And roaring with a greedy rauening looke,
At once in iawes, my body whole he tooke.

The way was large, and downe he drewe me in:
A monstrous paunche for rowmth & wondrous wide,
But for I felte more softer there the skinne,
At once I drewe, a dagger by my side:
I knew my life, no longer could abide:
For rammishe stenche, bloud, poyson, slymy glere:
That in his body, so abounduant were.

Wherefore I labouring to procure his death,
While first my dagger digde about his harte:
His force to caste me, welnie drew my brethe,
But as he felt within, his woundes to smarte:
I ioyde to feele the mighty monster starte,
That roarde, & belcht, & groande, & plungde & cride,
And tosse me vp and downe, from side to side.

Long so in panges he plungde, and panting lay
And drewe his wynde, so faste with such a powre:
That quite and cleane he drew my breath away,
We both were dead well nighe within an howre.
Lo thus one beastly monster did deuoure,
An other monster moodelesse to his payne:
At once the realme was rid, of monsters twayne.

Here maist thou see of fortitude the hap,
Where Prudẽce, Justice, Tẽperaunce hath no place:
How sodainly we taken are in trap,
When we despise good vertues to embrace.
Intemperaunce doth all our deedes deface,
And lettes vs heedlesse headlong run so faste,
Wee seeke our owne destruction at the laste.

For he

For be that hath of fortitude and might,
And therto hath a kingdome foynde withall:
Except he also guyde him selfe aright,
His powre and strength preuaileth him but small.
He cannot scape at length an hapleſſe fall,
Or Gods reuenge, example take by mee:
And let my death ſufficient warning bee.

FINIS.

The Authoure.

I Could not thus departe to take my reſte,
For Morpheus bad me byde and heare the laſt.
(q he) behinde as yet, is one the beſte:
"Do ſtay a whyle, giue eare till he be paſt,
"And therewithall approtched one full faſt,
The worthieſt wight I euer erſte did ſee:
Theſe wordes he ſpake, or like it ſeemed mee.

Nennius a worthy Britayne, the very paterne of a valiaunt, noble, and faithfull subiecte encountring with Iulius Cæsar at his firste comming into this Islande, was by him death wounded, yet natheleſſe he gate Cæsars ſwoorde: put him to flight: ſlewe therewith Labienus a Tribune of the Romaynes, endured fight til his countrey men wan the battayle, died fiftene dayes after. And nowe encourageth all good ſubiectes to defende their countrey from the powre of foraine and vſurping enemies. About the yeare before Chriſte. 52.

I May by right ſome later wryters blame,
Of ſtories olde, as rude or negligent:
Or els I may them well vnlearned name,
Or heedeleſſe, in thoſe thinges about they went:
Some time on mee, as well they might haue ſpent:
As on ſuch traytours, tyrauntes, harlottes thoſe,
Which to their countreyes, were the deadlieſt foes.

Ne for my ſelfe, I would not this recite,
Although I haue occaſion good therto,
But ſure me thinkes, it is to great deſpite,
Theſe men to others and their countries do.
For there are Britaynes neither one or two,
Whoſe names in ſtories ſcarcely once appeare:
And yet their liues, examples worthy were.

Tis worthy praise (I graunt) to write the endes
Of vicious men, and teach the like beware:
For what hath of vertue that commends,
Such persones lewde, as nought of vertues care:
But for to leaue out those prayse worthy are,
Is like as if a man had not the skill,
To prayse the good but discommend the ill.

I craue no prayse, although my selfe deseru'de,
As great a laude as any Britayne yore:
But I would haue it tolde how well I seru'de,
My Prince and countrey, faith to both I bore:
All noble hartes, hereby with courage more:
May both their forraine foes in fight withstande,
And of their enmies haue the vpper hande.

Againe to shewe how valiaunt then we were,
(You Britaynes good) to moue your harts therby,
All other nations lesse in fight to feare,
And for your countrey rather so to dye
With valiaunt hauty courage as did I:
Then liue in bondage, seruice, slauery, thrall
Of foraine powres, which hate your manhode all.

Do giue me leaue to speake but euen a while:
And marke, and wryte this story I thee tell.
By North from London, more then fifty myle:
There lies the Isle, of Ely knowne full well:
Wherein my father built a place to dwell,
And for because he liked well the same:
He gaue the place he Ely hight, his name.

Tis namde

Tis namde the Isle of Ely yet perdy,
My father namde it so, yet wryters misse.
Or if I may be bolde to saye: they lye
Of him, which tell that farre vntruth like is.
What truth (I pray you) seemes to be in this?
Lanquet Stowe. Grafton Flores Histor.
" Hee Ely lou'de, a goodly place built there:
" Most it delited, raignde not full a yeare.

He raigned fourty yeares as other tell,
Which seemes as tis a tale more true by farre:
By iustice guided he his subiects well,
And liu'de in peace without the broyles of warre.
His childrens noble actes in stories are.
In vulgare tongue: but nought is said of mee,
And yet I worthy was, the yongste of three.

His eldest sonne and heire was after king,
A noble Prince and he was named Lud:
Full polliticke and wyse in euery thing,
And one that wild his country alwayes good.
Such vses, customes, statutes he withstoode,
As seemde to bring the publique weales decaye:
And them abolisht, brake, repealde awaye.

So he the walles of Troy the new renewde,
Enlargde them made, with fourty towres about,
And at the West side of the wall he bewde
A place, for gates to keepe the enmies out:
There made he prisons for the poore bankrout,
Namde Ludgate yet for free men debters, free
From hurt, till with their creditours they gree.

Some says

Some saye the Citie also tooke the name
Of Lud my brother: for he it reparde,
And I must needes as true confesse the same:
For why that time na cost on it he sparde.
He still encreast and peopled euery warde:
And bad them aye Kaer lud the citie call,
Or Ludstone, now you name it London all.

At length he dyed, his children vnder age.
The elder named was Androgeus,
Committing both vnto my brothers charge:
The yonger of them highte Tennancius.
The Britaynes wanting aged rulers thus,
Chose for that time Cassibellane their king,
By brother Iustice ment in euery thing.

The Romaine then the mighty Cæsar fought,
Against the Galles and conquerde them by might,
Which don: he stode on shores where se he mought
The Ocean seas, and Britayne cliffes full bright.
(Quoth he) what Region lies there in my sight,
Wee thinkes some Ilande in the seas I see:
Not yet subdued, nor vanquisht yet by mee:

With that they tolde him, wee the Britaynes were:
A people stoute, and fearce in feates of warre.
(Quoth he) the Romaynes neuer yet with feare,
Of Nation rude, was daunted or so farre:
Wee therfore minde, to proue them what they are.
And therewithall, the letters hither sent,
By those Embassage brought, and thus they went.

C. Iulius,

The Tragœdye

C. Iulius Cæsar Dict. of Rome to Cassibellane king of Britayne sendeth greeting.

"SIth that the Gods haue giuen vs all the West,
"As subiects to our Romaine Empire bie:
"By warre, or as it seemed Ioue the best,
"Of whom we Romaynes came and chiefly I,

"Therefore to you which in the Ocean dwell,
"As yet not vnderneth subiection due:
"Wee sende our letters greeting, wete ye well,
"In warlike cases, thus we deale with you.

"First that you as the other Regions paye,
"Us tribute yearely, Romaynes we requiree:
"Then that you will with all the force you may,
"Withstand our foes, as yours with sword and fire.

"And thirdly that by these, you pledges sende,
"T'assure the couenaunts once agreed by you,
"So with your daunger lesse, our warres may ende:
"Els bid we warre, Cassibelane Adieu.

Cæsar.

No sooner were these Cæsars letters seene,
But straight the king for all his nobles sent:
He shewd them what their auncestours had bene,
And prayde them tell in this their whole intent.
He tould them where about the Romaynes went,

And what

And what subiection was, how seruile they
Should bee, if Cæsar bare their pompe away.

And all the Britaynes euen as set on fyre,
(My selfe not least enflamed was to fight)
Did humbly him in ioyfull wyse require:
That he his letters would to Cæsar wryte,
And tell him playne wee past not of his spite.
Wee past at litle, of the Romaines wee,
And lesse: then they of vs, if lesse might bee.

Wherefore the ioyfull king againe replide,
Through counsaile wise of all the nobles had,
By letters he the Romaines bestes denyde:
Which made the Britaynes hauty harts full glad,
No doubt the Romaines more then half were mad,
To heare his letters written, thus they went:
Which he againe to mighty Cæsar sent.

Cassibellane king of Brit.
to C. Iulius Cæsar Dictat.
sendeth aunswere.

" AS thou O Cæsar writtle the Gods haue giuen to thee,
" The West: so I reply, they gaue this Iſlande mee.
" Thou sayst you Romaines, and thy selfe of Gods discende:
" And darst thou then, to spoyle our Troyan bloud pretende?
" Againe, though Gods haue giu'ne thee al the world as thine:
" Thats parted from the world, thou getst no lande of mine.
" And sith likewyse of Gods we came, a Nation free:
" Wee owe no tribute, ayde, or pledge to Rome or thee.

To saue

« Retract thy will, or wadge thy warre as likes the best:
« Wee are to fight, and rather then to frendship prest.
« To saue our country, from the force of forraine strife:
« Eche Britayne here, is well content to venter life.
« We feare not of the ende, or daungers thou dost tell:
« But vse thy pleasure if thou mayste, thus fare thou well.

Cassib.

When Cæsar had receau'de his aunswere so,
It vext him much: he fully straight decreed,
To wage vs warre, and worke vs Britaynes woe:
Therfore he hasted hitherwarde with speede,
We Britaynes eke, preparde our selues with heede,
To meete the Romaines all in warlike wise:
With all the force, and speede we might deuise.

Wee Britaynes then farre deemde it meeter much,
To meete him first at th'entry on this lande:
Then for to giue an entry here to such,
Might with our victuals here our selues withstand.
Tis better far thy enemy to abande,
Quite from thy borders to a straunger soyle:
Then he at home, thee and thy country spoyle.

Wherefore we met him, at his entry in,
And pitche our campes directly in his way:
Wee minded sure to leese or els to winne
The prayse, before wee past from thence away.
So when that both the armies were in ray,
And trumpets blaste on euery side was blowne:
Our mindes to either eche, were quickly knowne.

Wee

Wee ioyned battaile, fiercely both we fought:
The Romaynes to enlarge their Empires fame,
And wee with all the force and might we mought,
To saue our country, and to keepe our name.
O worthy Britaynes learne to doe the same,
Wee brake the ropes of all the Romaine host:
And made the mighty Cæsar leaue his boast.

Yet he the worthiest Captaine euer was,
Brought all in ray, and fought againe a newe:
His skilfull souldiours he could bring to passe,
At once for why his traynings all they knewe.
No soner I his noble corps did vewe,
But in I brake amongst the Captaines bande,
And there I fought with Cæsar hand to hande.

O God thou mightst haue giuen a Britaine grace,
T'haue slaine the Romayne Cæsar noble then:
Which sought his bloud the Britaynes to deface,
And bring in bondage, valiaunt worthy men.
He neuer should haue gone to Rome agen,
To fight with Pompey, or his Peres to slaye,
Or els to bring his country in decaye.

It ioyde my hart to strike on Cæsars crest,
O Cæsar that there had been none but wee:
I often made my sworde to taste thy brest,
But Lady Fortune did not looke on mee.
I able was mee thought with Cæsars three,
To trie the case: I made thy hart to quake,
When on thy crest with mighty strokes I brake.

The tro-

The ſtrokes thou ſtrokſt me, hurt me nought at al:
For why thy ſtrength was nothing in reſpect,
But thou haſte bathde thy ſword in poyſon all:
Which did my wounde, not deadly els infect.
Yet was I or I parted thence bewreckte,
I gate thy ſworde from thee for all thy fame:
And made thee flye, for feare to eate the ſame.

For when thy ſworde was in my Target faſt,
I made thee flye, and quickly leaue thy holde:
Thou neuer waſt in all thy life ſo gaſt,
Nor durſt againe be euer halfe ſo bolde.
I made a number Romaines harts full colde,
Fight, fight, you noble Britaynes nowe (quoth I)
Wee neuer all will vnreuenged die.

What Cæſar though thy praiſe and mine be odde:
Perdy the ſtories ſcarce remember mee:
Though Poets all of thee do make a God,
Such ſimple fooles in making Gods they bee.
Yet if I might my caſe haue tride with thee,
Thou neuer hadſt retournde to Rome againe:
Nor of thy faithfull frendes, bin beaſtly ſlayne.

A number Britaynes mightſt thou ther haue ſeene,
Death woūded fight, and ſpoyle their ſpiteful foes:
My ſelfe maynde, ſlewe and mangled mo I weene,
When I was hurt then twenty nighe of thoſe.
I made the Romaines harts to take their hoſe:
In all the campe no Romaine ſcarce I eſpyde,
Durſt halfe a combat gainſt a Britayne bryde.

At length

At lengthe I met a noble man they calde
Him Labienus, one of Cæsars frendes,
A Tribune erste had many Britay nes thralde:
Was one of Cæsars legates forth he sendes.
Well met (q I) I mynde to make thee mendes,
For all thy frendship to our countrey crewe:
And so with Cæsars swoorde, his frende I slewe.

What needs I name you euery Britayne here,
As first the king the nobles all beside:
Full stoute and worthy wightes in warre that were,
As euer erste the stately Romaynes tryde.
Wee fought so long they durst no longer byde,
Proude Cæsar he for all his bragges and boste:
Flew back to shippes, with half his scattered hoste.

If he had bene a God as sottes him namde,
He could not of vs Britaynes taken foyle:
The Monarche Cæsar might haue bene ashamde,
From such an Islande with his shippes recoyle,
Or else to flye and leaue behinde the spoyle:
But life is swete, he thought it better flye,
Then byde amongst vs Britaynes for to die.

I had his swoorde, was namde Croceamors,
With which he gaue me in the head a stroke,
The venime of the which had such a force,
It able was to perce the harte of oke:
No medcines might the poyson out reuoke,
Wherfore though scarce he pierced had the skin:
In fiftene dayes my braynes it rankled in.

And then to soone (alas therfore) I dyde,
I would to God he had retournde againe:
So that I might but once the dastard spyde,
Before he went I had the serpent slaine.
He playde the cowarde cutthrote all to playne,
A beastly serpentes harte that beaste detectes:
Which or he fight, his swoorde with bane infectes.

Well then my death, brought Cæsar no renowne:
For both I gate therby, eternall fame,
And eke his swoorde to strike his frendes a downe:
I slewe therewith his Labiene by name,
With prince, against my countrey foes I came:
Was wounded, yet did neuer faint, nor yelde:
Till Cæsar with his souldiours fled the fielde.

Who would not venter life in such a case?
Who would not fight, at countreis whole requeste:
Who would not meeting Cæsar in the place,
Fight for life, prince and countrey with the beste
The greatest courage is by factes expreste.
Then for thy prince with fortitude as I,
And realmes behole: is prayse, to liue or dy.

Now wryte my life when thou hast leisure and,
Will all thy countrey men to learne by mee,
Both for their prince and for their native lande:
As valiaunte, bolde and fearelesse for to bee.
A paterne playne of fortitude they see,
To which directly fyk them selues they frame:
They shall preserue, their countrey, faith and fame.

VVhen

WHen noble Nennius thus had ended talke,
He vaniſht with ſo ſweete an heauenly ſmell:
Me ſeemde the graces all with him did walke,
And what I heard of Muſicke did excell.
Like notes of Inſtruments no tongue can tell,
VVith harmonie, of ſuch an heauenly noyes:
Me ſeemde they paſſed all our earthly ioyes.

Their tunes declarde the battaile all ſo right,
As if the Britaynes and the Romaynes than,
Had preſently in hearing and in ſight:
A freſhe the bloudy battaile all began.
Me thought I heard the vertues of the man,
By notes declarde, and Cæſars daungers toldet
More plainely, then with eyes I might beholde.

But when they came to tell of Cæſaars flight,
I ſawe the Romaines fall me thought full faſt,
And all the Britaynes, chace them euen till night:
VVherwith the ſounde of Britiſhe trompets blaſt.
Made me ſo madde and mazed at the laſt:
I lookt about for ſword or weapon I,
To runne with Britaines, cride they flie they flie.

Their flight to ſhipps, and foyle the trompets ſound
And blewe the victours triumphes at retourne:
The noyſe well nigh my ſences did confound,
And made my hart with all their loues to borne.
But when they gan the wounded Britaynes mourne.
VVith doubled wayling ſhricks, ſuch cries they ſent
And ſobbes and ſighes, welnigh my hart they rent.

Eke chiefly they at noble Nennius ſtayde,
They ſeemde with dolefull tunes their notes to riue,
And ſodainly his prayſe againe they playde:
O worthy Nennius for thy facts aliue,
The trumpe of Fame was ſtraightly chargde reuiue,
And keepe, maintaine and celebrate his praiſe:
VVhich graunted, al they vaniſht quite their ways.

On this in traunce I lay me thought a while,
And muſde reioyſing what a wight he was:
A worthy knight that for this noble Iſle,
So fought it forth, a Mirroire playne, a glaſſe
(For thoſe aliue) whoſe vertues ſo did paſſe:
As for his factes, fight, fortitude, and fame:
Hee well deſeru'de, an euerlaſting name.

At ſuch a time and place is vertue tryde,
VVhen māhode may, both prince and coūtry pleaſe:
By ſuch a brunt, the valiaunt will abide,
And bend their force to worke their countries eaſe,
They thinke no trauayle loſte, by lande, or ſeaſe:
But venture fortune, goodes, life, landes and heale:
To fight it out, for Prince, and publique weale.

You that haue herd, or read the worthy factes,
Of Nennius here (ſo rudely pende by mee)
Learne ſo to fight, and let your noble actes
By thoſe that after come, recounted bee,
I may full well reioyce, he ſpake to mee:
For if I had not ſtayde, to heare him then:
I thinke he ſcarce had come, to ſpeake agen.

But

But let me nowe, retourne againe to tell,
VVhat after this, me chaunst to see and heare.
I truſt yee Readers like my dealing well:
In promiſe that I made, this later yeare.
For ſure I thinke, a man farre better were
Not ſpeake at all: to promeſe hilles of gold,
And in performance, waxe as key full colde.

I ſaide (if God ſent time, and ſpace therfore)
Ye ſhould receaue from mee (as leyſure came)
Of theſe my ſimple toyles, a greater ſtore.
And partly you perceaue, how I performe the ſame.
Such workes, as this my ſimple muſe can frame,
(VVith all my harte and minde) you freely haue:
As free, as God theſe giftes, me frely gaue.

VVherefore giue eare, now harken well to this:
As to theſe tunes, I gaue me thought ſome heede:
In doubte if ſences, led my mynde amiſſe,
Or whether πάθος me with toyes did feede.
VVhat doth (ſaid Morphe') now this muſing nede?
Art thou ſo farre orewatcht, thy wittes the fayle?
Or els do fancies, more then wit preuayle?

Not ſo (q I) though far the night be paſt,
And yet me thinkes, I could be well content
To leaue them ſo (if this were now the laſt)
So thou therto and Somnus ſweete conſent:
This noble Nennius well the time hath ſpent.
I would haue ſtaide, if he had ſpoken more:
Twas his departure, troubled me ſo ſore.

(Quoth he) thou muſt a whyle yet longer byde:
In fewe he ſhall declare, how he hath ſped
That commes. And euen with that I lookt aſide,
And ſawe a coarſe approache without a head.
VVhat now (q I.) though erſte (by thee) the dead
VVere cauſde to ſpeake, declaring all their will?
Yet ſpeach of headleſſe men, doth paſſe my ſkill.

VVith that gan Morphe' touch him with his mace,
And ſodainly an head, on ſhoulders pight.
For lacke of vſe, he could not turne his face,
Or elſe had Morpheus ſcarcely ſet it right.
He had forgotten eke, to turne his ſight:
But ſtill he ſtode his face to ſet awrye,
And wappering turnid vp his white of eye.

As t'were a dead man, reared vp an end
Deuoyde of life, and yet a feeling had:
His lippes lay open, grimly ofte, hee grend:
VVith hollowe eyes, full oft he frowned ſad,
And bent his browes, and lookte as hee were mad,
I ſawe not in my life, I thinke his pere:
Nor ſhall not, if I liue this hundred yeare.

At length he tryde, which way to tell his mynde:
Yet how to ſpeake, his tonge had quite forgotte:
Each inſtrument forgotten had his kinde:
That erſte could run at randon and by roate.
But then me thought, with fiſt his breſt hee ſmote
The other hande, his muſing browes did holde:
And as awakte (at laſte) this tale he tolde.

Irenglas

Irenglas Nephewe to Cassibellan king of Britayne, recountes how he was slayne by Elenine cosen to Androgeus Earle of London, about the yeare before Christ. 51.

AMongst the rest, that whilome sate aloft:
Amongst the rest, that once had happy chaunce:
Amongst the rest, that had good fortune oft:
Amongst the rest, that could them selues aduaũce:
Amongst the rest, that led in warres the staunce,
And wan the palme, the prayse, renowne and fame,
(Yet after fell in prouse to trie the same)
Leaue in thy booke, a place to put my name.

Which (Higgins) if thou shalt, and wryte therin
This tale I tell: no doubte thou shalt me please,
Thy selfe likewyse therby, mayste profit wyn:
For why who wrytes such histories as these,
Doth often bring the Readers hartes such ease:
As when they sit, and see what he doth note,
And lessons learne, to saue their armour coate:
Well fare his harte (say they) this worke that wrote.

Perhaps thou aunswere wilt, and eke confesse,
They may in deede giue thankes and that is all:
They can (sayst thou) I thinke giue scarcely lesse:
For such a gift, a guerdon far to small:
Well yet do write, content thy selfe withall.
Thou must the ende that God appointes abyde:
Though they ingratefull he, of reason wyde:
Thou must not therfore, this thy talent hyde.

This I obiecte not that I thinke it so,
But if it erst, haue chaunced so to hit:
Thou shouldst not therefore let these stories goe,
Which may perhaps so exercise thy wit,
And may so frame thy phrases fine and fit:
Though now no other gift, then thankes thou haue:
Yet shall thy verses liue, thy name to saue,
And spread thy prayse, when thou art layde in graue.

But sure I thinke, among so great a sorte,
As shall thy workes and writinges chaunce to see:
Of courtzy all, thou canst not finde them shorte:
But som must needes consider well of thee.
Though some do pinche, and saue: to thriue, and thie,
And some do poll and pill to get the pelfe:
And some haue layde vp all on lesing shelfe:
Yet some will, well consider of thy selfe.

I had almost stept in, with thee so far:
To byd the wrpte, and register my name:
(Because I feard, of late the Romaine warre
Thou wrotst: had ended all thy former frame,
And I had bene, excluded from the same)
That nowe I feare, I weary thee with talke,
While from my purpose, far aloofe I stalke:
In steede of cheese, to fill thy chaps with chalke.

Wherfore I will be briefe, and tell thee all
My minde: the cause why I do now appeare.
I will recite to thee my sodaine fall,
And what in life mine exercises were.
To which since I do see thee set thine eare,
Marke now my tale, and beare it well away:
Marke what me brought, so sodayne in decay:
And marke of lusty life, th'vnstable staye.

Let

Let who so standes trust to stedfast holde,
(If he suppose, he may a steedy stande)
And then he neede not flagger when he nolde:
As I and others calde againe to minde
But trust not Fortune, she is counted blinde
To prayse hir prankes, occasion giues no cause,
Do wysely or you prayse hir, take the pause:
Else may you proue, your selues at length but dawes.

Som loue to boaste what Fortune they haue had:
Som other blame, misfortune thers as fast:
Som tell of Fortunes, there be good and bad:
Som fooles of Fortune make them selues agast:
Som shewe of Fortunes comming, present, past:
And say there is a fate that ruleth all.
But sure it seemes their wisdome is but small:
To talke so much, of lady Fortunes ball.

No Fortune is so bad, our selues no frames:
There is no chaunce at all hath vs preseru'de:
There is no fate, whom we haue neede to blame:
There is no destinie, but is deseru'de:
No lucke that leaues vs safe, or vnpreseru'de:
Let vs not then complayne of Fortunes skill:
For all our good, descendes from goddes good will,
And of our lowdnes, springeth all our ill.

If so a man might stay on Fortunes holde,
Or else on Prince, as piller of defence:
Then might my self to doue the same be bolde
In euery perill, purpose or pretence.
Cassibelan as much as any Prince
Lou'de me his nephewe Irenglas by name,
Both for my feates in armes, and fauour, fame:
And for because I of his linage came.

I came

I came (by parentes) of his regall race
Liu'de happy dayes (if happy mortall bee)
Had (as I sayd) his fauoure, bare the grace:
I was his loyall nephew franke and free:
But what of this at all preuayled mee?
Yet furdermore the feates of armes I knewe:
I faught in fielde, when mighty Cæsar flewe,
And of the Romaynes came, my part I flewe.

Shall I for this, prayse Fortune, ought at all?
Did Fortune ought in this? no no be sure:
Or shall I blame hir after for my fall?
That neuer could, me any hurt procure:
T'was glory bayne, did sweetely me alure,
Wherfore giue eare, and then with penne disclose,
A tale which (though but rudely I dispose)
Who reades and heares it, both may pleasure those.

Full happy were, our countrey men that dyde,
And noble Nennius in the field we faught:
When first both Britaynes and the Romaynes tride,
With dint of sworde if title theyrs were ought,
They died, in their defence: no pompe they sought,
They liu'de to see, their countrey conquere still:
They died before, they felt of priuate ill:
And bare each other, all their liues goodwill.

When Cæsar so, with shamefull flight recoylde,
And left our Britayne land vnconquerde first
(Which only thought, our realme vs, t'aue spoild)
We came to see (of all our fielde the worste)
Our souldiers slayne. O cruell Cæsar curste
(Quoth we) should all these giltles Britaynes dye,
For thine ambicion, fye O Cæsar fye.
Yet darst not byde, but like a dastard flye.

But

But then too see them in aray to lye,
And for to see them wounded all before:
Not one but in his place his life did trie.
To see the Romaynes bloudy backes that bore:
In field, flight, dead and scatered on the flore:
What thousand tonges (thinke you) could tel our ioy?
This made our hartes reuiue, this pleasde our Roy:
And we lesse fearde, our ennies all anoye.

With trompets mourning tune, and wayling eyes,
And drumes, & fluites, & shawmes we sound Adieu,
And for our frendes we watred al our weeping eyes,
As loth to leese the liues of such a noble crue.
To th'earth we bare them all in order due:
According vnto each mans noble fame,
And as their birth requirde and worthy name:
Euen so to honour them, with heres we came.

Of noble triumphes after was no spare,
We Britaynes erst, were neuer halfe so glad:
That so we mate, the Romaynes bente to fare:
No tonge can tell the harty ioyes we had.
We were therewith so merry moodid mad:
Our fingers tickled still, that came from fight:
We had before our eyes, our ennies flighte,
And nought was seemely there, but swordes in sight.

So fares it when the meaner giue the spoyle,
And make the mighty all their force reuoke:
So fares it when great victours fele the soyle,
And meaner sorces of counte, do giue the stroke
That pearceth euen the hardest harte of oke:
For where the weaker wyn the wagge of fame,
And stronger leese, their wonted noble name:
The victours hartes, a thousand sighes enflame.

A Iusting

A Iusting then proclaimed was for those,
(And turneys) would approach them selues to trie:
Amongst vs Britayns (not against our foes)
Twene th'Earle of Londons cosen stoute and I,
And both the partes, we both could make perdy:
To win the price, the prayse the pompe consent,
And eke the fame of former warres we ment:
But foolishe was the end of our intent.

For why, when glory vayne, stirres men to strife:
When hope of prayse, prouokes them once to Ire:
Then they at all regarde no goodes nor life,
From faithfull frendship, rudely they retyre:
They are so set, with glories gloze on eye:
That quite, they rule and reason wrest awrye,
They turne awap, their frendly fawting eye:
And others each, as fixed foes defie.

O God that workest all the wonders wrought,
(And hast the powre to turne the hartes aliue)
Graunt grace to those, that labour so for nought,
But flitting fame, and titles hauty stryue.
Let not ambition, so the earth depriue
Of worthy wightes: giue them som better grace,
That they may run, for countreys weale their race,
And not their bloud, in brainsicke brawles debace.

Let them not breake the bond of frendlyloue
In broyles of hate: but frendly, faultes redresse:
Let not them so their manhod seeke to proue,
By priuate hate, to worke their owne distresse:
So shall they neue their enemies feare the lesse.
Perdy soule foraine foes, them selues they make:
That in their country, for vayne quarels sake:
Do dare in hande, reuenging weapons take.

But

But what neede I on those aliue to raye,
They haue examples good, before their eyes:
By which (if they haue grace) beware they may.
The happiest men, by others harmes are wyse:
Let them not then, our warning wordes despise,
Do will them wysely, of these thinges debate:
For why the foolishe, ay that warning hate
Are neuer wyse, before it be to late.

Perhaps thou thinkst, to long a time I staye:
(And from that I proposed erst digresse)
Because that here (as it were by the way)
For warnings sake, my conscience I professe.
Yet for my breatch of compasse, blame me lesse
In talke: suche chat thou come to heare mee art,
Which seeme (as women vse) to reame my harte:
Before I come, to open all my smarte.

Wee spent the daye in iusting (as I sayde)
Appointed erst, among our selues before,
And all the feates of armes (in fielde) we playde,
AEneas taught our auncestours of yore.
What neede I fill thine eares with talking more?
My men, and I had put those feates in vre:
And he likewyse: but nothing yet so sure,
Which did (at length) my hapiesse ende procure.

For as with fortune still I gaue the foyle
To him (that thought the glory all to haue)
When he perceau'de he could not keepe the coyle,
Nor yet with equall match him selfe to saue.
Occasion of dissention great he gaue,
In steede of iest, he offred earnest playe:
In lieu of sport, despite did foule displaye:
In steed of mirth, both malice and decaye.

The

The traytour vile, the tyraunt (so he prou'de)
With cowardes, cankarde, hatefull, hasty, Ire:
And captifes dealing, shewde how he me lou'de,
When as he could not to his hope aspyre:
To wyn the prayse of triumphe his desire,
He callengde me, and here began the broyle:
He thought with banding brawe, to keepe the coyle:
Or elfe with flatters, and lacinges me to foyle.

And that because the iudgment fauourd me,
Perdy report almoft of all the route;
Ran ftill that I, was worthy prayfde to be,
And often times they gaue me all a fhoute:
This made myne enmies ftare and looke aboute,
And often wyfhe them euill aloude that cryde:
Such is the nature ftill of naughty pryde,
Can nothing leffe, than others prayfe abyde.

Wee twayne (q he) betweene our felues will trye
Alone our manhodes both if thou confent.
We ought not breake the prince his peace (q I)
His grace would not be well therwith content.
And fith no hurt, was here nor malice ment:
You ought not fo, on choler take it ill,
Though I to wyn the price put forth my fkill:
But rather therfore, beare me more good will.

To which he aunfwerd as defpite had fpoke,
With hafty wordes and tauntes of bygher pere.
I lift not any iote (quoth he) reuoke,
Of that is fayd, ne darfte thou for thine eares

What

(What euer lookes in place thy lauters beares)
Alone to mete me in the field to fraye.
But I may hap (by chaunce) to finde the day,
Wherein thou shalt, not beare the price away.

As for the king we doubte if he be heyre,
The kingdome is the Earle of Londons right.
And though that he the prince his person beare
(In his nonage) he ought not reue it quyte,
Ne shall he slay mee if I myght to fight.
Then where thou speakst (q he) of princes peace,
And wouldst me warne, from furder dealing leace:
Thou better were (perhaps) to holde thy peace.

On which I playnly sayde, highe treason t'was:
So much to speake, against our soueraigne Lorde,
Quoth I, the boundes of modestie you passe:
That dare your case with prince his right accorde:
Your betters would far better wordes awarde,
And you perhaps your selfe so stoute that showe
Which make as though you sought his ouerthrowe,
Shall shortly more his grace his pleasure knowe.

With that (q Elenine) for so hee hight,
That was the Erle his cosine and my foe:
Thy selfe a traytour rather semest right,
That darste presume amongst thy betters so,
And euen with that I raught to him a bloe:
My frendes likewyse, could not this wrong abyde,
They drew, and so did those on th'other syde:
We freshly fought, and other each defyde.

But

But I was all the marke, whereat they shotte,
The malice still, was meint to none but mee:
At mee they cast, and bicwe mee for the lotte,
Which should of all reuenge the ransom bee:
Wherfore they layde about them francke and free,
Till mee they tooke, so compast round about:
As I could not scape from amongst them out:
Was neuer knight, betrayde with such a route.

To make it short I singled was therfore,
Euen as the deare is singled his fatall stroke:
I could not scape, away from them no more:
My pageaunt was in presence there bespoke:
A pillowe they prepared mee of oke:
My handes they bounde, along my corps they led.
From of my shoulders, quite they strooke my head,
And with my death, their cruell eyes they fed.

If euer man that serude his Prince with payne,
And well deserued of his publique weale:
If euer knight esteemde it greatest gayne:
For Prince, and countrey in the warres to deale,
My selfe was such, which ventred life and heale
At all assayes, to saue my native soyle:
(With all my labour, trauayle, payne and toyle)
Both from the force of foes, and forayne spoyle.

Yet here you see, at home I had my fall,
Not by my fearcest foes, that came in warre:
But by my frende, I gate this griping ball,
When soly framde, vs both at home to iarre.
Oh that my countrey man, should raunge so farre,
From wisdomes way, to wed hym self to will:
From reasons rule, to wrest his witten to ill:
From frendship fast, his dearest frend to kill.

Well

Well bid the rest, beware of triumphes such:
Bid them beware, for titles vague to striue:
Bid them not trust such sullayne frendes to much:
Bid them not so, their honours high atchiue:
For if they will, preserue their names aliue:
There is no better way, to worke the same:
Then to eschue, of tyrannie the blame:
Yeke clemency, deserues a noble name.

FINIS.

The Authour.

WIth that (me thought) he vanisht quite away:
And I was come to end my worke at last:
Not minding longer on the which to staye,
My penne did trudge to wryte these verses fast.
I trust sith once, they haue the Printer past
That went before: these fragmentes come behinde,
Shall of the Readers, likewyse fauour finde.

So of my first part here I make an ende,
The Seconde parte which I haue now to fyle
Doth call me hence, from these to those to wende:
In which if God send grace to guyde my stryle,
I shall (I trust) and that in shorter whyle,
Againe retourne, to Printers presse with those:
Which shal likewise, their sight and falles disclose.

The Authour.

Till then farewell a thousand times to thee,
VVhich takst in hand this booke to shun the ill,
That was the fall of these described by mee,
And haste to mende their faultes a firme good will,
I wishe thy health, increase of vertu still,
Adieu farewell, I haue but this to say,
God send vs both his heauenly grace for aye.

I. Higgins.

¶ THE Seconde part of the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, conteining the falles of the infortunate Princes *of this Lande*.

From the Conqueſt of Cæſar, vnto the comming *of Duke Wilham the Conqueror*.

Imprinted by Richard Webſter, *Anno Domini*, 1578.

Goe ſtraight and feare not.

The Printer to the friendly Reader.

Entle Reader, I truſtyng in thy accuſtomed kyndneſſe, haue publiſhed this Booke, Entituled, *The Second part of the Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, the Authour whereof is now beyond the Seas, and wyl marueile at his returne, to find thys imprinted. For his intent was but to profite and pleaſure one priuate man, as by his Epiſtle may appeare. But I fyndyng the copie by chaunce, ſhewing it vnto diuers men, both learned and wiſe: and findyng a booke alredy in print, Entituled, *The firſt and third part of the Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, I was moued diuerſly of diuers men, by printyng this latter woorke, to make perfite the former booke. It may be (good Reader) that the friendely acceptyng hereof, wyll encourage

the Authour to set thynges of greater price in Print: yet esteeme thou this as a Lanterne, hauyng lyght sufficient to guyde thy wandryng steppes, both vnto the happynesse of this worlde, and of the world to come.

Whiche happynesse God graunt wee all may enioye.

¶ The Authours Epistle vnto his friende.

SIr, it woulde be too manifest an Argument of a nature degeneratyng from al gentrie, if I shoulde not consider of your request, you asking and vrging both honest and profitable thyngs. I therfore to ensure you, that I am not forgetful of your demaund, presumyng like blynd Bayard to this my boldnesse, haue not with Apolloes *Pensile, but with* Pans *pleasantlesse Pen, indeuoured to endite that which you are so desirous to haue done. And although I once translated for you,* Ouid, De remedio amoris, *as you said, to your contentation, we beyng then in* Cambridge, *where aske helpe, and haue helpe, might be had: yet nowe I wyl ensure you, lyke one amazed, I haue strayned my strength vnto the vttermost, being desirous to finish this woorke. You know that Loue matters be agreeing with* Caliopes *Quill, euery Apprentise can of such matter, make a Meter. But how hard a thing it is to compell* Clio, *with her boysterous banners, to touch vnder the compasse of a few metered lines, I referre you vnto the good* Turberuile, *who so soone as he began to take the terrible Treatise of* Lucan *in hand, he was inforst to vnyoke his Steeres, and to make holy day. Shal I then with* Bochas *Pen declare the falles of the vnfortunate Princes of the olde worlde? O intollerable presumption, that timorous* Tyro *shoulde dare to deale with menasing* Mars: *or that a young infant should offer to put on the Buskins of* Hercules: *shal I then with silence ceasse to accomplish your request? O singuler ingratitude, that any friend should refuse to sweate, to pleasure and profite his friend. Doo you not consider, that al the fine wyts that England hath inioyed these many yeres, haue busied their braynes very much, to make an English* Mirrour for Magistrates, *which booke is left euen vnto this day, like the vnperformed image of* Venus, *paynted by* Apelles? *No man is able to finish the work, which they with* Homers *hawtie Heroycal style haue begunne: and yet you woulde haue me (the least of the* Poets) *to make trial what I am able to doo therin. But me thinke I do heare you say, as you were woont, we being conuersant together, What meane al these wordes? thou knowest that the vayne of thy verse doth most delight my humor. And seeing*

it is but for my priuate Study, what meane you to allege all these allegations, as though Oreſtes were Zoilus? Syr, I confeſſe all this to be true: yet thus I ſpeake, to ſignifie vnto you, howe willyng the good wyll I doo beare vnto you, hath made me, being otherwiſe vnwillyng to beare a ſayle in ſuch rough weather, where euery Sea is ready to deuoure me. And when with ſayles and Oares (as they ſay) I with all my diligence endeauoured to compaſſe the thing now accomplished, I founde my ſelfe euen in the myddeſt of the matter, clapt cloſe with Theſeus, in a returnable Labyrinth, to fight with Deſpayre, that miſerable Minotaur: where, when I could finde no Ariadne, to lende me a bottome of Twiſt, I looked that Parcæ ſhoulde haue ſhreadded my twyne before my returne. Yet at the laſt wandring Erato, with her ſiſter Terpſichore perceiuing me with ſuch diligence to trauſe that Maze, they willing to helpe the deſires of my mynd, ſaid thus vnto me:

Come forth thou wandring wight this way,
Doo followe vs outright:
We geue thee leaue with Poets penne,
On Princes Falles to write.

Wherewith they leadyng me vnto the fountayne Permeſſus, I without any further determination, gallopped through the reſt, whiche when leyſure ſhall geue you leaue to reade, ceaſſe then to thinke on the L. Buchurſt, or Sackuyll, let Gaſcon and Churchyarde be forgotten. And if you chaunce to ſee the Meter, or matter not ſo well poliſhed, as beſeemeth, then remember, that theſe whoſe falles I haue here penned, were not of late tyme, but ſuche as lyued preſently after the Incarnation of Chriſte: and I haue not thought it decent, that the men of the olde worlde ſhoulde ſpeake with ſo garniſhed a Style, as they of the latter tyme.

Moreouer, you may, if you pleaſe to conſider, that Souldiers, of whiche I am one by profeſſion, were be not alwayes lurking in our Forte or Caſtle, but be as tyme and occaſion wyll permyt, here to day, wee knowe leaſt our ſelues, where to morrowe. And I wyll aſſure you, the moſt part of theſe my Princes dyd pleade their cauſes vnto me, euen in the Sea, a place in fayth not meete to penne Tragedies. And as for bookes, I was altogether deſtitute: for

when

when I, to please my fantasie trauayled (as you knowe) I could not beare about with me a library: but for cariage sake, contented my self with these foure: With the thirde Decade *of* Titus Liuye, *with* Boswelles Concordes of Armorie, *with* Monsignor de Lange, *that notable Warriour, & with the vnperfect* Mirrour for Magistrates: *whiche bookes made nothing to this purpose. I had not those Chronicles whiche other men had: my Memorie and Inuention were vnto me in stead of* Grafton, Polidore, Cooper, *and suche like, who dyd greatly ayde other men. And last of al you must consider, that the other part of the miseries of those miserable Princes were written, I sittyng on a Rocke in the Sea, not in* Spaine, Italie, Fraunce, Scotlande, *or* Englande, *but in* Garnzie *Castle, where although there be learned men, yet none whiche spende their tyme so vainely as in Poetrie. So that the complaintes of these men were written (as I say) where the want of helpe dyd diuersly daunt me with despayre. You haue greatly requested me by your last letter, to make vnto you a Discourse of the Ile of* Garnzie, *and howe it is possible for the Castle to be a place so pleasaunt for habitation, as I haue reported it, seeing it standeth in the Sea, separate from any lande. Good Syr, to write thereof (so manyfolde be the commodities and thinges woorthy the writyng of) woulde rather require a good volume, then a peece of an Epistle. Let it therefore suffice for this tyme, that I by writyng vnto you some fewe lines of the Couernour, I may briefely declare what the gouernement and commodities be. The right woorshipful Maister* Thomas Leighton *is her Maiesties Lieutenaunt there.*

Syr, I doo remember, howe constant Constantine the Great *was in Religion, and howe that noble Emperour mynded the Reformation thereof. You knowe howe carefull* Licurgus *and* Solon *were for making of good Lawes, and ministring of iustice. And Histories doo recorde, howe passing happye* Epaminundas *was in al his affayres: But what a seemely sight is it, to see al these vertues so to concurre in one man, that hee who shoulde compare hym with them, should, I wyl ensure you, doo hym great iniurie?*

for

for (that I may briefly conclude) vndoubtedly a few such men as he is, being plaste at a Princes elbow, were sufficient to keepe the most ruinous common weale that is, from ruine and destruction. And now, iudge you the commodities of the Countrey, by the goodnesse of the Gouernour, for as Seneca sayeth:

Where Gouernours be good, and rule their charge aright,
Without an ebbe, there flowes the flood, which vertuous minds delight.

And heere I doo turne me from these thinges, vntill by talke with you, I may dilute more at large therof, and returning my selfe vnto my former purpose, I haue not thought it conuenient to write the complaynts of these men, with so obscure a stile as some other haue done, but with so playne an exposition, that he who doth reade them shal not neede to be Oedipus, for euery playne Dauus shall by reading them, easely vnderstand the Authours drift. And because Diligence and Memorie bee all the helpers that I haue, therefore I haue ordayned them, as the chiefe workers of my wyll, Higgins vsed (I know not what) Morpheus, the God of dreames, But I dreame not: the other had Baldwine for their heaker, but I haue diligent Inquisition, who can finde out al things, and Memorie, who knoweth al thinges, for the Arbiters of my matter. Take you therefore, the fruites of these my idle howres: sent vnto you with a good wyll, and according vnto the trust reposed in you, keepe these trifles from the view of all men, and as you promysed, let them not raunge out of your priuate Study. And thus wishing vnto you honour and long lyfe, I ende, the 15. daye of Maye, An. 1577.

(.·.)

Your Friende to vse,
Thomas Blener Hasset.

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FINIS.

DIligent Inquisition (saieth Memorie) beholde in the bottomlesse pyt of blind Obliuion: there remayneth as yet a multitude, who although in their tyme, they were of all men most famous, and euen in this our time, their ensamples be patternes passing singular, to reforme the deformities of this age, notwithstanding they are so couered and hidden with those mistie cloudes of fylthy forgetfulnes, that if thou Inquisitiō doest not with all dilygent inquiry, and I Memorye, (who haue howsded vp in my treasury the knowledge of all thinges) except wee with all our industrye, doo endeuour our selues, they are not lyke euer to come into the light. For at what time those barbarous nations, (I meane the Gothes, Hunes, and Danes) dyd with so great outrage ouerrunne all the worlde: euen then the auncient Hystoryes, and Recordes of time, were by them vtterly defaced, so that Princes, before that time, how renowmed so euer they were, be at this present, euen by their meanes, buryed so deepe in obliuion, that I Memorye cannot

without a new inquirye of many most Noble Princes, repeate a few wordes: speake you therfore Inquisition, and declare your mynde, how we might renew the decayed Memory of those men. See heere (quoth Inquisition,) with great and diligent Memoryc, I haue founde out diuers, who with their continuall complaynynges, haue euen for conscience sake made me their procleare, to exhibite vnto you in their behalfe a Supplycation, in which they complayne of the great iniurie they suffer, because they bee excluded out of the English Mirrour of Magistrates: their only desire is, that you would once agayne, by celebrating their decayed names, with a fresh Memorpall, geue them libertie to declare their estates themselues. Of which, as fyrst though not chiefest, Guidericus the thyrde king of the subdued Brittaynes: and the fyrst that refused to pay trybute to Rome, despyeth to bee harde. Wee will sayth Memory assist hym in what wee may, and not onely geue them leaue, but also intreate them to declare their estates. But where is that Guidericus, the exployts of wose lyke were so passing singular, that had hee not beene moued with two much boldnesse, euen hee had brought vnder his rule the whole Worlde: wee wyll heare hym wyllingly, for his death is a great ensample of Gods vengeaunce, vnto all them

which

which thinke by their owne courage and abilitie, to compasse their desyres. Beholde quoth Inquisition, hee is euen heere, his body rent and torne dooth declare, that great was his mishappe. Speake then Syr Knight (quoth Memory.) and let vs heare what you wil saye: wherewith the sorrowfull Prince sayde as followeth.

(.)

The Complaint of Guidericus.

How Guidericus refuſed to paye tribute vnto Claudius Cæſar: howe hee ſubdued Galba, how hee became deſyrous to winne all the worlde, ſpoyled France, Germany, and a great part of Italy: and laſtly, how hee was miſerably ſlayne in a tempeſt of thunder, euen at what time hee ſhoulde haue dealt with Cæſar. This Hiſtory is a ſynguler enſample of Gods vengeance, againſt pride and arrogancy.

ON ſtayleſſe top of Honours high renowne,
With buſye brayne to builde a bower there,
Is donne to fall at Foꝛtunes froward frowne,
Whoſe turning wheele, the hyeſt fyꝛſt dooth teare,
And them below it vpwardes ſtyl dooth reare.
Let them therefoꝛe foꝛ good eſtate that ſtriue,
With ſailes halfe hoyſt, in happy Hauen ariue.

I pꝛeſt to tell my ſuddayne yll ſucceſſe,
Amidſt the meane which dyd not dayne to dwell,
To higher ſtate whilſt I dyd mee addꝛeſſe,
By chaunging chance of Foꝛtunes foꝛce, I fel
Euen ſuddaynly from Heauen to hatefull Hell,
From Heauen (I ſaye,) I fell from that my blyſſe,
To hatefull Hell, I meane, to wꝛetchedneſſe.

Guidericus

Guidericus which rulde the Brittayne lande,
I am the ſame, of Simbaline the ſonne,
Caſsiuelane my Grandſyer, dyd withſtand
Sir Cæſars force, tyll Parcæ had vndone
The fatal knot, and twiſt that they had ſponne,
Euen then to ſoone the Romanes did oppreſſe
This Realme, which I to ryght, did me adreſſe.

Which that I myght the better bring about,
The three eſtates in Court to Parle I
In haſt did call, amongſt which Royal rout,
As one who ment for welthe of commonty,
Howe to reſtore their ancient libertie,
Pronounſt the ſpeache which here I ſhal recite,
Which moued much there manly myndes to fight.

The Emperour of Rome hath ſent you ſee,
Ambaſſatours, the tribute to obtayne,
Which Theomant ſubdued, did agree
To pay, But I ſuch greement do diſdayne.
Shal I to Rome a Tribute ſlaue remayne,
Becauſe they did ſubdue this realme of Yore?
Shal we buy yoke with tribute euermore?

Shall we this badge of heaſtly blemiſhe beare?
Shal Troians we to Troians tribute peelde?
Of Brutus blonde a Prince withouten peare,
We do deſcend, whoſe father fyrſt dyd buylde
In Italy: the Alba longa fylde,
And furniſhte ſine, with princely byldinges braue,
He was entombde next good Aeneas graue.

Then Romulus of Siluius did succeede,
And Rome of hym (as London tooke of Lud)
Her name, which Alba Longa was in deede,
Built at the first by good king Brutus blood.
Dare they for Guerdon of so great a good,
Demaund of vs whose parentes Patrons were
To them? to doo this deede, they doo not feare.

Let them demaunde, vngratefull beastes they be,
Euen tribute of vs Troians let them craue,
But we in Mars his feeldes wyl pay their fee,
If needes they must of vs a payment haue,
They shal fyght stoutly then them selues behaue.
We wil not feare to fyght it out in feelde,
Without reuenge we neuer al wyl yeelde.

Dyd Cæsars princely prowesse so preuayle,
That Britaynes were by Romanes brought to bay?
Was Cæsars valure of so great auayle,
That it coulde cause Cassiuelaynes decaye?
Why should not then Guidericus assay
By furious force of Mars his bloody feelde,
To make those roming Romanes al to yeelde?

By prowesse worne (who dooth not knowe) by skyl,
That he who once as Victor wore the weath,
By chaunged chaunce is foyst agaynst his wyl,
That garlande gay, and vitall lyfe to leaue?
Such ill mishappes misfortune still dooth heaue,
That he who dyd subdue but yesterday,
Is nowe subdude, and hath the lyke decaye.

Which

Which may appeare by Kyng Cassiuelayne,
Whom Cæsar thryce in fyght dyd fynd too strong,
Yet at the last,(the lewder chaunce was thine,
Thou litle Ile)he thrust in with a throng
Of mightie men,and did thee double wrong.
Thee then subdude, to Rome he seruile made:
Which wrong to right,with this my bloudye blade,

If you my subiectes wyll thereto consent,
I wil not ceasse, tyll I reuenge haue seene,
And them destroyed with dreadful dierye dent
Of wrathful warre: and therefore now I meane
To hyde the Pace, and fetch them from their denne,
To sende them woorde, We owe no tribute we,
But we of them must recompenced be.

I to the Gods which rule the rolling skyes,
Haue bowde a bowe,for countreyes lybertie,
To die in feelde,or els that these mine eyes
Shall see you free from forrayne tyranny,
To which no doubt theyr goodnesse wil agree.
Nowe that you haue the whole of myne intent,
You knowe the cause why I for you haue sent.

Al you therefore which compt this quarrell good,
By heaued handes let me them vnderstand.
Thy brother Aruiragus by me stoode,
I must not I (he sayde) holde vp my hande,
Nor thee herein assist with any bande.
For sith we both haue sworne aleagance due
To Rome,to Rome I euer wil be true.

No feare of force, no hasarde, no mischappe,
Doth dant my mynde, I dare what dare be donne,
Though nowe we sit in Lady fortunes lappe:
By fayth defilde, no honour can be wonne,
The wrath of God men periurde can not shun.
Do thou therefore what best thy selfe doth seeme,
Giue them their right, for that is best I deeme.

Sith all but you (my brother) do consent,
My counsayle and my Commons do agree,
Yea, all the force of this my Realme is bent,
To liue and dye for countries libertie:
Take you therefore this sentence in bous gre,
Because thou seemst a seruile lyfe to loue,
The Towre a house is best for thy behoue.

An othe constrayned, is made to none auaile,
To breake such othe doth not the fayth defile:
Let them goe tel to Clandius this tale,
We meane with force to furnishe this our Ile,
Which force him selfe shal feele within a while.
For if he wyll not fetch his tribute here,
We then wyl goe and pay hym tribute there.

Which when the Roman Claudius had heard,
Though he at home had ciuile strife in hande,
And though he were by forrain foes debarde,
And could not come him selfe, yet he a bande
Of thirtie thousand sent, for to withstand
My strength: which strength in the fyrst foughten feelde
They found so strong, that forst, they al did yeelde.

From

From Galbs then my ſelfe his ſhield did get,
In golden feelde which had the horſe of fame,
Euen Pegaſus in ſeemely ſiluer ſet,
The curious ſkill of Heraultes there did frame
Thatheument true, of auncient Troy by name,
Imbordred braue with golden letters thus:
Senatus, Populuſque Romanus.

Wherewith as one prict forth with good ſucceſſe,
A great attempt I quickly did deuiſe,
I ment O Rome, vpon thy walles to preſſe.
It eaſye ſeemde to me in my ſurmiſe,
To commpaſſe all that I did enterpriſe.
Me thought I could winne al the worlde in haſte,
But fyrſt I ment the Romane ſtate to waſte.

I did prepare in euery poynt my powre,
I ſayld the Seas, I ſpoyled them of France,
I made the Germans and the Lumbartes lowre.
Yea good ſucceſſe did ſo my ſtate aduance
In Italy, ſuch was my luckye chaunce,
I did ſubdue, my ſouldiers had the ſpoyle,
Of all the chiefeſt Cities in that ſoyle.

See here howe Roming Rumor ranne about,
See how repoyt did tel a truthleſſe tale:
For Hannibal the Carthage Duke ſo ſtout,
Remde, it ſayd, woulde once agayn aſſayle
The Roman ſtate, and cauſe it nowe to quake.
Which falſe Repoyt, did put them in ſuch feare:
Cities would yeelde, bef ore my Campe came neare.

His former feates the ſtanding fancies fed,
That doutful now affrighted ſore with feare,
They tel howe at Triſemenus they ſped,
In Cannas fieldes how they deſpoyled were:
They hate to tel, they lothe that hap to heare.
A buſhel there he fyld (moſt true it is)
With golden Ringes Equeſtri ordinis.

And whilſt their mindes on theſe miſhaps do muſe,
They wiſhe that nowe good Graccus were not dead.
For Fabius, he who wyſely would refuſe
Forthwith to fight, they wiſh for ſuch a head.
Camillus nowe would ſtand them in great ſtead.
And ſome with ſighes did wiſhe for Scipio,
Them to defend from me there deadly foe.

But as the Lion paſſente once with feare
Gardante, a mouing mollhil did beholde,
From whence he thought ſome wonder would appeare:
A little Moule crepte from the mouing mould,
Which made the quaking Lion then ſo bolde,
Feare let a ſide, that he for his delyght,
Playd with the Moule, and kilde the ſtrengthleſſe wight.

So nowe the campe of Claudius did drawe neare,
Where he hym ſelf was Lord cheefe general,
Which greatly did delyght my hart to heare,
And cauſed me my Captaynes then to call,
To whome I ſayde, We two muſt ſtriue for al
The world ſo wide: which if I chance to winne,
Then you your ſelues haue ample part therein.

Euen whilſt I marcht my men in good aray,
A coſſer poſt came prauncing in the fielde,
Who comming to my Cabbin, thus dyd ſay,
Guidericus, thy friendes at home be kilde,
Thy natiue ſoyle, to forrayne force did yielde,
The Romans they haue ſpoylde thee of eche thing,
Thy brother there Aruiragus is kyng.

Which newes although they dyd amaze me much,
Yet I whoſe hart did neuer faynt for feare,
Although ſayd I their good ſucceſſe be ſuch,
Yet if we can ſubdue the Romans here,
They ſhal I thinke buy Britayne very deare.
Which out of doubt yf you as you haue donne,
Will fight like men, the fielde wil ſoone be wonne.

But they who hilde their wiues and children deare,
Could not digeſt the loſſe of that their lande,
For which they fledde, left me their Chieftayne there.
When Claudius hoſt to fight was euen at hande,
Whoſe mightie force I could not then withſtande,
Yea all my page, my footmen fled for feare,
And left me poſt alone, with heauy cheare.

That cruell Queene of hel, Proſerpina,
From foorth whoſe loynes this Fury feare firſt fled,
Megeras ſighes, no no, nor Meduſa,
Who hath ten thouſand Snakes about her head,
The fiery flames of hell doth not ſo dreade
The minde, as feare, which makes mans hart we ſee,
To ſhake, and quake, like leafe of Aſpen tree.

My Martial knyghtes who once so valiant were,
That they the worlde, euen al the world would spoyle,
This fury fyerce, this feeble fayntyng feare,
Did causelesse cause them thus here to recoyle,
Her only force inforst me to this foyle,
Not Cæsars force: no strength of Roman power,
But feare, euen feare, dyd make me here to lower.

Which feare (for trueth) dyd neuer me dismaye,
But too too soone, my hartlesse men it made
To shrinke, to flinche, to flee eche man his way,
And me a pray most fit for Claudius blade,
They left alone: alas what may be sayde,
What may be done, what fittes for mine auayle?
I wyl not flee, to fight cannot preuayle.

What, must I then go crouche vnto my foe?
Fy on that fate, that I should sue for grace,
To hym who is the worker of my woe,
Whose hart from youth his byest for to displace,
I gladly woulde ten thousand deathes imbrace.
My lyfe (in faith) doth lothe to liue with shame,
By death therfore, my lyfe shall purchase fame.

For as I once did winne with courage stout
In Galbas shielde, the prausing Pegasus,
So with renowme I nowe will go about
To see if Claudius dare the cause discusse
With me alone, if courageous
Dare do that deed: that we in open feeld
May try the cafe, then he or I must yeelde.

And

And therewithal in armour bright I clad
Myne arming swoorde, my Targate I did take,
And on my Helme, or Burgonet, I had
My ropal crowne, and so I dyd forsake
The place, whereas my souldiers fled of late,
I marcht and met the scoute of Claudius,
To whom I dyd addresse my language thus:

The Britayne Kyng is come alone you see,
Conduct him then your Emprour to salute,
You for your paynes shal gayne a golden fee,
For why my grace to Claudius hath a sute.
The scurers they al silent mumme and mute,
Yet wel appayde of such a princely pray,
In hast they dyd to Cæsar me conuay.

With ten times twentie thousand men, I met
Him marching there, to meete with me but one:
To whom I sayde, thy powre is passing great,
My force is fled: what, must I then bemone
My selfe to thee: not so, but I alone
Am come to know with Magnanimitie,
If thou dost dare to wreeke thy wrath on me.

The crowne for which so many men be slayne,
Thy Galbas shield, with many iewels more,
Which vnto me do only appertayne:
For in the fielde I wonne them al of yore,
And vnto thee I wyl them not restore.
If thou, as I, canst winne them with renowne,
Then al is thine, both realme and ropal crowne.

Why dooſt thou muſe as though thou wert diſmayde?
Doeth doubtfull dreade nowe daunt thy Roman mynde?
Fayne not for feare, thou needſt not be afrayde,
A Britayne borne thy ſelfe rpght well ſhalt fynde,
I am a man, and not a God by kinde.
Wherewith to grounde a golden gauntlet I
Dyd caſt, and he at laſt dyd thus reply:

Thou mighty Ioue which haſt thy ſeemely ſeat,
Aboue the ſphere of Mars and Mercury,
Thy fleſhleſſe eyes (my tongue can not repeate
What ſpghtes they ſee) nothing is hid from thee:
Thy eyes, the hart, and ſecrete thoughts dooſee,
Thou knowſt O Ioue, how iuſt my qnarrel is,
Wgich here to prooue, thou knowſt I compt a bliſſe.

No God thou mayſt: thou art no God in deede,
I fayne for feare: and dooſt thou thus me dare?
Thy gauntlet lo to take I doo not dreade,
Such courage though I fynde but very rare
In pryncely breſt: what though? I wil prepare
My ſelfe to feelde, where thou I hope ſhalt fynde,
My ſelfe alone wyl cauſe thee curſe thy kynd.

To deale with thee I Cæſar might diſdayne,
My tryple Mace dooth rule the woꝛlde you ſee,
Thou ſubiect art the meaneſt of the traine,
Whom conqueſt hath compeld to wayte on me:
A meaner knyght were meete to match with thee.
Yet I my ſelfe with al my hart doo dayne,
To reue thy life, and cauſe thee to complayne.

Then

Then I whose hart was al beglarde with glee,
To Cæsar sayd, If fate hath framde my foyle,
If now the last of all my lyfe I see,
It shal delight that Cæsar dyd me spoyle,
And that his blade did cause my bloudy broyle.
And whilst I ment a longer speache to make,
A storme most straunge constraynd the earth to quake.

Straunge sundry sightes, then sodaynly wer seene,
The lightsome day was turnde to lothsome night,
Then darknesse did affraight me much with feare,
The seemly Sunne, did lose her louing lyght:
And that which would amaze eche worldly wight,
The thundring heauens constraynde the earth to quake,
The trees did daunce, the mighty mountes dyd shake.

Haue here myne end, from threatning thunder clap,
A burning bolt did pearce my hart with payne,
Wherwith I cryed, O Cæsar, my mishap
Is comne, for whilst I thought thee to haue slayne,
Ioues vengeaunce iust hath torne my corps in twayne.
This was my end, although some writers say,
That Claudius blade did cause my last decay.

To slip at first, such fall hath little foyle,
Greate ruth it is to lose a race forerunne,
And at the end by slipping suttle soyle,
Wagelesse too lose a race too wel begonne,
The Turrets top let wise men wisely shunne.
Who falles from top, he mercilesse is slayne,
Who falles below, can quickly ryse agayne,

I tel this tale who knowledge bought too deare,
I could not be content with meane estate.
Let them therefore which shal this story heare,
So loue the meane, extremitie so hate,
That they may liue in blesse without debate.
Who is content amidst the meane to dwel,
With perfite blysse he onely dooth excell.

With royal rule you Kinges which runne your race,
Take heede, beware, flee lancies fonde delight,
Ambition blinde wyl moue you to imbrace
A thousande euils, disdayne with al your might,
Her lucing lookes: she me a wretched wyght
Transformde, and made with Circes sorcerie,
A brutish beast, and wyse if worse may be.

When Thanatos had thus destroyed my dayes,
Then due desert my soule to hel conuayde.
I fearde not God, his name I did not prayse,
But fondlithe fate and fortune fil me frayde:
For which, with pinching payne I nowe am payde.
Fortune I finde is nowe of none auayle,
But God is he whose power dooth preuayle.

T was great pitie (quoth Memorie) vnto Inquisition, that thys man liued in the tyme of blinde ignorance, when neyther vertue, nor religion were knowē. Beleeue me, if he coulde haue conteyned him selfe within the limites of his owne Countrey, or if too much courage had not moued him to so great interpryses, surely euē he had restored the Britaines vnto their auncient libertie, & might haue liued long without paying any tribute. You haue said (quoth Inquisition) he might haue had a very glorious day ouer the Romans, if he had not desired Rome. For whē Claudius Cæsar had him abroade, he did not presently incounter with Guidericus, as he supposed he woulde haue donne, but remembring how Scipio Africanus layd siege vnto Carthage, did draw Hannibal out of Italy, he imitating his grand Chieftayne and predecessor, fyrst brought Britayne vnto his obedience, then he inuaded Guidericus, with whom God being displeased, he was destroyed as you haue harde. After whom, the Britaines were greeuously oppressed by the Romans, and dayly inuaded by the Scots

and Pictes, whiche Lodrike their king brought out of Scithia, insomuch that at this time the Britaynes were compelled to sende vnto the Emperour Bassianus for aide: who sent vnto them the Roman Seuerus with a great power. And then how Carassus a Britayne, not Nobilis, but altogeather ignotus, did both redeeme his countrey from the Pictes and Romans, and also obteyned the crowne, and raygned eight yeares, thys story following shal declare: who although he felt the fall of his owne follie, yet surely his story is very profitable, chiefly for all such as doo suffer suspition to seduce them, as the diligent noting of the processe wyll declare.

The

The Complaint of Caraſſus.

¶ *Howe Caraſſus a Huſbandmans* ſonne, ſlewe Lodrike the King of the Pictes, and howe the Emperour made him a Captayne. Then howe he obtayned the Britayne Crowne, and howe ſuſpition brought him to decay.

SIch men be borne by Nature naked all,
With their eſtates why are not men content:
Why doo they deeme the want of wealth a thrall:
Why ſhoulde they lothe the lot, which God hath ſent:
Adam him ſelfe I finde, at firſt was ſent,
As one who did diſdaine his poore eſtate,
To diſobay, with God to be a mate.

Thou maiſt be made a God, (quoth ſatan than,)
If on the fruite forbidden thou wilt feede:
The ſenſeleſſe wight, the feeble forceleſſe man,
Did taſte thereof, ſuppoſing that with ſpeede
He ſhoulde in haſt haue beene a God in deede.
He not content, hoping for higher place,
Brought bitter bale to him and al his race.

And I the sonne of Adam by descent,
Dyd seeke to set my selfe in princely seate,
With mine estate I could not be content,
For which I felt the force of hatreds heat.
As at the first, my good successe was greate,
So at the last, by fansies fond desires,
I gropte for grapes amidst the bramble bryres.

Let such as woulde by vertue them aduaunce,
Marke by what menes I did my selfe addresse,
To clyme at first my poore alotted chaunce
By honest meanes: let them from wickednesse
Which fayne would flye, learne this by my distresse,
That he who doth from right and reason stray,
Destruction shall destroy him with decay.

For I by byrth borne next to beggers doore,
Was rapde aloft with staffe of high estate:
But whilste that I so hye a pitche did soore,
I left the meanes which made me ryse of late,
I vices loude, I did al vertues hate.
For which, Carassus ranne a race in vayne,
And nothing got, but death and deepe disdayne.

When ciuile strife had Bryttayne quite vndone,
So that her strength was now of none auayle,
The faythlesse Scots with ruth did ouerrunne
That ropall realme: the Pictes did so preuayle,
That sorrow did on euery syde assayle
My native soyle: and being thus distrayde,
To Rome we sent for succour, helpe, and ayde.

Seuerus

Seuerus then by Bassianus sent,
To bring this realme vnto some quiet stay,
The Romans and the Brittaynes both were bent,
To bring the Scottes and Pictes to their decay,
Them to returne agayne to Scithya.
And at the last, by good Seuerus ayde,
We them destroyde, when we were most afrayde.

Whose force though twice the Romans felt to strong,
Yet at the last, we got a goodly day
Euen by my meanes, who thrust into the throng
Of Scots and Pictes, I desperate ther dyd play
The part of hym, whom feare did neuer fray.
And at the last, to end this mortall strife,
I did depriue king Lodrike of his life.

And when the Pictes did see their king depriude
Of vitall life, Lord, how they fled the fielde:
They made me muse, to see how fast they striude,
With staylesse steppes, eche one his life to shielde:
Who could not flye, he there with care was kilde.
So by my meanes, my country did obtayne
Her auncient state, and liberty agayne.

At my returne I to Seuerus sayde,
See here how I with woundes am all bestead:
I cannot liue, I feele how lyfe doth fade,
Lodrike him selfe did carue and cut my head,
For which my blade his lukewarme blood hath shed.
He cut my cap, and I haue got his crowne,
He lost his lyfe, and I haue found renowne.

Seuerus then vnto his Surgion sayde,
Heale hym, and hyng him safe and sound agayne,
Thou for thy paynes with pounds shalt wel be payd,
And he shall haue such honoure for his payne,
As vnto him for euer shal remayne,
For by the Gods which rule the skies aboue,
His noble actes deserue eternal loue.

When by the skill of Surgions curious arte,
My hurtes were healde, and holesome health ensude,
Seuerus then reioycing at the harte,
Made me a Lorde, with wealth he me indude,
Yea, he although my learning were but rude,
Sent me to Rome, as Legate of this lande,
To make reporte how here our state did stande.

My deedes at home, inrichte me with renowne,
My talke abroade, with proper filed phrase,
Adorned me head euen with a Laurell crowne.
The Emperour did much commend my wayes,
So that I was bedecke with double prayse.
I could not reade, my lerning was but weake.
Yet they of Rome did muse to heare me speake.

As learned Arte doth geue a goodly grace
To some: so some by natures gifte do get
Eternal fame, and purchase them a place
Aboue the place where learned men do sit,
We finde the fine dexteritye of wit
In them which be both wise and ful of skill:
Yet neuer striude to clime Pernassus hill.

And

So I with prayse a time at Rome did stay,
And tracte of time returnde me backe agayne,
The Emperour, he gaue my ryght away
Within a while, which made me sorowe amayne:
I had great cause me thought for to complayne,
Seuerus, he was made the king of all:
The giftes he gaue to me were very small.

I was but made the Captayne of the coast,
From Forrayne foyce to keepe my realme in rest,
Seuerus, he was crowned king in post,
Which did so boyle within my warrelike brest,
That I with griefe most strangely was distrest.
Shal he (sayde I) thus reape the high renowne
Which I deserue? Shal he inioy the Crowne?

I wonne the wreath, and he will weare the same:
I got the goale, and he will get the gayne.
For me in faith it were a deadly shame,
If I in this his regall royall raygne,
Without repulse should suffer him remaine.
Which if I do, then let the dreadfull darte
Of Vulcans wrath, torment in twayne my hart.

For why, I see what seruile seruitude
Shall then insue, if he may raigne in rest:
Shall Bryttayn braue by Romanes be subdude?
It shal no doubte, by Romanes the distrest,
Except my might against his might be prest,
My might as yet cannot his strength constraine,
Yet may my might compell him to complaine.

The

The drainyng droppes doo make the Marble yeeld
In time: the seas the cragged rockes do rende:
And Courtly Kinges by tearing time be kilde.
For time dooth make the mightie Okes to bende,
And time dooth make the litle twigges ascende:
So I in time, such power may prepare,
As shal constraine Seuerus death, with care.

But whylst I did indeuour to destroy
Seuerus strength, the Pictes were prickte with pride,
For theyr reuenge vs Britaynes to annoy.
Which when I hard, in post I did prouide
A power great, then I in hast did ride,
And kept the Coast so strong with men of warre,
That no man coulde ariue, to make or marre.

The poore Pictes preuented of their pray,
In waltering waues did bouse their bitter bayne,
They digde a diche, and caught theyr owne decay,
On rockes theyr Barkes, in seas them selues were slaine.
The Westerne windes with wo did them constrayne,
By Britayne bankes to make so long delaye,
I, and the Seas, brought them to their decay.

By meanes whereof my credite did increase:
Seuerus did esteeme me as his stay,
I from my fyrst deuises coulde not cease,
For aye I hopte to haue a happy day,
To bring the Roman rule to their decay,
With fauning face good fortune smyled so,
I had my wyshe, what might I hope for mo?

For

For into Spayne the Roman souldiours sent,
I had at home the might him to deprive.
Then wisely I all perilles to prevent,
Provided so that no man could arive,
No Picte, nor Scot, nor Roman then could strive
With me at home, then I the Lordes with speede
Of Brittayne calde, and thus I did proceede:

The Roman rule vs subiect slaues hath made,
You se my Lordes, a Roman heere doth raigne,
Whome to destroy my power shal invade,
I do in deede this servile life disdayne:
And you your selues do much therof complayne.
If you with helpe wyl me assiste, I sweare,
The Roman rule shal haue no power here.

Then they most glad with one consent replide,
We wyl assist thee with what myght we may,
And we our selues most wylling wyl provide,
No Britayne borne against thee shal display
His shielde, but al at the appoynted day,
As prest to please thy herte, shal thee assist:
Winne thou the Crowne, and weare it at thy list.

Which when I hard them say with one consent,
Blame not though pride did then possesse my hart
For Princely Crowne: the dreadfull dierie dent
Of wrakful warre, who would not feele the smart
Of griping greefe: who would not feele the dart
Of dreadful death: or who regardeth payne?
If we a Crowne and kingdome may obtayne:

For gunnehole grotes the countrie Clowne doth care,
Restlesse with ruth, the Rusticke gets his gayne:
The Marchant man for welth doth send his ware
About the worlde, with perill and great payne.
And all the worlde for welth doth not disdayne,
Amidst the surge of mighty mounting Seas,
To caste them selues, their owne delightes to please.

If to obtayne such trifles they do toyle,
And neuer ceasse to bring there drifles about:
Why should I feare the force of forrayne foyle?
Why should I not assay with courage stout,
To wreake my wrath vppon the Romishe route
Which heere remayne? whome to the bale to bringe,
Were me to crowne my natiue countries King.

One thinge there is which greatly doth me grieue,
Seuerus, he who did inhance my state,
He did in my distresse with life relieue
My dyinge dayes, he neuer did me hate:
Yet now with hym I must be at debate.
Euen hym with myght I greatly must disgrace,
Care I can set my selfe in princely place.

Untimely death shall not destroy his dayes:
For if he wyl returne to Rome agayne,
Or if he wil resigne his crowne with prayse,
Or if hee wyl amongst vs styl remayne.
If he can like of these, we wyl refrayne
From sheading bloude: which if he dothe disdayne,
I then against my wyl, must woorke his paine.

So foorth I past with al my power prest,
Seuerus did at Durham then delay;
Whereas I mente his state to haue distrest:
But some I thinke my secretes did bewray,
For he to Yorke in hast did take his way.
Which when I had bessiegde on euery side,
with care and griefe of minde, Seuerus dide.

Se heere the force of cruel fretting care?
Se heere how sorowe doth dismay the minde?
For when he harde Carassus did prepare
To reue his crowne, he indging me vnkinde,
With sobbing sighes of sorrowe, he resignde
Before his time his minde from manly breste:
Beholde with care how sorrowe reaues mans rest.

Thus he intombde in his vntimely Chest,
It was decreed Carassus shoulde be King,
The three estates of al my Realme were prest,
With one consent they al to me did bring
The kingly crowne, then thus they al did singe,
The due desertes of this renowmed wyght,
Deserues to be the Britayne king by right.

Marke by what steppes I dyd the toppe obtayne,
With keeping sheepe my youthful yeares were spent:
Then with the whyp I plide the Plowe amayne,
In Mars his feeldes to fight my minde was bent,
As Legate then to Rome my selfe was sente,
I dubbed was a Lorde, of high renowne,
And now at laste, I haue obtaynd the Crowne.

The ende, the acte (the Plaudite) dooth moue,
And all is well, whose endyng is not yll:
Who sittes aloft, had neuer neede to moue,
For feare least he shoulde fall agaynst his wyll.
Though creepyng he dyd gayne the toppe with skil,
Yet at the last, by turning of his toe,
A suddayne fall may worke his wretched woe.

Which fall I felt, and how: I here wyll showe:
When I as King dyd all the Realme comaunde,
I fearefull dyd suspect mine ouerthrow,
The place (mee thought) dyd shake where I dyd stande.
Then for my garde I dyd prouide a bande
Of warlyke wights, to garde my Noble grace,
I lastly dyd my Noble men displace.

From sooth the Feeldes I for my Father sent,
Hym of a Clowne a Noble man I made:
My Brethren all euen for the same intent,
Lyke Courtiers there in Court with me they stayde:
And all my stock were glad and well apayde:
For they of late which rulde the paynefull Plow,
Of Brittayne Lande they bee the Rulers now.

From Cart to Court, a Countrye man to call,
With brane attyre to decke a dunghyll Dycke,
Is lyke a paynted Image in a wall,
Which dooth deceiue, and seemeth to bee quicke,
Though woorkmanship most trimly dooth it tricke,
Yet of a stone, a stone wyll still remayne:
A Clowne cannot from Clownish deedes refrayne.

As

As hard it is of quarryed Marble stone,
For man to make a liuely-mouing wyght,
As of a Lout, or els of such a one
Who dayly doth impldy his whole delyght
To digge and delue, it passeth mortal myght,
To make him serue in Courte a kinges behest:
Turne hym to plowe, the Cart for him is best.

For though thou canst by cunninge art compell,
Nature a tyme to leaue her wonted place,
She wyl returne, in spight of heauen or hell:
No Alcumist Dame Nature can displace,
Except that God doth geue abundant grace.
The Caske wyl haue a taste for euermore,
With that wherewith it seasoned was before.

a fool wil bea
fole it h be cla
in gay apparell

Why did I then my courtlesse court mayntayne
With Hob and Ihon, Rafe Royster, and his mate?
Whose greedy iawes aye gaping after gayne,
Did polle, and pil, and bred bitter debate:
Men much vnmeete to mayntayne myne estate.
Why did I them so neare myne elbowe place?
Because my selfe by byrth was borne but bace.

Like wyl to lyke, the Mule doth claw her mate,
With horned beastes the Jenite cannot iest,
Those bauling Houndes, the haughty Harte doth hate,
With Beares the Beare in safety countes her best.
So I amongst my lyke did looke for rest,
Their dedes by me were alwayes wel alowde,
By them likewyse my doinges were auowd.

But as you see the Husbandman with care
From new sowne seedes the rauening Rookes to driue.
So dyd the Gentrie of my Realme prepare,
My Countrie Coate and mee for to deprsiue.
But Gentlemen were then to weake to striue
With mee, and mine, for which they dyd prepare
A new founde snache, which dyd my seete insnare.

In surgelesse Seas of quiet rest when I
Seauen yeares had sayld, a perrye did arise,
The blastes whereof abridge my liberty:
For whilste I dyd with busye brayne deuise
Them to destroy, which did my Coate despise,
The boystrous blastes of hatred blewe a gale,
My Cables crakte, my Barke was bongd with bale.

For they (I meane the Gentrie of my Lande)
Both mee, and mine, theirs, and themselues had sold
Subiects to Rome, from whence a mighty bande
They had conuaide, to make my courage cold:
Into my Realme they could not be controlde,
But when they were ariude, they quickly brought
Both me and mine, and all the rest, to nought.

Alectus then the Chiefetayne of the rest,
Spoyling my friendes, he forst me to the feelde,
The daye was come, we both in fight were prest.
His trustlesse trayne, did seeme to me to yeelde,
But al the feeldes with great ambushmentes filde,
I coulde not flee, Alectus had the day,
With his owne swoorde for breath he made me bray.

As

As due deſert did force my ſhippe to flote,
So vices vile me drenche in waues of woes.
O falſe ſuſpect, why didſt thou make me dote?
Fearing my fall, my friends I deemd my foes:
Fearing the woꝛſt, the beſt I did depoſe,
And was depoſde: let other learne heereby,
The crooked Crabbe wyl alwayes walke awry.

And let them know which do not lothe to learne,
That kinges in Court, be combꝛed moſt with care.
The Pilotes charge, who ſitteth at the ſtearne,
Doth make him watche, when other do pꝛepare
Them ſelues to ſleep: ſo kinges diſtreſſed are
With doutful dꝛead, and many other thinges:
The ſheepheardes life is better then the kinges.

The

The Induction.

CArassus hauing thus finished his Tragicall Historye, Inquisition presented vnto Memory the Lady Hellina. But Memorye hauing her at the first sight in great admiration, sayde as followeth: Why haue you brought before vs the Goddesse Diana? Our intent is to heare the complayntes of them who are smothered with Forgetfulnesse: as for this Goddesse, she is renowmed more then sufficient. O Memory (quoth Inquisition) this is not Diana: no Diana, no Gouzaga, no Emila, no Caticlia, no Pallas, no Iuno, no, not knowing Minerua, may compare with her, for the flourishing feature of her incomprehensible complexion, for the comly composition of her Ladilike limmes, being the perfectest peece of woorke that euer Nature created, that euer earth nourysshed, or that euer death destroyed, for the passing great dexteritie of her ingenious Capacitie, the very Phenix of women, and ye chiefest amongst men, that euer thou Memory didst celebrate, for learning, for knowledge of Tongs, & for the diuers gifts of the mind

thee

shee only dyd inhabite betwixt the wings of flitting Fame, for a happye, long quiet lyfe in this worlde, she onely was fauoured by Fortune, or rather singularly preserued by her maker. For that shee never tasted in all her raigne, any aduersytie, shee is to bee esteemed immortall: for that in all her actions shee had her hartes desyre, shee may iustly bee esteemed a Goddesse (or rather the very beloued of God. Now I report me vnto you, is there any Goddesse, or Nimph inhabiting the Mount Helicon, which maye compare with Queene Hellina, not shee of Greece, which brought finall destruction vnto the flourishing Troy, but shee of Brittayne, who redeemed her decaying Country from forraine tyrannye, which made not onely a menes for the bodyes of her subiects, to liue in quiet peace: but she also prescribed vnto thē an order, how they might saue their soules. She planted religion amongst her subiects, which were at that time sauage, neither knowing God, nor esteeming godlynesse, she was Daughter vnto King Coell: shee was Queene of Bryttayne, Empresse of the worlde, Wyfe vnto Constantius: Mother to Constantine the Great. Yet the descriptions of time, I meane the Chronicles, haue lefte so litle reporte of her, that I founde her standyng betwixte Forgetfulnesse and Memory, almost smothered with Obliuion.

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thee

shee only dyd inhabite betwixt the wings of flitting Fame, for a happye, long quiet lyfe in this worlde, she onely was fauoured by Fortune, or rather singularly preserued by her maker. For that shee never tasted in all her raigne, any aduerstie, shee is to bee esteemed immortall: for that in all her actions shee had her hartes desyre, shee may iustly bee esteemed a Goddesse (or rather the very beloued of God. Now I report me vnto you, is there any Goddesse, or Nimph inhabiting the Mount Helicon, which maye compare with Queene Hellina, not shee of Greece, which brought finall destruction vnto the flourishing Troy, but shee of Brittayne, who redeemed her decaying Country from forraine tyrannye, which made not onely a meanes for the bodyes of her subiects, to liue in quiet peace: but she also prescribed vnto thē an order, how they might saue their soules. She planted religion amongst her subiects, which were at that time sauage, neither knowing God, nor esteeming godlynesse, she was Daughter vnto King Coell: shee was Queene of Bryttayne, Empresse of the worlde, Wyfe vnto Constantius: Mother to Constantine the Great. Yet the descriptions of time, I meane the Chronicles, haue lefte so litle reporte of her, that I founde her standyng betwixte Forgetfulnesse and Memory, almost smothered with Obliuion.

thee bee so renowmed as you haue spoken of, (sayde Memory) we shoulde doo her great wrong to deny her a place in this Pageant, Speake therefore good Madame Hellina with good leaue your minde, and as other by their falles doo set downe examples very necessary for the auoyding of vice, so let your history bee a meanes to incourage all men to imbrace vertue. Then the good Queene although somewhat abashed, yet glad to repeat her lyfe forerunne, sayde as followeth.

(:.)

The

The Lyfe of Queene *Hellina.*

How Queene Hellina was Em-
presse of all the Worlde. This Storie dooth declare how happye they bee, which liue in the feare and loue of God.

MEns due desertes ech Reader may recite,
For men of men doo make a goodly show,
But womens workes can neuer come to light,
No mortall man their famous factes may know.
No writer wyll a litle time bestowe,
The worthy workes of women to repeate,
Though their renowme and due deserts be great.

For I by byrth to Coel Daughter deare,
King Lucy was my good Grandmothers sonne,
My Father dead, I rulde his kyngdome heere,
And afterwarde, the Worlde so wide I wonne.
I Empresse was of all vnder the Sunne,
I liued long, I dyde with perfect blisse,
Yet writers will repeate no worde of this.

But now at last I haue obtayned leaue,
My spotlesse life to paynt in perfect white:
Though writers would Honour from me reaue,
Of al renowme they would depriue me quite,
Yet true report my deedes shal burnishe bright,
And rubbe the rust which did me much disgrace,
And set my name in her deserued place.

From Roman rule who Brittayne did redeme?
Who planted first Gods woorde in Brittayne land?
Who did so much virginitie esteme?
Who did the force of forrayne foes withstand?
Who al the world subdude without a band
Of Martial men? who did these noble actes?
I Hellina, haue done these famous factes.

And now haue here the storye of my state:
The Brittayne Queene inheritage me crowned,
Euen then when Romans had so great debate
Amongst them selues for Caracallas woounde,
An Emperour, who highly was renownde
As then at Rome, whose death vndoutedly,
Diminisht much the Roman Emperie.

The Romans then were stroyde with ciuile strife,
And many Realmes against them did rebell,
There trouble turnd me to a quiet life,
My common weale did prosper passing well,
When al the world agreed like Deuils in hel,
Then I and myne becalmde from hatreds blast:
In happy Hauen we harboure were at last.

Then

Then I a mayd of tender youthful yeares,
Reporte did say, of beutie fresh and fayre,
Refulde the suite of many noble Peeres,
Which dayly did vnto my court repayre.
What though there were vnto my Crowne no heyre:
Yet I who did regard my Comons good,
Refulde to linke my selfe with forrayne blood.

On forrayne Costes, on Kingdomes to incroche,
With wrath of wrackful warres I did despise,
And fearing aye the ruth of rude reproche,
With carking care I dayly did deuise,
How I with peace myght make my kingdome rise,
And how by lawe of God and man, I might
Giue Cæsar his, and vnto God his right.

No God of heauen, no Chrift my people knewe:
Wherefore to Rome for learned men I sent,
Kinge Lucies lawes decayde I did renewe,
Then preaching made my people so repent
There former faultes, that all incontinent
Were baptized, and they within a space,
The fayth of Chrift so firmly did imbrace,

That nothing seemed currant in their sight,
But that which holye writers would alowe:
And that they would imbrace with all their might,
To shed their blood, the same for to avowe.
They did not feare, at Verolane euen nowe,
Amidst the forre of fiery flashing flame.
Albon the Protomartyr proude the same.

As careful marchaunt men do much reioyce,
When from those Iles Molocchi, they haue brought
There fraughted shippes, for then they haue great choyce
Of Marchandize, which trafficke long hath sought
To finde the ware which trial true hath taught
Wyl get moste gayne, which beeing got, they giue
And cast there care, how they thereby may liue:

So I, whom both Sir Neptunes surging Seas,
And Eoles windes, euen God himselfe aboue
Did fauoure much, my labouring minde to please,
Geuing those thinges were best for my behoue,
Gods woorde I mene, which al my men did loue.
The Pearles which Christ commaunded to be bought,
Muste here be found, and no where els be sought.

Then they and I made haste, post haste, to leaue
Our sinful liues as Scripture did alowe.
We knowing God, him loude with feare and dread,
Deuotion made vs crouche, and crepe, and bowe
Our hartes, our heades, we sauage were but nowe,
Yet by and by such was the good successe,
In fiery flames the truth we did professe.

Then flittinge Fame the truth to testifie,
Against my wyl, at Rome made such reporte,
That Constantinus thence dyd hether hye,
And being come vnto my Brittayne Court,
With louers lookes hee striude to scale the Fort
Of my goodwyll: but when it woulde not bee,
He sighing, thus addrest his talk to mee:

O Queene quoth he, thy deedes deserue great fame,
The goodly giftes that God hath geuen to thee
Be such, as I can not thee greatly blame,
Though thou without desert disdayneſt me,
Who for thy sake doth lothe al cruelnie.
But for thy loue, with Mars his cruel knife,
I could commaund thy Realme, and reaue thy life.

But (out alas) whilſt breath doth lend me life,
My hart shal hate to thyall thy happy state,
What though thou doſt refuſe to be my wyfe,
Thy hatred tho, shal neuer cauſe me hate:
But whylſte I liue, I wyl thee loue, let Fate
And Fortune fell poure on me al their ſpight,
To die for thee shal greatly me delight.

Then I replide, O Duke, without desert
Thou doſte me loue a little Ilandes Queene,
I know thou to the Emperour heyre art,
Thy valiaunt actes I diuers wayes haue ſeene,
I like thy deedes, moſt noble which haue bene,
And thee I loue: yet priuate pleaſures luſte
May neuer make me throwe my Realme to duſte.

If thou (quothe he) wylte vayne my Queene to be,
Thy Brytraynes shal to Rome no tribute peilde,
Nou if you pleaſe, to Rome may go with me,
Your myghtie mate the world ſo wide may wielde,
Or if you pleaſe, I here wyth you wyl bylde
My byding place, and in this litteil lande,
I wyl remayne yours, at your commaund.

His

His comely corps, his friendly promise plight,
His famous actes, his Noble royall race,
Some other thinges which here I could recite,
The Romans hart within my brest dyd place.
And when my wit had wayed well the case,
Then for the chiefe of all my Realme I sent,
And thus I spake to know the whole intent.

My louing Lordes, and you my subiects, see
This Roman heyre, whom I indeede do loue,
He will restore your ancient lybertie,
If I wyll bende my best to his behoue:
Which benifites they chiefely do mee moue,
To loue at last, a man by whom you may,
Receaue a Shielde to keepe you from decay.

Perhaps you think I loue, because I see
His comely corps, and seemely sanguine face.
You be deceaude, no outward bravery,
No personage, no gallant courtly grace.
What though hee bee by birth of Royall race?
I recke it not, but this I do regarde,
My common weale by him may bee preserude.

For if hee wyll from tribute set you free,
And ende the worke which I haue well begonne,
That Christes Gospell preached styll may bee,
God may by hym sende vnto me a sonne,
To you a King: what wealth then haue you wonne?
What great renowme? what honour wyll insue?
Speake you your mindes, these thinges me think, be true.

O Queene quoth they, the Lorde preſerue thy grace:
Do thou the thinge that ſemes to thee the beſt,
We do alowe the matche in euery caſe:
If by that meanes we may haue quiet reſt,
With what great good ſhal this our Realme be bleſt:
Do thou therefore O noble Queene, we pray,
The thing which beſt may keepe vs from decay.

The Roman Duke he nothing would denye,
But graunted more then I could aſke or craue,
So that there was proclaymed by and by,
A famous feaſt, a banquet paſſing braue.
There to the Duke the Britayne Crowne I gaue,
With ſacred ſpouſall rytes, as man and wife
We wedded, linde in loue, for terme of life.

And whylſte we ment to rule this little Ile,
A greater good vnlooked for befel,
Death did deſtroy his Syre with hateful hande:
For which we both at Rome muſt nowe go dwel,
And ſo we did: thinges proſpered paſſyng wel,
My Feere was made the Emperour Lorde and King
Of al: and I the Queene of euery thing.

His myghtie Mace did rule the Monarchie,
My wyt did rule (ſome wryters ſay) his Mace,
And to increaſe with ioye our merye glye,
I brought him forth a babe of Royal race,
The boy he had an amiable face.
O Rome thou maiſte reioyce, for this was he,
Which did at Rome erect Diuinitie.

Whilste thus in bleſſe I did at Rome remayne,
On Britaine ſtil my mind her care did caſt,
For which I cauſde my husband to ordayne,
That euermore thoſe ancient Lawes ſhould laſt,
Which heretofore amongſt them there I paſt,
And that to Rome no Brittayne borne, for aye,
Should taxe, or toll, or tenth, or tribute pay.

Though there at Rome an Empreſſe life I led,
And had at hand what I could wiſhe or craue,
Yet ſtil me thought I was not wel beſtead,
Becauſe I was ſo farre from Brittayne braue.
Which when my louing Lorde did once perceiue,
He ſet a ſtay in al the Emperye,
To Brittayne then he did returne with me.

We raygnde of yeares thrice ſeuen with good ſucceſſe,
Then Dolor and Debilitie did driue
My louing Lord with faynting feebleneſſe,
For vitall life with braying breath to ſtriue:
He felt, howe death of life would him depriue,
He calde his Lordes, his childe, and me his wife,
And thus he ſpake, euen as he left his life:

The haughtye Pynes of loftye Libanus,
From earth, to earth, in tracte of time returne:
So I whoſe ſpreading prayſe were marueilous,
Muſt now returne my fleſhe to filthy ſlime,
On Fortunes wheele I may no longer clime.
Therefore my Lordes, although my glaſſe be runne,
Yet take remorſe on Conſtantine my ſonne.

My Monarche, Court, my Kingdomes all,
(O stately Rome) farewell to them, and thee,
Farewell my Lordes, which see my finall fall,
Farewell my Childe, my Wyfe, more deare to mee
Then all the world, we must depart I see:
And must we needes depart? O Fortune fye,
We must depart, adue, farewell, I dye.

Wherewith he sighte and senselesse dyd remayne,
Then I his death as women doo, dyd wayle:
But when I viewd, that weeping was but vayne,
I was content to beare that bitter bale,
As one who founde no meanes for her auayle.
His corps at Yorke in Princely Tombe I layde.
When Funerall sacred solemne rights were payde,

And when report his death about had blowne,
Maxentius then the triple Crowne to weare,
Dyd challenge all the Empire as his owne,
And for a time that mighty Pace dyd beare:
Which when my Sonne, my Constantine dyd heare,
The youthfull Lad, indeuourd by and by,
To Claime his right by Mars his cruelty.

I then his tender youthfull yeares to guyde,
Went with my sonne to see his good successe,
He being Campt by fruitfull Tybers syde,
To spoyle his foe he dyd hymselfe avoyde,
Hee knew that God dyd geue all happinesse.
Therefore to God, euen then the Youth dyd pray,
With mighty hande to kee pe hym from decay.

Behold how God doth godly men defend,
And marke how he doth beate Vsurpers downe.
Maxentius nowe he al his force doche bende,
For to defend his Diade me and Crowne.
But frowarde Fate vpon the Prince did frowne:
For why his men were scattered euery where,
In Tyber he did drowne him selfe for feare.

To Rome then we and all our host did hie,
The Romans they with ioy did vs receiue,
To Constantine they gaue the Emperie,
But he of them most earnestly did craue,
That I the rule of al the worlde myght haue,
It is (quoth he) my mothers right to raigne.
Til dreadful death hath shred her twyst in twayne.

I graunt my sonne, the Monarchie is myne,
For at his death thy father gaue it me
For terme of life: but let it nowe be thine,
I aged must goe pay the earth her fee,
I am content to liue with lesse degree.
O louing sonne geue eare vnto my best,
I wyl not rule, that charge for thee is best.

And when he myght not rule his mothers minde,
Agaynst his wyll he wylling did assent.
That al should be as I had then assignde,
To rule the worlde, he greued was content.
And whilste that there my happie dayes I spent,
Reioycing much to see my sonnes successe,
I dyde, and had a heauenly happinesse.

Thrice

Thrice happye I who ranne this Royal race,
And in the ende my wished Goale did get:
For by my meanes al people did imbrace
The faith of Christ, the orders I did set
They were obayd, with ioy which made me iet.
Euen in this blesse a better blesse befel,
I dyde, and nowe my soule in heauen doth dwel.

So now you see the happye hap I had,
Learne then thereby to do as I haue done,
To prayse gods name let euery Prince be glad,
To persecute the truth let al men shunne,
By vertuous wayes great honor maye be wonne.
But he who doth to vices vile incline,
May be compared vnto a filthie swine.

Who doth not loue the playne nor pleasant way,
He can not feare to sleepe amidst the greene,
But in the mire he doth delyght to lay:
So Princes such as vile and vicious beene,
Do tumble aye amidst a sinke of sinne,
Whose names on earth, whose soules in hel remayne
In infampe, the other pincht with payne.

Let them that seeke for euerlasting fame,
Tread in the steppes that I before haue trod,
And he who would auoyd reprochful shame,
And flee the smart of Plutoes ruthful rod,
Let him not cease to learne the law of God,
Which onely lawe mans stumbling steppes doth guyde:
Who walkes therein, his feete can neuer slyde.

Behoulde (quoth Memorye) the effect of vertue and godlyneſſe. If the contentatiō of the mind be perfecte happineſſe, as ſome Philoſophers haue defynde it, then no doubt this Queene was moſt happy, and happy is hee who can imitate her in her happyneſſe. But not long time after her, there lyued a king named Vortiger, who for his vice was as diuerſlye afflicted, as this Woman for her vertue was bleſſed. I doo remember the wickednelſe of this man was exceeding great. Haue you founde hym out Inquſition? is not this he (good Memory) quoth Inquſition? I founde hym both ſitting, and ſighing, amongſt the miſerable, and it would appeare that hee is aſhamed to make rehearſall of thinges paſt. It is euen he (quoth Memorie) you may know him by his fyry lookes, for though it be long ſince hee liued, yet he beareth about with hym the badge of his deſtruction. Note you his ſtory with diligēce

(good

(good Inquiſition,) for this is hee who ſub-
uerted the common weale of Brirtayne. And
you Sir Prince, I doo coniure you, by the
duty you owe vnto mee, who doo know all
thinges: that you doo heere repeate
vnto vs the whole Story of your
eſtate. Wherewith, he with
ſmoking ſighes, greatly
againſt his wyl, ſaide
as followeth.

(.*.)

The Complaynt of Vortiger.

¶ *How Vortiger destroyed the young* kyng Constantine, and howe he obteyned the Crowne: howe the abusyng of his prosperitie brought hys Realme so lowe, that he was constrayned to hyre souldyers to defend hym selfe from hys enimyes, and howe after many miseries, he was miserably burnt in his Castle, by the brethren of Constantine.

By quiet peace of Ianus ioylitie,
Their happy hauens with forewinds forst some haue,
By wrackful warres of Mars his crueltie,
With much adoo some get the Goale they craue,
By subtyl sleightes and fetches boulstred braue,
My haplesse hand dyd hyt with leueled lyne,
The aymed marke, the more mishap was myne.

By gyftes of grace some men haue happy hap,
By blessed byrth to Kyngdomes borne some be:
Succession sets some men in Fortunes lap,
By wisedome, wyt, and prudent policie,
Some clyme aloft by trustlesse treacherie:
And courage dooth a multitude aduaunce,
Driftes finely filde they dyd my state inhaunce.

A Vortiger

I Vortiger by byrth was borne a Lorde,
Kyng Constantine his Coosin did me call,
I cride amayne, and clapt his crowne a borde,
And for a tyme til Fortune forst my fall,
With restlesse blesse I sate in stately stall:
But men of warre of much more might then I,
For my desert my carefull corpes did fry.

As furious force of fiery flashing flame,
With Cinders brought my body to decay,
So smulderyng smokes of euerlasting shame
Reude my renowne, and wipte my fame away.
What may I more of my misfortune say?
I sigh to see, I silent ceasse to tell
What me destroide, and drownd my soule in hel.

Here to repeate the partes that I haue playd,
Were to vncippe a trusse of trumpery,
For me to shew how I aloft was stayde,
Were to erect a schoole of Trechery:
Silence is best, let no man learne by me
Nor by my meanes, how they by wicked waies,
From low estate, aloft them selues may rayse.

As good men can by wicked workes beware,
So wicked men by wicked workes be wise,
If ill men reade my deedes which wicked were,
They by my meanes will compasse their surmise:
For wicked workers dayly do deuise,
To make examples vile and vicious,
To stand in stead, to serue their lawlesse lust.

The Serpent thence his venym vile dooth drawe,
From whence the Bee her honny sweete dooth get,
Leawd liuers learne to breake the written lawe,
By that, whereby good men doo learne much wit.
For wicked men eche fetche is thought most fyt,
To serue their turne: therefore I compt it best,
To leaue my faultes and follyes vnconfest.

Geue leaue therefore good Memory, I may
Not here repeate my tedious Tragedy,
Iuquiry, let me nowe departe away.
My common weale subuerted was by me,
I leawdly liude, and dyde in misery,
And for my faultes I felt disdayneful smarte,
Let this suffice, and let me nowe departe.

With that he seemde as on that would away,
But Memory (stay stay thy steppes quoth she)
Let wicked men procure their owne decay,
We recke it not, if warned once they be.
Let that suffice, and let thy misery
Make iust report, how vayne, and vile a thing
It is, to liue as a vsurping King.

Sith needes I must repented faultes forerunne
Repeat, and tel the tal and foyle I felt,
Patience perforce, to breake thame bids me shunne,
To thinke thereof dooth make my harte to melte.
But sith I needes must shewe howe here I delt,
I am contente to tell the truth of al,
Let wise men learne to stande, which reade my tal.

For

For first I caused the young king Constantine,
Of faythlesse Scots and Pictes to make his garde,
They by my meanes did kil their kyng in fine,
For which, with speede I sent them al to warde,
And hangde them al, their cause was neuer harde,
So I who fyrst did cause them kil their king,
To stop their mouthes, them al to death did bring.

Where Rancor rules, where hatreds heate is hot,
The burrelesse men with trouble be turmoyled:
Where Malice may send forth her Cannon shot,
There might is right, there reasons rules are foyled.
For ruthful Rancor euermore hath boyled
With griping griefe: her smuldring smokes of spite,
Would gladly choke al iustice, lawe, and right.

So might, not right, did thrust me to the Throne,
I fyrteene yeeres did weare the royal Crowne,
In al which time with griefe I aye did grone,
As on who felt the fal from high renowne.
My Noble men deuilde to thrust me downe
In al this time, and many did protest,
I layde the king in his vntimely Chest.

At last, my foes my friendes were made, and I
Had quiet peace, and liude a happy king:
Yea, God who rules the haughtie heauen a hygh,
Inricht my realme with foysen of eche thing,
Aboundant store did make my people lyng.
As they of yore were prest with penury:
So nowe they hate their great fertilitie.

My people had of Corne and Oyle such store,
That Countrey men of tyllage left the coyle,
The riche man fed no better then the poore,
For all did reape the fatnesse of the soyle,
No man for meate nor mony then did toyle,
But al reioyce with ioyfull Iubily,
And al were fourst with sinful Gluttony.

As cloudes dissolude fayre Phebus dooth deface,
So plague my plenty dimd with darke disease:
For whilste my realme in ryot ran her race,
They playde, not prayed, and did their God displease.
For which they drowned in sorrowes surging seas,
Lyke rotten sheepe by thousands dide so thicke,
The deade coulde not be buried by the quicke.

When thus the plague my people did oppresse,
That fewe were left alyue within my lande,
The Scots and Pictes, with speede they them addrest,
Knowing their time, they raysde a mightie bande,
They knewe right soone, howe here my state did standc.
And to reuenge the wrong that earst I wrought,
They ment to bring both me and myne to nought.

See howe abuse breedes blake and bitter bale,
Misuse dooth make of plenty, lothsome lacke,
Amidst his blesse with wo it makes man wale,
Onely abuse dooth worke mans wretched wracke:
Amidst my ioyes, from ioye it beate me backe.
For I and myne misusde our present blesse,
Which brought both me and mine to wretchednesse.

We

We first misuide our present pleasaunt plentie,
For which we whipt in thrall with scourges three,
Had Pestilence, which made my kingdome emptie,
It did destroy my men of eche degree,
Then faynting Famine playde her Tragedy,
Bellona then that beastly bloody Queene,
Did blowe her Trumpe to dashe my courage cleene.

When sickenesse had cousumde my subiectes quite,
The Pictes with pride did hast to spoyle my lande,
I had no men, nor meanes with them to fight,
For which I sent and did obtayne a bande
Of Saxons, such as did the Scots withstande.
Whose helpe that I when neede requirde might haue,
I gaue them Kent, a countrey passing braue.

These Saxons were a crewe of warrelike wightes,
They liude by spoyle, and had no byding place,
They were of truth a troupe of Martial knyghtes,
Which serude for pay where Mars extolde his Mace.
Saxons in deede they were of royal race,
They Angli hight, a stocke of woorthy fame,
Of them this realme of Englande tooke her name.

These Angli brought the Britaynes to the bay.
We Welchemen cald, to Wales they did vs driue,
They brought syxe sortes of Saxons to decay,
And got the Goale for which they long did striue.
Of other stockes they left not one alyue,
They al this realme did plant with Angli then,
And termde themselues of Angli, Englishmen.

But howe they brought this enterprise about,
Marke well the sequel which I shal recite:
Hengestus he the Chieftayne of the route,
A suttle Sir, an vnderminning wight,
To feede my vaynes he tooke a great delight.
His craftie heade did deeme it the best way,
With pleasant baytes to make my Crowne his pray.

He me his king inuited to a feast,
A feast in fayth, which forst my final fall:
Where Cupides curse constraynde me like a beast,
From Pallas prince to geue the golden Ball.
For Venus vantes to Helline threwe me thrall,
Whose heauenly hewe, whose beautie freshe and fayre,
Was burnishte bright like Phœbus in the ayre.

I being set at Bacchus banqueting,
His daughter deckt with Natures Tapistrie,
And trimly trickte with euery other thing,
Which might delight a louers fantasie:
Why shoulde mans mynde to loue thus subiect be?
I had a wyfe, a passing princely peece,
Which farre did passe that gallant Gyrle of Greece.

Yet from my wyfe (the woorthiest wench aliue,)
My fancies fell, I lothde her louely bed:
Howe I Hengestus daughter might achieue
Was al my care, I did this Damsel wed,
My wife dinorste, I had her in the steede.
Her louely lookes, her pretie pleasant cheare,
Made me esteeme her onely loue most deare.

I wore

I wore the crowne, her wyl vyd rule the reſt,
And her demaunde I neuer did denye:
What ſhe alowd I did eſteeme that beſt.
Which when her Father Hengeſt did eſpye,
He had the pray for which he long did pyne.
He made his hap whilſt weather fayer was,
And by her meanes he brought it thus to paſſe.

That Bryttayues we with toyle ſhoulde till the ground,
They Saxons woulde defende our wealth with warre,
Which grounded once, they did inhabite rounde
About my realme, and might both make and marre.
New Saxons in my realme arryued were,
By meanes whereof my Brittaynes did ſuſpect
The Saxons ſlayghtes, and did their deedes detect.

Then they good men to me their king complaind,
Theſe men quoth they, from vs our realme wil winne,
Except they from our frontiers be reſtraind.
Which when they told, my wife ſhe was within,
O Huſband deare, they be (ſaide ſhe) my kin,
Ceaſſe of thy force thy faithfull dreads to feare,
They meane no hurt, by Ioue the truſt I beare.

So I eſteemed not my ſubiectes health,
That I might ſtill my ladies loue enioye,
They bewde me careleſſe of my common wealth,
So ſaue themſelues they meint me to annoy.
My ne eldeſt ſonne a proper pretty boy,
They made their kyng, and me for my deſert,
They did deprriue with paine which pincht my heart.

Then

Then Vortiger my sonne and kyng pursude
The Saxons sore, and dyd amaze then much,
For which my wyfe his mother lawe indude
With diuelish spite, agaynst the youth did grutche,
She him destroyde, her good successe was such.
When he seuen yeares had raygnde with great renowne,
With poyson she depriude him of his crowne.

I to obtaine the seate from whence I fel,
With sacred oth I solemnly did sweare,
To ende the woorke, which was begonne so wel,
And to subdue the Saxons euery where.
The Britaines to my kingly crowne did reare
Me quickely then, I at the first, by might
Defaste my foes in euery fray and fyght.

Then lothsome Lucke did turne her whurling wheele,
With treason trust intrapte did me betray,
Hateful Mishappe she had me by the heele,
And clapte me close in dungeon of Decay,
To Hengest nowe I must a raunsome pay.
And if I loude my life and libertie,
I needes must graunt al he dooth aske of me.

For chaunged chaunce of Mars his warres, hath made
Me of a king a Captaynes prisoner,
To whom there must nowe foure Sheares be payde,
Northfolke, Southfolke Southsexe, & Kent they were,
Me to release from out my caue of care.
Which being donne, I led my life in doute,
And fledde for feare to Wales with al my route.

Where

Where as I founde a place that pleaſde me much,
The ſituation ſeemde ſo paſſing ſtrong,
The woylde me thought might not annoy it much,
A Caſtel there I builte: it were to long
Here to repeate, ſilence ſhall do no wrong
To Marlayne, he who wonders there hath wrought,
If auncient write to vs the truth hath taught.

When I had buylt my princely bower there,
In bloody feeldes I meant no more to ſtriue:
But true reporte did daſhe my preſent cheere,
In Totneſſe hauen two brethren did ariue,
Which quickly would from that my ſporte me driue.
The brethren both of Conſtantine the Kyng,
Peccaui they did meane to make me ſing.

From worſe to worſe ſeldome is better ſeene,
Our preſent ioyes hereafter thralles do threate,
And he who now doth flouriſh freſhe and greene,
Muſt fade and fal as Hyems froſtes doo frette
Dame Floraes feeldes, or as the rayne with wet
In dropping dayes the pleaſaunt playnes doth drowne:
So ruthfull men reaues vs from renowne.

Men may therfore like Mirmaydes euer mourne,
The ſhining Sunne who do ſo much delight,
That ape they waile like Furies quite forlorne.
When Sol doth ſhine, when Tirans beames be bright,
They feare the ſtormes that may hereafter light,
They weepe becauſe they muſt the Sunne forgoe,
When ſtormes do fal, they waple their preſent woe.

So mortal man with malice al bested,
When good succesſe dooth ſounde a bleſſed blaſte,
With brinishe teares then may they eate their bread.
For happy dayes from man dooth flee as faſt
As poulders force from peece dooth pellet caſt,
And troubles tedious time with paceleſſe ſtaye,
Once wonne (alas) will neuer walke away.

Howe I in maze of trouble here did toyle,
Judge you which ſee me trauiſe in the ſame,
And howe I was inforſt to final foyle,
Not nowe, for nowe although it dooth me ſhame,
I wyll declare, howe I was fryde with flame.
For Ambroſe he and Vter Pendragon,
My Caſtle brent, me and my men eche one.

Then Ambroſe with his brothers Crowne was crowned,
Which I from hym had reaſte agaynſt al right.
So nowe you ſee vppon what ſlipperie grounde
They ſtand, which doo extol them ſelues by might,
Their wandring feete doo walke as in the night,
Their ſtumbling ſteppes their gyltie mindes doo feare,
They dayly ſee the blocke of bale appeare.

With ſcalding ſighes they doo them ſelues conſume,
For feare to fal dooth yeelde none other fruite,
They rage with wrath, they dayly frette and fume,
Ruthful reuenge them alwayes hath in ſuite,
And right in time makes might both mum and mute:
For that which might by ſecret meanes hath wrought,
By tracte of tyme to open ſhewe is brought.

Vſurpers

Vsurpers then doo reape their right rewarde,
The foyle once felt, they feele howe vile and bayne
It is, to be too high degrees preferde
By lawlesse meanes: they finde what pinching payne,
Amidst the mindes of such men doo remayne,
They alwayes throngde with cruel thretting thrall,
Doo feede vppon none other foode but Gall.

A proofe whereof a plat a patterne playne,
The ruthful race I Vortiger haue runne,
Discyphers so, that man may see howe bayne
A thing it is his former Fate to shunne,
Honour obteynde (alas) what haue we wonne?
A hidious heape of cruel carking care,
Which to consume mans life dooth neuer spare.

What Constantine was this (quoth Inquisition) that was made away by this miserable Vortiger? Not Hellines sonne sayd (Memorie) but an impe descended out of her loines, who for his soft spirit was made a Monke at S. Swithens in Winchester, and afterward his eldest brother being dead, he was taken out, & made king. He made mention of two brethren (sayd Inquisition) who arriuing at Totnesse, did binde the said Vortiger for making away the younge king. What were they? knowe you? Yea quoth (Memory) they were ỹ brethrē of the vnfortunate Constantine, who fled out of the realme for feare of that cruel Vortiger: and afterwarde obteyning succour beyonde the Sea, came with a Nauie and obteyned the reuenge of their so deadly enemie. And when the eldest, called Aurelius Ambrose, had raygned nienteene yeares, he dyed as some wryte, by poyson, without issue: Then the youngest, named Uter Pendragon, tooke vnto him the rule of this realme. Uter Pendragon? (quoth Inquisition) doo you meane the great king Arthurs father?

tathe r. he is here, and hath sued vnto me to be a meanes that his fall might be knowne vnto the worlde. Let him saythe Memory, speake his minde, for his story is exceedyng necessary for this present time. Wherewith, he bearing still about with hym his amorous lookes, said as followeth.

The Complaint of Vter Pendragon.

¶ *Howe Vter Pendragon was in-*amoured with Duke Garelus wife, and howe by laweleſſe loue he loſt his kingdome. This example is moſt neceſſary for the preſent time.

WE leade our liues by fancies fonde delight,
For kingdoomes ſome doo buſy much theyr brayne,
But Cupids curſe that wretched litle wight,
That blinded bope vnto my ppnching payne,
Dubde me a Knighte of dayntp Venus trayne,
Where beames of Beautie brought me by and by,
To caſt my care to pleaſe my Ladyes eye.

O Beautie braue, thy gladſome glittering Gleames,
With ſmilyng cheare and wildie winking eyes,
Dooth drowne with dole amidſt the ſurging ſtreames
Of deepe deſpayre, the wightes which be moſt wyſe.
Aye me, my wit, my penne cannot deuiſe
Of Beautie braue to make a true diſcourſe,
To thinke thereof I feele my ſelfe the wooꝛſe.

I Pendragon

I Pendragon of Britaine crowned king,
The fretting force of Beauties hateful hewe,
Those frying flames I felt, that hateful sting,
Which quickly me from crowne and kingdome thewe.
Whilst with delight I did thy vaunting vewe,
I like the Halke which sores in good estate,
Did spye a Stale, I stoopte, and tooke a Mate.

For at what tyme the Saxons dyd assayle
My Britane state, and tooke eche man a share,
My Kindome they euen for their best auayle,
Dyd then deuide: for which wyth carking care
Them thence to dryue, I did my powre prepare.
And being come to Cornewal with my bande,
I ment to haue Duke Garelus helping hande.

I knewe right wel the valure of his mynde,
Me to my crowne his courage did aduaunce,
Him for my good most forwarde I did fynde,
He neuer fearde the force of chaunging chaunce.
Here I intrapte, did stande as in a traunce,
Amazde I gazde, as one bewichte, my hart
Was wounded deep with Cupids cruel Dart.

In sacred Church I set to sacrifyce,
Those holy vowes, which victories require:
Euen whilst I did with al my harte deuise,
Howe to subdue my foes with swoorde and speare,
Euen then there did this peerlesse Pearle appeare,
Duke Garelus wife, whose gallant gate and grace,
Stealing myne harte, my honour did deface.

When

When Vortiger my brother did oppreſſe,
In exile then my youthful yeares were ſpent,
At my retourne his fault he did confeſſe,
And from his crowne the crowne in haſte I ſent.
Then my delight was in the diery dent
Of wrackful warre, but nowe transformde I ſtande,
The auncient Oke muſt growe nowe lyke a wande.

I marueilde muche how Cireus ſonges might pleaſe,
But now I muſe that Circes ſorcery,
Doth not from euery man bereaue his eaſe.
Calipſoes cuppes with poyſoned Trechery,
Can not ſo much abridge mans liberty,
As Circus ſonges, and Circes ſuttle art,
Whoſe chaunting charmes inwrapt with wo my hart.

Vliſſes ſayling by the perilous place,
Where theſe to pleaſe the paſſours by, did play,
Where Lady Loue doth vaunte with gariſhe grace,
Her dapnty Damſels gallant Gyrles, and gaye,
Intyſyng trulies, they cauſde the Greeke to ſay,
With Cables come and tye me to this Maſt,
Leſt I my ſelfe to Pleaſures Court me caſt.

Paſe not therefore thoughe feature fine of face,
Thoughe comely coppe, and trim intyſing cheere,
Made me obay Sir Cupids mightie Mice:
The force whereof Vliſſes wiſe did feare.
He ſailde aloffe, he from theſe bankes did beare
His ſhaking ſhippe, but other many moe
Did there ariue, and wreak the web of woe.

There

There Salomon did reape the croppe of care,
There Dauid loude as I, Vrias wife,
There Samson strong was snarled in the snare,
There Paris liude, euen there he lost his life,
There Helens hate, brought Troy her final strife,
Alcides he the myghtie Herculus
There to ariue, did finde it dangerous.

And I did learne with losse of lyfe at laste,
That he who doth delyght in lawelesse loue,
Must play the foole eare al the partes be past,
And taste the sauce preparde for his behoue.
Let men take heed how they there fancies moue,
Let man beware where he doth cast his eie,
The lymed byrde doth proue in vayne to flye.

O ancient Rome, thou didst ordayne of yore,
That women should no banqueting frequent,
At Rome she was esteemde a harlot whoore,
If from her house without her veyle she went,
Which lawes no doubt were made to good intent,
For why the beames of Beauties sanguynde sight,
Like Basilisco spoyles the gazing wyght.

Therefore the maydes and Roman Matrons all,
A shadowing veyle before there face did weare,
Their heauenly hewe did throwe no man to thrall,
They were content with playne and decent geare,
They hufte it not wyth paynted frisled heare.
The marryed wyfe, the matron, and the mayd,
They of there veyles were glad and wel apayde.

If women thus had walked in my time.
I had not stoopte vnto that paynted lure,
Which did inetre me to committe the crime,
Which to the yearch of leudneſſe tide me ſure,
For her diſport my Ladye coulde procure
The wretched minges of this my muting minde,
Reſtleſſe to ſeeke her emptie fiſte to finde.

I thus ariude in Pleaſures curſed Courte,
I lothed Mars, I hated Mercury,
It was me thought a paſſing pleaſant ſporte,
Leauinge the feeldes at Bacchus bruery.
Sometime to ſit vpon my Miſtreſſe knee,
Where that I might be at my pleaſure plaſte,
I ſent the nobls Duke to warres in haſt.

You which haue playd with pleaſures banding baſes,
You knowe the life which lingring louers lead,
You know how ſweete it is to ſcale the walles
Of her good wyl, who liude in feare and dreade,
You know right wel how wel thoſe wightes haue ſped,
Who haue at laſt by dryftes of long delay,
Their hoped meede, and wiſhed pleaſant praye.

Which pray when I by tract of time obtaynde.
And had my wyl when beſt it did me pleaſe,
As I three monthes amidſt my bleſſe remaynde,
The Dukes returne, returnd me from my eaſe,
No promiſe myght his raging wrath appeaſe.
But when he knewe the dryfte of my delayes,
To cauſe my death he ſought an hundred wayes.

Then

Then I the wrath of rash reuenge to flye,
Thinking that time myght mitigate his moode:
To Troynouant in hast I did me hye.
Which when the wrathful Duke once vnderstoode,
He raysde my Realme, and by his myght and powre
I lost my lyfe, my Crowne, and Princely bowre.

Learne they which liue in high or lowe degree,
To flee the foyle which I by Folly felt:
Let them refrayne those lofty Dames to see,
They know howe lofty lookes with me haue delt,
You se how sight did make my honor melte.
Let al men know, mans hart did neuer rue
The thing which he with sight did neuer vewe.

But how may men the sight of Beautie shunne
In England, at this present dismal daye?
All voyde of veyles (like Layes) where Ladyes runne
And rome about at euerye feast and playe,
They wanderyng walke in euery streete and way:
With lofty luering lookes they bounsing braue.
The highest place in al mens sight must haue.

With pride they pranke to please the wandring eye,
With garishe grace they smyle, they Jet they Jest:
O English Dames, your lightnesse veryly,
The Curtizantes of Rome do much deteste.
In Closets close to liue they count it best.
They geue not grace to euery wandring wight,
Your smiling chere doth euery man delight.

The Poets goddes Saturne, and Iupiter,
To Beauties becke, their highneſſe did obay,
Pluto of hel did pleay at Beauties barre,
And Phillis cauſde Demophoon to ſtay:
Paſiphae a Bull brought to the baye.
So Goddes and Diuilles, both men and beaſtes, they all
By womens wyles are ſlaues to Beauties thrall.

What gayne is got by lyght and wanton wayes?
You reape reproche a guerdon got thereby:
Men by your meanes do cauſe their owne decay,
And you your ſelues al ſouſte in ſinne muſte die.
Refrayne therefore to pleaſe mans gazing eie,
Let men like wiſe the bayted hookes refrayne
Of luring lookes, their vaunting vowes be vayne.

Verye well sayde quoth Memory, I would I had habilitie to redeeme this princes soule out of Lymbo lake, I wyl insuer you the shorte Tragedie of this mans life hath made a long discourse of the present estate of Englād, in which ther be more by three parts which serue like Carpite knightes, Venus, & her darlinges, then god and their Prince: who I feare are so fast seazed vpon Beauties fiste, that this example wyl be little available vnto them. But let it be as it wil, warned folkes may liue, and happie are they whome other mens harmes do make to be ware. But good Inquisition, whome haue you there? what, haue you brought vs insteede of a Prince, a Prieste? It woulde appeare by his shauen Crown that he hath bin a Monke, or a Frier. What, shal we alowe tippet wearers to pleade amongst Princes? me thinke by the deformitie of his apparel, he shoulde not be of the Religion, nor of the reformed Church, yea I wyl insuer you, his prettise lookes maketh me to suspect that he is one of them which do cry

out, O these indifferent thinges do not edifye. Speake therfore Inquisition, if he be one of that precise order, he get no place here. O Memorie (quoth Inquisition) they of the reformed Church be the most zelous Pastoures of the world, moste of thē both godly, good liuers, and wise: and in my fancye in many poyntes greatly deseruing the name of reformed. But this man was both a Prince and a Prelate, whome I refused oftentimes to heare, because he looked so deuoutly, yet he beeing importunate, did ouercome me with his prayers: and when I gaue eare vnto him, I reioyced. And not without a cause good Memorye, for it is euen he whom you sent me to seeke. Let me see (quoth Memorie, is it Cadwallader? In good time: it is euen he in deede. O se what the alteration of apparel doth: in good fayth I had almost forgotten the man; he was the last king of the Brittaynes, and when thinges would not fal out after his desire, he went to Rome, and there he became a Frier. But we wyl not accuse him of anye thing, let him do the thing that he commeth for, you may perswade your selfe that seing he is of the Church, his conscience wyl constrayne him in euery thing to tel the truth. Then he stepped forthe, booted, and spurde, al in blacke, with a long priestes

Gowne,

Gowne, a square cappe, a Scala Cæli in his
hande, and a longe payre of Beades by
his side: then he sighing,
proceeded vnto his pur-
pose, and said as fol-
loweth

(:)

The Complaynt of Cadwallader.

How Cadwallader the last King of the Brittaynes, after he had behaued him selfe very valiantly against the Saxons, resigned his Crowne, and went to Rome, where he liued in a religious house. This storye contayneth in it the estate of al estates.

You mourning Muses al, where euer you remayne,
Assist my sobbing soule this dyerye tale to tell:
You furious Furies fearce of Lymbo Lake belowe,
Helpe to vnlade my brest of al the bale it beares:
And you who felte the falle from honors high renowne:
Frō graues you grizie ghosts sēd forth, to help me mourn.
O Pallas, geue thou place, that mourning Clio may
On Lute lamenting, sound and sing my dolefull dumpes.
Let riming metered lines and and pleasant Musike cease:
Let Satyres sollome sound sende forth the fall I felt:
And when the truth of al my Tragedie is knowne,
Let them that liue then learne, al things must haue an end.
The Persian Monarch and Medes it downe did fal,
That of Assiria, in tracte of time did end;
Yea Alexanders force in fight subdude them both,
And brought the worlde so wide in to one Monarchie.
What though the fretting force of Fate did him dismay?
He felt at laste the foyle, his vaunting was in vayne,
He dead, the worlde it was deuided as before.
The Roman Emperie came tumbling downe at last.

And

And where is Troy, and Greece, and mighte Macedon?
They flourishte for a tyme like this my little Ile:
The Soldian brought them downe, and did theyr states destroy:
Euen so the Saxons brought the Britayns to the bay,
Euen these mine eyes did see, that hateful, hidious sight,
These feeble handes when long they labourde had in vaine,
Dyd yeeld their interest: then thus I did complayne:
Who can refrayne the force of mighty mounting Seas?
When bellowes make a breache and beate the banckes adown,
Doth not the saltish surge then beate the baukes adown?
Then man may not withstand the the rigor of their rage.
But wisedome would haue kept the waues within their bounds
Counsayle doth come to late, when hope of helpe is past.
Such was my filthye fate, my lewde and lothsome lucke:
I sought a salue to cure and helpe the helpelesse wound.
For long before my tyme, seuen Kings were setled here,
The Saxons such as dwelt by East, Sibertus rulde,
The Angles in the East, Redwallus rulde as king,
Then Ethelbert was king of all the coast of Kent,
In Southsex Ethelwolfus wore the regall crowne:
Then Quincillinus was a Saxon king by west,
Of Martia in the midst king Penda was the Prince,
And Edwin in Northumberland did rule and raygne,
How dyd my Grandsire grand renowmed Arthur he
These seuen destroyd wyth deadly field of wackfull warre:
But Mordred made the meane, that brought them in agayne:
Vortiporus wyth warre almost confounde them all.
Then Malgo he with peace restorde agayne their state,
Cariticus the tyme of Ciuil stryfe did leue,
For which Gurmundus did the Britaynes much annoy.
Then Cadwin out of Wales kyng Etheldred did spoyle,
Cadwalline then did force king Penda to a foyle,
And I Cadwallader at last did prelle in place,
Then Lothar king of Kent in warre that wretch I slue.

And Ethiwolde the king of Southsaxons I spoylde,
The other fiue did me inuade with cruel fight,
With whom in diuers warres, I diuersly did speed.
Somtime Bellona blewe a blessed blaste for me,
And changed chaunce somtime did force my men to flee.
Whil I thus I wagde my warres in secrete silent night,
The very voyce of God, it thus to me did speake:
Thou striuste against the streame, the tide doth beate thee backe,
Strike thou thy Sailes, take Ancor hold, els must thou feele a wracke.
Which saying did in deede amaze me more by muche,
Then al the force that man against my wil might bende:
For who the wyll of God with weapons may resist:
And when as sinne hath solde a countrye to decay,
Then prayer must preuayle, for weapons will not helpe,
And when the end is come, when all the glasse is runne,
Who can resist the force of Fate and destinies:
Who things forerunne to fal from falling can refraine:
It passeth mortall might to bring such thinges about.
Let man content himselfe to do what best he may,
By trying too too much, no man his God may tempte,
But mortall man must thinke that God the best doth knowe,
Who can depresse to dust, and rayse when best him please.
And as I thus amidst my musinges did remayne,
I did resigne my crowne, and deemde al honoures vayne.
And though it greeude me muche to feele the fall I felte,
Yet was I well content, I could not as I would:
For which I left my lande, my people, and my place.
The Saxons they obtaynde the wage for which they warrde.
When I three yeares had raygnd, without one day of rest,
Euen then in mourning robes at Rome I did arriue,
And there contemning all the worlde, and worldly thinges,
I made my selfe a Monke, (ceasse Memory to muse)
A Monke I made my selfe, thou knowst it passing playne:
Amongste the Friers there, I led my lyngring life.

And

And tyll my dying day I daily did deuise,
How by my meanes it might to all the worlde be knowne,
That mortall flesh is fraple, and euery thing must fade:
And euen amongst those thinges which Nature doth create,
Nothing so vil as man amongst the rest is founde,
Which made Heraclitus with ceaslesse sighes to waple,
He to hys dying day did nothing els but weepe,
Affirming all the worlde vnder the heauen, to be
A path of penitence, a maze of misery.
What is the life of man but care and daily toyle,
Bearyng alwayes about a burthen of mishappes:
All his delightes repentaunce doth daply bothe pursue:
Nothing but death doth bryng hym peace and quiet rest.
Yet that which bringes hym blesse, he most of all doth hate,
Which made Democritus with myrth to spende his dayes.
He laughing aye, did mocke the madnesse of mankynde,
Whose loue is long to line, and feareth much to dye:
Death reaues vs from disease, Death endes the feare of death.
When Midas did demaunde Silenus, what was best
For mortall man to wishe, the Satyre thus did say,
Not to be borne, if borne, not long our liues to leade,
For life I most do loathe, and death I least doo dread.
And how did Timon leade with sauage beastes his lyfe:
How did that Hermite poore, his loathsome life detest:
Affirming with the wise Aurelius Emperour,
That if a man shoulde make a true discourse of all
The wretched woes he felt, from birth to dying day,
The feeble flesh would fayne to feele so sharpe a sighe,
The hart would quake to heare Dame Fortunes sharpe assaults.
And I Cadwallader a king, can make report,
That nothing may content the mind of mortall man:
The more my selfe did eate, the hungryer ay I was,
The more I dranke, the more thirst did vre stil distresse.
The more I slept, the more I sluggishe did remayne,

The more I rested me, the more I wearyed was,
The more of wealth I had, the more I dyd desire,
The more I still did seeke, the lesse I aye did finde.
And to conclude, I founde I neuer coulde obtayne
The thing, but in the ende it cauſde me to complayne,
My preſent good ſucceſſe, did threaten thrall to come,
And changing chaunce did ſtill with feare me conſume,
For which my royall robes, my crowne I layd aſide,
Meaning to proue by proofe the paynes of pouertye,
Which pouertie I felt all ryches to exceede,
It beareth much more bleſſe, then high and courtly ſtate,
Codrus and Irus poore for wealth did farre ſurpaſſe
Midas and Cræſus king, for wealth who did ſurpaſſe.
And I amongſt my mates the Romiſhe Fryers, felt
More ioye and leſſe anoye, then erſt in Britaine braue,
For there I doubted ſtill the Saxons ſubtile ſleyghtes,
I feared there the fall from royall regall ſeat:
But here at Rome I finde not fearing force of foe,
I had for myne eſtate, what I coulde wiſh or craue,
And this I there did finde: they of the Cleargye be,
Of all the men that liue the leſte in miſery.
For all men liue in care, they careleſſe do remayne.
Like buzzing Drones they eate the hony of the Bee,
They onely doo excel for fine felicitie.
The king muſt wage his warres, he hath no quiet day,
The noble man muſt rule with care the common weale:
The Countreyman muſt toyle to tyll the barren ſoyle,
With care the Marchant man the ſurging ſeas muſt ſayle,
With trickling droppes of ſweat the handcraftes man doth thriue,
With hand as harde as bourde the workeman eates his breade.
The ſouldiour in the fielde with paine doth get his pay,
The ſeruing man muſt ſerue and crouch with cap and knee,
The Lawier he muſt pleade and trudge from bench to barre,
Who Phiſicke doth profeſſe, he is not voyde of care.

But

But Churchmen they be blest, they turne a leafe or twe,
They sometime sing a Psalme, and for the people pray,
For which they honour haue, and sit in highest place,
What can they wishe or seeke, that is not hard at hande?
They labour not at al, they knowe no kinde of payne,
No daunger dooth with dreade their happy liues distresse.
Ceasse you therefore to muse what madnesse made me leaue
The Courte and courtly pompe of wearing royal crowne,
No madnesse did that deede, but wisedome wisht it so,
I gaynd thereby the blesse which fewe before me felt,
I liene yeares led my life, and neuer felt annoy.
And certaynely if nowe I might be king agayne,
Refusing all that pompe, I woulde become a priest,
A Deacon, or a Deane, Prebende, or Minister.
For these men leade their liues with liuings two or three:
Some haue their substitutes in Vniuersities,
Some leade the brauest liues that any man may haue,
They feede vppon the fleece, they force not of the flocke:
Three houres in the yere, with beastly bosomde stuffe
They spend, and that is all that lawe of them requires.
Mule not though many thrust and shoulder for degrees,
For happy man is he, who hath a Preachers fees.
But let me nowe returne vnto my Romishe route,
Who fed like Bacon fat, did nought but play and pray.
With whom for liene yeares space, when I my life had led,
I songe my Requiem, and payde the earth her fee.
Then in Saint Peters Churche at Rome they did me lay,
Booted and spurd, euen as you see me here this day.
So nowe you haue the whole of all my Tragedye.
Of Brutus bloode the last I liude that rulde as king,
Hy Britaines dyuen to Wales they Welchmen then were calde,
And I at Rome their king, a mumbling Monke installd.
The Saxons had the day, for which they longed long.
They England calde the Ile, of Brute which tooke her name.

Some men be borne to bliſſe, and ſome to hatefull happe:
Who would haue thought, that I in warre a raging kyng,
Should by the force of Fate, at Rome haue dide a Monke:
Let al the worlde then know, that nothing is ſo ſure,
That can affoorde and ſay, I thus wyl aye indure.
For that which ſeemeth beſt, is ſooneſt brought to naught,
Which playnely doth appeare by that which I haue taught.
The worthieſt in the worlde, princes, philoſophers,
Will teach that I haue taught, and proue it paſſing playne.
Paulus Aemilius did dye but wretchedly.
And was not Scipio euen to his dying day
Conſtraynde, to helpe his neede, the painfull plowe to plye?
Cæſar and Silla both, did not they taſt the whyppe?
And made not Hannibal a miſerable ende?
And how was Socrates before his tyme deſtroyed,
And Anaxagoras inpriſoned long with paine?
For cruel beaſtly coyne diuine Plato was ſoulde,
And Ariſtotle ſent to exile, where he dyde.
And ſo was Solon ſage, and that Licurgus wiſe,
And many more, which here I could at large repeat.
But let theſe fewe ſuffice to teach for certaine truth,
That al the men that liue, are ſubiectes al to ruth.
And ſeeing ſo it is, then let them learne the meane,
That if the barke do breake, they ſafe may ſwimme to lande.

The

The Induction.

The greate desire (quoth Inquisition) whiche we haue had to heare this man, hath made vs to ouerpasse king Arthur and Caiticus, the one no lesse famous for his noble actes, then the other for his vices and wretchednes infamous. Yea said (Memory) so haue we forgot two or three other, whose examples would haue been goodly lanternes to lighten wandryng pylgrimes. But it is not much amisse, for of Arthur there be whole volumes, and of the rest ther be the like ensamples both in Bochas and Baldwin: let vs therefore passe them ouer, and speake somwhat of some of the Saxons: for seeing they were made of flesshe and blood, no doubte some of them stumbled also. But fyrst tell me Inquisition, wyll you penne this mans meterlesse Tragedy as he hath pronounst it. good Memory geue me your aduise, for it agreeth very wel with the Roman verse called Iambus, which consisteth on sixe feete, euery foote on two syllables, one short and an other long, so proper for the Englishe toung, that it is greate maruaile that these ripewitted

Gentlemen

Gentlemen of England haue not left of their Gotish kinde of rymīng, (for the rude Gothes brought that kind of writing hyther, & imitated the learned Latines & greekes) O what braue beames and goodly tymber might be found amongst Churchyardes Chippes, if he had not affected the rymīng order of his predecessors? Which Meeter made not onely hym inferiour vnto Horace, but it also made a great inequalitie to be betwixt Buchurst and Homer: betwixt Phaer and Virgill: betwixte Turberuile and Tibullus: betwixt Golding and Ouid: betwixt George Gascon and Seneca: for al these comming neare vnto Marot whom they did imitate, did put a great distance betwixt thē and the Latines, wyth whom they might haue binne equall, euen wyth as litle labour, and with much more prayse, and renowme. Truely (quoth Memory) let it be as it is, you shall see good sport shortly. I smyle to see how Zoilus and Momus, will crie out, O vayne glorious heade, whiche now for a singularitie dooth indeuour to erect a newe kinde of Poetrie in England. What needest thou care Inquisition, these labours wil get thee no liuing, and these be but the trifles of thy idle houres, yet such as be in many respectes of great value, I promise you I woulde the rest of your princes would proceede in the lyke order. But howe shal we goe forward wyth the seuen Saxon kings: which waye shall we turne vs? Where or wyth whom shal we begynne? Wyth the West

Saxons

Saxõs (quoth Inquisitiõ) for they subdued ỹ other six, and returned the realme into one Monarchie. And surely Ewe their first king were worthy the speaking of, who for hys wife Etheldredas p'easure, gaue ouer al his royalties, & then went to Rome, like a begger in pilgrimage. But we wyl not spende our time in hearing these deuout men. Let vs (if you please) see what this meaneth: behold, a Heardman doth holde in his hand a headlesse body, who by his apparel would seeme to be some forlorne thing: shall I inquire of the man what the matter meaneth. No quoth Memory, you neede not, for I see he wyl doo it without request. Wherewyth the Heardman lamenting both his harde happe, and his good successe, sayde as followeth.

The Complaint of *Sigebert.*

How Sigebert was thruſt from his throne, and miſerably ſlayne by a Heardman. This Tragedie dooth teach both Prince and ſubiect his duetie at large.

Two partes in one a Heardman here muſt play,
My tale muſt tende eche princes lyfe to mende,
And this my talke moſt playnely muſt diſplaye,
Howe farre a ſubiect may him ſelfe defende
Againſt his leache, his ſouerayne Lorde and king,
If his default his common weale doeth bring
To miſerie: therefore a litle while
Attende, and knowe the tenoure of my ſtile.

A ſubiect I of baſe and lowe degree,
This headleſſe corps of lyfe I did depriue,
(King Sigebert it was) with crueltie.
Whoſe luſt was lawe, whilſt he was here aliue,
To feele my force it was his deſtinie,
Then crueltie I wrackt with crueltie,
And to reuenge the wrong that earſt he wrought,
With loſſe of lyfe his lawleſſe luſt he bought.

This

This Sigebert the Saxons rulde by Weſt,
Their auncient lawes he at his lyſt did chaunge,
For which his commons did him much deteſt.
The Duke of Cornwell woulde not let him raunge
Thus at his wyll, but wiſht him like a friend,
To mende his faultes, or els his life to ende.
Then he in rage this Duke my maſters lyfe,
His cruel handes bereaude with blooddy knife.

A laweleſſe life to laweſſe death dooth hale,
When witleſſe wil, wyl paſſe the power of may:
Then il miſhappe dooth drowne in Dolours Dale,
The peruerſe Prince, whoſe wit doth beare the ſway.
Juſt Abels blood to God for vengeance calde,
For blood with blood the Bloodſheader is chalde,
And him whom here before you I preſent,
For sheading bloode, my blade his lyfe hath hent.

As he three yeares his people did oppreſſe,
Then they whoſe backe that burden coulde not beare,
With one conſent they did his ſtate diſtreſſe,
To reaue him of his Crowne they did not feare,
They him deſpoilde from honour and renowne:
His hateful happe ſo frowardly did frowne,
That he who had a kingdome but of late,
For loyne he nowe muſt begge from gate to gate.

Doo nothing muſe at his deſerued happe,
For many more as he their lines haue led:
Ioues vengeance iuſt ſuch wretches dooth inwrappe,
With change moſt ſtrange, when he their blood will ſhed.
Of Dionyſe of Syracuſia,
Of Neroes death, of Phalaris decay,
Who liſt to reade, he paſſing plaine ſhal finde,
That he of heauen their ſorowe hath aſſignde.

And out of doubte God did ordayne the fal
Of him, whom here I headlesse haue in hand,
Who wandring in a wood amidst his thral
I mette by chaunce, of whom I did demaund
His name, and place: who thus replide with feare:
O friende, I am for meate nowe staruen wel neare,
Geue me therefore I thee beseech and pray
Some meate, to keepe my carkasse from decay.

Some Pilgrime poore, or wayfaryng man him straight
I iudgde, and gaue him what my scrippe would yeelde,
And whilst we both thus on a banke dyd baite,
From sighes and sobbes him selfe he coulde not wielde,
Which made me aske agayne his name and place,
But silent he did mourne with frowning face:
Yet at the last by vrging too and fro,
He thus declarde the cause of al his woe.

O miser I, more wretch then thee by much,
I neuer coulde compare with thine estate.
This hearde of Swine against thee neuer grutch,
I kept a hearde, which did their Heardman hate,
A hateful heard of murmuring men I meane,
Which dyd deprive me of my honour cleane.
And now I leade my lothsome life you see,
Impalde amidste a maze of misery.

With chaunged chaunce (aye me) I chased am,
And frowning Fate such sorrowe hath assignde,
That lothing life, most like a quiet Lambe,
My naked necke to blocke of bale I binde.
With cruel knife (O Care) come shread my twist,
So shal my soule by corps decay be blist.
But sith that Care nor Fate will doo this deed,
Doo thou the same I thee beseech, with speede.

Fyll

Fyrst hatesull hope with flattering face did faune,
With dreade when deepe despaier would haue drownde,
Then chaunged chaunce did checke me with the paune
Of woful want, when good successe did sound
A blessed blast: and nowe (to tel the truth)
I haue the mate, by raging Rooke of ruth.
Lo thus I liue, which dayly wishe to dye:
And life (alas) dooth make my misery.

If lothsome life (of this my corps the king)
Dooth moue oue way, the Bishope bids me backe:
If to that poynt, the Queene me backe doth bring,
On thother side, the Knight dooth woorke my wracke,
The other poyntes with Pannes be al possest,
And here the Rooke of ruth dooth reaue my rest.
And being brought into this strange estate,
I do confesse my selfe to haue a mate.

Sith sorrowe so hath seasde vpon my bones,
That nowe too late I doo lament my losse,
And sith no meanes may turne my gastfull grones
To ioyfull glye, sith trouble still doth tosse
Me to and fro, in walteryng waues of woe:
Death is my friend, and life I compt my foe.
Which death though once my feeble fleshe did feare,
Yet now I fayne would feele his murdringspeare.

In gurging gulfe of these such surging seas,
My Pouer soule who drownd you wil request,
I wretched wight haue sought mine owne disease,
By myne owne meanes my state it was distrest.
For whilst I meant to make my lust a lawe,
Iustice me from my high estate did drawe.
So that I fynde, and feele it nowe with payne,
Al worldly pompe, al honour is but vayne.

Which honour I to fiery flames compare,
For when they flash and flourishe most of all,
Then suddaynely their flamings quenched are.
For proofe whereof, to minde nowe let vs cal
Antigonus, and Ptollemeus Great,
Cæsar, and Mithridate, we may repeat,
With Darius, and great Antiochus,
Cambises eke, and conquering Pyrrhus.

And I the last myght first haue had my place,
They al as I with flaming fierie showe,
Were quenched quite: Dame Fortune did deface,
Yea hatefull happe, euen then did ouerthowe
Us most, when most we had our hartes desire.
When most we flourisht like the flames of fyre,
Euen then the seas of sorowe did preuayle,
And made vs weare a blacke wamenting sayle.

And here before my death, I wyl repeate
To thee the thing which I of late did dreame,
That thou and al the worlde may see, how great
A care it is to rule a royal realme.
My dreame shal showe, that blisse doth not consist
In wealth nor want: but he alone is blest,
Who is content with his assigned fate,
And neuer striues to clime to higher state.

When seemely Sol had rest his glittering gleames,
And Nox the earth with darkenesse did imple:
Dame Sinthia then with her bright burnisht beames,
The shadowed shades of darkenesse did assayle,
Then Somnus causde my senses al to quayle.
On careful couche then being layde to rest,
With doubtful dreames I strangely was distrest.

In cottage

In cottage colde where care me thought did keepe,
With naked neede and want of where with a l:
Where pouertie next beggers doore did creepe,
And where expences were so palling smal,
That al men deemde that man forethrongd with thral,
Which there did dwel, euen there from bondage free,
I deemde a man al voyde of miserie.

And whilst I musde howe he in bliue of blisse
Coulde leade his life amidst that caue of care,
From princely Court proceeded eare I wist,
A man, with whom there might no man compare.
His wealth, his wit, his courage were so rare,
That none before nor since were like to him:
Yet he mee thought in waues of woe did swimme.

This man had al that men could wyshe or craue
For happy state, yet nought he had in deede:
The other, he had nought that men would haue,
Yet had he al, beleeue it as thy Creede:
This saying of that happy man I reade,
That hauing nought, yet al thinges so I haue,
That hauing nought, I nothing more doo craue.

The king mee thought with al his Courtly traine,
Past to the place where pouertie did dwel,
With frowning face and with a troubled brayne,
With woe and want, his vexed vaynes did swell,
With myrth and ioy the poore man did excel.
And being come vnto his house ymade
Of one poore hogshedde, thus to him he sayde:

Diogenes,

Diogenes, thou leadst al othsome life,
We thinke thou mightst much better spend thy time
Within my Court, both thou and eeke thy wife:
Thou by that meanes to high estate maist clime:
I haue the wealth, and thou art voyde of crime,
And loe, before thy face I here am prest
To geue thee that, which thou shalt nowe request.

Stand backe (Sir Kyng) thy daunting bowes be vaine,
I no thing recke thy pro mise, goodes, nor lande,
And Titans stately streames would me sustayne
With heate, if thou from thys my doore wouldst stande:
Thou takst away much more then thy commaunde
Can geue agayne: thy giftes so vile I deeme,
That none but fooles such follies do esteeme.

With Conquest thou hast wonne the worlde so wide,
And yet thou canst not winne thy wandring wyll:
Thou wouldest winne an other worlde beside,
But tushe, that facte doth farre surpasse thy skyll.
Thou neuer wilt of Conquest haue thy fyll,
Til Death with daunting darte hath conquered thee,
Then must thou leue behynd, thy Monarchie.

With greate assaultes my selfe I haue subdude,
In all respectes, I haue my hartes desyre,
With a contented minde I am endude,
To hygher state I neuer will aspire.
Nor like a Prince then any poore Esquire,
I leade my life: and sith my state is such,
Aske thou of me, for I can geue thee muche.

All

All daſht with dreade me thought in ſuming heate
He ſayd, departing thence in haſt with ſpeede,
If I were not Alexander the Great,
I would become Diogenes in deed,
Who leades his life al voyd of woeful dread.
He hath the welth which I cannot obtayne,
I haue the welth which wiſe men do diſdayne.

I liue in feare, I languiſhe al in dreade,
Welth is my woe, the cauſer of my care,
With feare of death I am ſo il beſtead,
That reſtleſſe I much like the hunted Hare,
Or as the cauuiſte Kite, doth feare the ſnare.
Ten hundred cares hath brought me to the baye,
Ten thouſand ſnares for this my lyfe men laye.

When Philip he of Macedon the king,
One Realme me lefte, I could not be content,
Deſier prickte me to an other thing,
To winne the worlde it was my whole intent,
Which donne, an other worlde to winne I ment.
When leaſt I had, then moſt I had of bleſſe,
Now, al the worlde, and al vnquietneſſe.

No woe to want of contentation,
No welth to want of riches and renowne,
For this is ſeene in euery nation,
The higheſt trees be ſoneſt blowen downe:
Ten kinges do dye before one clubbiſhe Clowne.
Diogenes in quiet Tunne doth reſt,
When Cæſar is with carking care diſtreſt.

Wherewith me thought he was departed quite,
And Morpheus that sluggishe God of sleepe,
Did leaue my limmes, wherewith I stoode vpright,
Deuising long what profite I could reape
Of this my dreame, which playnly did expresse
That neyther want nor wealth doth make mans blesse.
Who hath the meane with a contented minde,
Moste perfect blesse his God hath him assignde.

But I, who liude a Crowned king of late,
And nowe am forste of thee to begge my bread,
I cannot be content with this estate,
I lothe to liue, I would I wretch were deade:
Despayer she doth feede me with decay,
And Pacience is fled and flowne away.
Do thou therefore O Hearde man play thy parte,
Take thou this blade, and thrust it to my harte.

O Sir, I sayd, the Goddes defend that I
Should causeleslie kil a man in mysterye,
Tel me thy name and place, then by and by
I wyl prouide for thyne aduersitie.
Then he replide, my name is Sigeberte,
I am the man which wrought thy maisters smart:
I rulde of late this Realme euen at my lisle,
Take thou reuenge with that thy friendly tisle.

And wel content: I wyl reuenge with speede
The death of him whome causeleslie thou didst kil.
King Sigebert, and art thou he in deede?
Sith he thou art, dispatch and make thy wyl,
For to my Lorde this day I wyl present
Thy head: therefore thy former faultes repent,
Thou seest the blocke on which thy lyfe must ende,
Cal thou for grace that God may mercie sende.

Wherewith

Wherewith the kneelyng by the block of bale,
Dispatch (quoth he) and do that frendly deede:
O welcome death, and farewel Fortune fraile,
Dispatch good frende, dispatch my lyfe with speede.
Wherewith, on blocke he stretcht his necke out right,
And sayd no more, but praying me to smite,
I gaue the stroke which ended all his care,
A blouddie stroke, which did my death prepare.

For I who hopte to haue some great rewarde
For killing of my maisters fathers foe:
Was hanged strayght, my rule was neuer hearde,
Such was my chance and well deserued woe.
For when my Lord had heard me tell the tale,
Howe I his king and myne did there assayle,
His frowning face did put me in great feare,
He lighte and lobbe, and sayd as you shal heare.

O Caitife vile, O impe of Satans seede,
And hast thou kylde our Soueraigne Lorde and kyng?
His due deserte deserueth death in deede,
Yet what made thee to doo so vile a thinge?
What though he dyd my Father causelesse kyll?
What though he ruled the Realme with lawlesse wyll?
Shall we therefore, with cruel bloudy knyfe,
Depryue our Lorde and king of vitall lyfe?

O filth bye, may subiectes false surmise,
With [illegible]bering mindes their Gouernour resiste?
That may not be: for Tully wonderous wyse,
Plato, in whom true knowledge dooth consiste,
They both agreed that no man ought to kyll
A Tyrant, though he hath him at his wyll.
Yet thou (thou wretche) this bloudy deede hast donne,
The like was neuer seene vnder the Sunne.

When God wyll plague the people for their sinne,
Them then to scourge he doth a Tyrant sende:
We should therefore that subiectes be, begin
With earnest minde our former faultes tamende:
Which if we do, it is to great auaile,
Mans force is fonde, fighting cannot preuayle.
And he who doth resist the Magistrate,
Resisteth god, repenting all to late.

If subiects be by peruerse Prince oppreast,
They then must pray that God the change maye make:
Which God no doubt Rebellion doth detest,
No subiect may his sworde nor armoure take
Against his Prince, whom god hath placed there,
Yet hath this wretched woyde of Subiectes feare,
Destroyde a King whome God did thrust from throne,
Alas poore king, thy death I do bemone.

But he who hath thy tyrannie lyke destroyde,
Shalbe destroyd, and finde it passing playne,
That no man may a Princes lyfe anoye.
Although the Prince desiers to be slayne,
Yet subiectes must from sheading bloud refrayne.
From which seeing this wretch could not abstayne,
Let him be hangde as I before decreed,
A iust reward for his so vile a deed.

Then I forthwith to end my lyfe was led,
I hopte to haue preferment for my deede,
I was preferde, and hangde al saue the head,
Did euer man the lyke example read?
Not one I thinke, therefore goe Memorie,
In regitter inrolle thou this for mee,
That they who lyue and read the fall I felt,
May finde how Fate most strangely with me delte.

Yet

Yet my desert no doubt dyd death deserue,
Though hatred dyd not make mee kyll my kyng,
Yet lucre lewde dyd loyce my feete to swarue,
That hatefull hap, mee to this bale dyd bring.
Let them then learne that heedlesse liue by hope,
Her hatefull hestes wyll bring them to the rope:
And happy he, who voyde of hope can leade
A quiet lyfe, all voyde of Fortunes dread.

Perillus he who made the Bull of Brasse,
Lyke him I hopte to haue some great reward,
But he in brasen belly broyled was,
And to a Skarke of Hempe I was preserde.
So they that meane by others harmes to rise,
Their dying day shall ende with dolefull cries.
And here I ende, approuing that most true,
From wicked workes no goodnesse can insue.

The Induction.

THis Heardman quoth Inquisition, dooth make me cal to minde Pans Preachers, I meane Maroes shephards, Siluanus, Cãdidus, and such lyke, who with their Oten Pipes dyd oft times dissolue very intricate mysteries, [illegible]oning pro et con of many high poynts bewraging vnto the common weale. And I know not with what knowledge, they dyd decide doubtfull matters, accordyng vnto the opinyon of the best Philoso-

phers. Surely Memorie, I maruel much at the men of the olde worlde, for I read of many who hauing many passing great giftes of learning and knowledge, were content with the base estate of Heardmen. In these our dayes, none bee Heardmen but fooles, and euery man though his witte be but meane, yet he cannot liue with a contented mind, except he hath the degree of a Lorde. It is moste true sayde Memorye, for heretofore men did not raunge vntyed in such a worlde of libertye as they doo nowe, then the wiseſt was beſt content with the loweſt eſtate, yea, Reaſon so bridled the affections of men, that Apollo whome Poetes do faygne to be the verye God of wiſedom, what was he but a shepeheard, and that verye poore as it woulde ſeeme, for he kepte Admetus heard in Theſſalie. And Argus, who for the sharpneſſe of his wit was reported to haue an hundred eies, he alſo was content to be a Cowheard. And were not Bacchus, Saturne, and mighty Iupiter, delighted in huſbandrie? But he who is moſt wyſe in these our dayes, doth approue him ſelfe moſt foliſh, by truſting himſelfe vnto his owne deſtruction, which this Heardman hath declared ſufficiently in this ſtorie of Sigebert. But let vs nowe proceede, and let vs by examples teach, what

what fruit vertue, and vice, cõtentation and ambition, doth yeeld. Then let them of this world choose, whether lyke the wise Mariners they wil auoyd those dãgerous rocks: or willingly cast themselues away. Proceede therfore good Inquisition, & let vs see whom you haue here. Shee will declare her selfe (quoth Inquisition) what she is: but for the better vnderstanding of her talke, you must think that you see .51. Nunes, al Ladies by birth, hauing all their noses & vpper lippes flead of, al flaming in a fire, being shut into a church: then do you imagine þ you see this Lady, the mistris and gouerner of the rest, standing dismembred & burning amongst the rest, to say as foloweth.

The Lyfe of *Ladye Ebbe.*

Howe Lady Ebbe dyd flea her nose, and vpper lippe away, to saue her Virginitie.

Do nothing muse at my deformed face,
For Nature it in perfect moulde dyd make:
And when your wits haue wayed well the case,
You wyll commende me much for Vertues sake.
With these my handes which from my face dyd take
Mine ouer lippe, and eke my seemely Nose,
So to auoyde the rage of all my foes.

For

For I by byrth a Princes daughter borne,
An Abbiesse by my profession,
Of which estate I neuer thought it scorne,
It greatly did delight me to be one,
Which might erect diuine Religion.
At Collingam I tooke this charg e in hand,
And fiftie more of chaste Dianaes bande,

All Ladies borne by birth of high degree,
Which there did bowe with me their liues to leade,
And to auoyd carnal fragilitie,
We al did bowe as you rpght wel may reade,
With single liues to liue in feare and dreade
Of God our Lorde, so to refrayne the vice
Of fleshly luste, which doth to sinne intice.

Then did the Danes the Saxon state inuade,
And they who did the Brittayne state destroy,
To sue for grace were glad and wel apayd,
So strangely did the Danes vs then annoye,
That Saxon s like the men of hyopling Troy,
Amazde, they gazde, not knowing what was best,
So straygtely were the Saxons then distrest.

These dreadful Danes they had no feare of God,
But sauage, they did make their lust a lawe,
Whome god did send for a reuenging rod,
To make vs Saxons liue in feare and awe
Of him, who did from seruile bondage drawe
Vs out, and made vs liue at libertie,
When as we serude with cruel slauerie.

Not

Not much vnlike the murmuryng Israelites,
Sometyme we serude our Lorde with feare and dread,
In trouble we imployde our whole delightes,
To fast and pray: but when we quiet were,
We restlesse led our liues, all voyde of care,
Forgetting him who did in ech distresse,
With helping hande vs blesse with good successe.

See here the fruit of health and good successe,
It maketh man doth proude and insolent:
In health we hate the god who hath vs blest,
Trouble doth make vs morrall men repent
Our former faultes: in sickenesse we be bent
To fast and pray, and in aduersitye,
To pray to god, is mans felicitye.

And for this fault abusing this our blesse,
The Danes with ruth our realme did ouerrunne,
Their wrath inwrapte vs all in wretchednesse,
There was no sinne from which those men did shunne.
By them the common weale was quite vndonne,
They did destroy the state of euery Towne,
They churches burnt, they pluckt the Abbies downe.

Yet not content, vs Nunnes they did annoy,
O cruel deede, our beltes they did vnbynde,
With rapine they dyd rauishe and destroy,
Deflowring al that euer they could finde.
I seeing then what sorrow was assignde
To me and mine, my vowed virgines I
Did call, then thus I spake with weeping eye.

Alas alas my louing ladies all,
These harde mishappes doo presse vs too to neare,
What shall we do, how may we scape the thrall
Which hath destroyde the Nunneries euery where?
Alas, my feeble fleshe doth quake for feare,
Alas, howe shall we scape their crueltiez,
Which thus be plast amiost extremities?

For if we do their hatefull heastes deny,
Then dreadfull death shall presently insuer
And if we graunt vnto their villany,
Our sinfull soules in hell that deed shall rue.
Beleeue me then my Ladies, this is true,
Much better twer for vs to dye, with fame,
Then long to liue, with euerlasting shame.

And for because the faces forme doth meue
With beauties beames and comly countenaunce,
The minde of man to lust and lawlesse loue,
I haue denizde, my honour to aduaunce,
With face deformde to trye my hard mischaunce.
For these my handes from this my face shall rippe
Euen with this knife, my Nose and ouerlippe.

They which will flye reprochfull infamye,
To do the like will them beseeme the best,
You shal preserue your vowde virginitie
Therby, and liue perhappes with quiet rest,
My daughters deare, geue eare vnto my hest.
Wherwith, with Rasors sharpe I first, then they,
Eche one her Nose, and lippe did flea away.

Whilst

Whilsse thus we liud deformde to outwarde showe,
Yet vessels garnisht gaye before gods sight,
The Danes did vs inuade, who straight did knowe
Our feate, them to defeate of their delight:
For which they wrackt on vs their wicked spight.
With fiery flames they burnt our Nunnery,
And vs therein: O wretched crueltie.

The eare of man the like hath neuer hearde,
No penne, nor tounge the like hath euer tolde,
Had euer man a hart that was so harde,
That with his yron brest durst be so bolde,
To do the like agaynst the Femine kinde?
Not on in fayth that euer I coulde heare,
But these all voyde of mercye, loue, and feare.

Thus we content to leaue this present life,
In hope to haue hereafters better blesse,
Were brent and brayld, and so did stint the strife
Which might haue made vs liue in wretchednesse:
We gaynde therby a heauenly happinesse.
Which happinesse they doubtlesse shall obtayne,
Which do from sinne and wickednesse abstayne.

Diana quoth Memory, hyng foorthe your Damoiſels let vs ſe if any of your court haue donne the like deuoier to ſaue theyr virginities. But ſeeing that writers haue made mention of none that might compare with her, both for the goodneſſe of the cauſe, and the valiaunt goyng through with the quarrel, mee thinke ſhee ſhoulde rather be eſteemed a goddeſſe then thou, and her trayne rather the Ladies of chaſtity then thine. Geue thou place therfore, and let this Lady haue thy ſeate. But (good Inquiſition) this woman lined in the golden worlde, let vs enquire in this our yron age, yf there be any which do come any thyng neare vnto her. Alas not one (quoth Inquiſition) for as ſhee in her time did diſmēber her wel membred body to preſerue the iewel which ſhe eſteemed of ſo greate a price: ſo now a multitude may be founde, who furniſhe theyr vnperfite perſonages with all kinde of fooliſhe fylthy furnitures, to beſtowe that on euery he who wil haue it, which ſhe was ſo deſyrous to keepe. But let vs nowe heare this

mans

mans matter: it is Alurede, who if he had not beene geuen vnto one kinde of vice, had passed Arthur for warres, and Lucy for godlinesse. What vice was that quoth Memory? You neede not enquire quoth Inquisition, for he is euen now repeating his history: wherewith he sayd as foloweth.

The Complaynt of *Alurede*.

¶ *Howe Alurede was brought vnto* disease and vnto vntimely death, being inclined vnto the sinne of the flesshe. By hys example we may learne, that one vice is sufficient to deface a hundred vertues.

My winckled cheeks bedeawde with drops of dole
My visage pale, my wan and withered face,
Do wel declare how I haue runne my race.
And sith I must my doinges here inrolle,
The liues of them which line for to controlle,
I am content my cruel wretched case
Shall teach the way, how all men may imbrace
The knowledge how they honour may obtayne,
And how they may from falling there remayne.

Though many clime by many meanes a hye,
Yet few on toppe can sit in suer seate:
For euery stoyme an ouerthrowe doth threate
To them, who get the toppe by crueltie,
Whose suddayne fall doth tell their trechery.
But they who will their heades for honour beate,
And flye the fall, the greefe whereof is greate,
Let them renowme their former factes with fame,
And shunne the path which leades mans life to shame.

Who walketh in this wilderneſſe of woe,
And loues aloft on flitting Fame to flee,
Muſt pace the pathes of Mother Myſery.
That man through gaſtfull greefe muſt goe,
By thouſande thickes which wrapped are with wo:
By Daungers denne where lurking ſhe dooth lye,
By Hatreds houſe, where ſpight will thee eſpye,
By caue of Care, by wofull crye, alas,
His manly minde with courage ſtout muſt paſſe.

By pleſaunt playne where pleaſure doth place
Her princely Pallace paynted paſſing fine,
To gazing eyes where glitterynge glaſſe doth ſhine
Of beauties blaze, where feature fine of face,
Where Ladye loue doth vaunte with garithe grace,
Where vayne delight doth drawe that lothſome line,
Which maketh man from vertue to decline,
Be wiſe and ware, and lothe theyr luering lookes,
Leaſt craftye Cupide catch thee in his hookes

To Pleaſures court a company doth come,
Euen fame to finde, the loſſe I do lament,
For flitting Fame, them Rumor rud hath bent,
Which doth declare their dole til day of Dome.

With

With tooth and naple which trauaile, there be some,
Vertue to finde, where when some time is spent,
Her to obtayne, and that with good intent,
They weary, by the way do stay their race,
And rest them in this pleasaume bitter place.

They meane as there no long delayes to make,
But Bacchus comely Carpites to do please,
Such courtly cares, such mirth, such quiet ease
They haue, that they to Venus them betake,
The wearye wayes of vertue they forsake.
Those trustlesse traynes from dolor and disease
Doubtlesse do come, to drowne in surging seas
Of secrete smarte, those which do them deligbt.
Flee thou therfore this courte, with speedy spighe.

From Pleasures place, when thou shalt turne thy face,
The bigh way then discretion wil thee shewe
To vertues Lodge, which thou right well mayst know
By such as dwell about that pleasaunt place:
A hundred vertues raunging on a rowe,
Thou there shalt see, how Fame her trumpe doth blowe,
For greate exployctes where when thou art renowmde,
Then Fame thy name through all the world shal sounde.

And when thou hast obtainde that place with payne,
There is no doubt desert will honour haue,
Which being had, beware that waltering wens
Of worldy lust, which vertue doth disdayne,
Beware least thou thy former deedes doost staine.
For he who could himselfe from sinning saue,
He seeking that which most his minde did craue:
Which being founde, his feeble feet doe fayne.
And strayght he doth with sinne himselfe acquayne.

When

When man hath most of that he doth desire,
Then most the fleshe doth force the soule to sinne,
The ende doth proue how wel we do beginne.
For he who doth from vertues lore retire,
His wretched ende doth make the worlde admire.
Let him therfore which will the Garlond winne,
Euen to the end auoyde the hatefull ginne
Which Satan sets, with traynes of tastlesse bayte,
The glosse whereof prognosticates desayght.

What gayne is got by him who runnes in hast,
If that his stumbling feete do make delay?
An other man doth beare the price away,
He got no game, one fall hath hym defast:
Euen so that man from fame is quite displaste,
If once his feete in vices steppes do stay,
As may appeare by me, and my decay.
For once I slipt, one vice did me deface,
One onely vice, did Alure de disgrace.

I the fourth sonne of Ethelwolfus king,
Twice tenne and eight I wore the Saxon crowne,
For Martial feates I had a greate renowne,
My gouernaunce was good in euery thing,
I rulde my realme to euery mans liking,
My stature tall, my face did neuer frowne,
My learning did deserue a Lawrell crowne,
My wisedome and my iustice purchast fame,
My courage bolde dyd much extoll the same.

In seuen conflictes I did the Danes destroy,
But more ariude which did me more molest,
Yet they likewise were by my meanes destrest.
But when my strength their strength could not destroy,

I did deuise a pretty pleasant toy,
By meanes whereof my Saxon soyle was bleste.
Amidst my fone I Minstrel like did ieste,
I playd the part of Scoggin Skeltons mate,
Transformde, I trudgde about from gate to gate,

In Minstrels robes my Fiddle tuned fine.
With warbling notes my toung the song did sing,
Myne eyes and harte did note eche other thing
That there was done: first howe they did incline,
There lothesome liues, much like to filthie swine.
I playd my part before their Hoggish King,
A part which him and his to bale did bring.
For when I knewe their purposed intent,
By my returne I made them al repent.

For in the night I did their campe inuade,
With bloddye blade I did destroy them al,
And those which did as then escape the thrall.
Of Infidels them Christened men I made,
And though with warres my Realme were quite decayd,
Yet at the laste after so greate a fal,
I wonne the Price that pleasde me most of al.
Euen quiet peace a blesse of al the best,
The frute whereof is nothing els but rest.

Thus being blest with peace and quiet rest,
At Oxford I a Grammer schoole did buyld,
By meanes whereof my common weale was filde
With learned men: and hauing thus my hest,
A Abbies buylt, esteeming it the best,
That God who me in al my warres did wielde,
And me preserude euen with his myghtie shielde
That he in peace the only prayse myght haue,
I buylded vp religious houses braue.

At Winchester the Minster there I made,
At Shaftesburye I buylt a Nunnerye,
I daily did erect Diuinitie,
All which good deedes euen by one wicked trade,
Were quite defaste and from my fame did fade.
O hateful thing that fuming fantasye,
Should make a man that seeth, not to see,
Alas I byte on pleasures bytter bayte,
Whose hateful hookes are couered with desayte,

In lawlesse loue I had a great delyght,
That sugered sweete of little lasting ioye,
Those luering lookes of dayntie Damsels coy,
Made me committe that lyke a Carpite knighte,
I did consume ful many a day and nyght
With such delyghtes as did my name anoye,
My health and life at last they did destroy:
Yea these delightes did so my fame deface,
That nowe with shame I blushe to shewe my face.

Those lewde delightes did drawe me to disease,
Consuming sicknesse brought me verye lowe,
Phisitions they Sicus that euil do know,
A kinde of sore which did me much displease,
It alwayes did bereaue me of my ease:
On partes belowe that gryping griefe doth growe,
On me my God a iust reuenge did show.
And at the last, continuing in my sinne,
I lost my lyfe, and hateful Hel did winne.

What though I did from forrayne foes defend
My Saxon soyle, with thrice renowmed fame:
What though I rulde with equitie the same?
What though to buyld vp Abbies I did bend

My selfe, and prayd that God his worde would send:
Though these good deedes did honor much my name,
Yet these defaste with deedes of foule defame,
Be of no price: for filthie fleshly luste
Destroyd them al, and layd them in the duste.

For as you see dissolued clowdes with rayne
The beames of Phebus do deface:
Euen so one sinne did al my vertues race,
They blemished myne honor with disdayne,
So that I finde al vertue is in vayne,
Al vices be with vertue linkt in place,
On vice an hundred vertues doth disgrace.
Therefore the man who hopeth for renowme,
Must fight with flesh, and beate al vices downe,

And hee who can his raging wyl resiste,
Is much more strong then Alexander greate,
Who wonne the worlde, yet had he not the feate,
With conquest to compel his lawlesse liste,
To do the thing whereby he might be blisse.
But they who hope to haue a heauenly seate,
Their lust and fleshly fancies downe must beate.
And here by me you may perceiue at large,
The thinges which God committeth to mans charge.

IT is requisite (quoth Memory) that now you seeke for Edmund Ironsides father, I meane Egelrede, of some Writers called Etheldrede, who as his Predecessor Alurede, had but one vice: so hee had neuer a vertue. In whose time the Danes dyd more then ouerrunne Englande, for they ruled and raigned ouer the whole Realme, and although a very valiant impe proceeded out of his raynes, who for his ablenesse to indure paynes, and trauayle, was surnamed Ironside, yet had not William Duke of Normandy Nephew vnto the saide Edmunde, made a conquest therof, the Danes no doubte had ruled it euen vnto this day. It is necessary therfore that we heare this mans Complaynt, I haue hym here (quoth Inquisition) but I haue no minde to heare him speake, for seeing he dyd dispise all vertue and learnyng, it is to be thought, that hee wyll tell a crooked tale, such a one as

as wil (I feare except it be fyled after him) deforme all the rest. But I wyl take paynes to polish that which he roughly doth frame. Not at all (quoth Memorie) the browne Byl is a goodly weapon: and let it suffise if the matter wyll beate downe vice, let the meeter delight as it may. Seeing you saye so, (quoth Inquisition) I am content that by the example of his death, he may admonish all the worlde to flee the fall which he felt: wherewith he stepped forth, and saide as foloweth.

(.·.)

D.iii. The

The Complaynt of Egelrede.

¶ *How Egelrede for his wicked-nesse was diuersly distressed by the Danes, and lastly dyed for sorrow, seeing him selfe not able to deale with them.*

The minde and not the Man dooth make or marre,
For as the Stearne dooth guide the Argocy:
So by their mindes all men they guyded are.
From out the minde proceedeth fantasie,
All outwarde actes, vertue or vanitie,
Not from the man, but from the minde proceede:
The minde dooth make the man to do eache deede.

For Phalaris with beastly bloudy minde,
And Nero dyd in murther much delight,
To mercy Antoninus was inclinde,
Midas for Golde extended all his might.
For worldly pompe how dyd Pompeius fight?
The mounting minde of Alexander, made
Hym winne the worlde, his fame can neuer fade.

How

How dyd the minde of Calicratides,
Xerses, Cirus, and Argantonius?
Philip of Macedon, Theramines,
Aiax, Iason, and Aurilianus,
Achilles, and the olde King Priamus,
Hector, and Hercules, with false Syn,
Their mindes dyd make them [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible].

The Twig dooth bende as Boreas blastes dooth blow,
So man dooth walke euen as his minde dooth [illegible],
Then happy hee who hath a minde to [illegible]
Such thinges as be the best for his behoue,
No doubt the minde which [illegible] dooth [illegible],
Dooth make a man euen Cæsar to surpasse,
For Noble deedes who Prince of prowesse was.

But he who hath his minde to mischiefe bent,
All his delight from [illegible] dooth decline,
Lyke mee to late hee shall his faultes repent,
His sinfull soule shall feele the fall in fine
That I haue felte which makes me to repine,
Against my minde for Nature dyd her [illegible],
My euil inclyned minde dyd spoyle my [illegible].

What though I were of comely personage?
Ioyntly my ioyntes were ioynde with perfect shape,
Adorned eke with so sweete a visage,
That neuer yet from Natures handes dyd scape
A worke ymade of such a perfect shape?
But what of that: these giftes for want of grace,
Deformed quite the feature of my face.

For

For why my minde, to [illegible] ruine bent,
I did delyght in lothsome lecherie:
Ineuer did my odious deedes repent,
In drunkennesse, in extreme crueltie,
I did delight in euerye villainye.
As for delyght in princely exercise,
The feates of armes I did them most despise.

By meanes whereof my subiectes did me hate,
And forrayne foes, to burne my Realme were bolde:
With warre the Danes did alter strayght the state,
Fyrst Fortune did my common weale vnfolde,
Then pestilence did make my courage ealde,
And last of al, the dreadful diuelish Danes
Dyd make me pay them tribute for theyr paynes.

Euen nowe the Realme of Englande dyd decaye:
For when the Danes theyr tribute had consumde,
Forthwith they made vs greater summes to paye,
From ten to fifteene thousand they presumde
Of poundes to make vs pay: so I redeemde
With money hogges my careful common wealth,
The onely meanes reserued for my health.

When thus the wante of courage on my parte
Had geuen my foes so sure footing here,
And when disease with her destroying Darte,
Had wypte away my subiects euerywhere:
Euen then to late my wisemen did appeare,
Whome heretofore I alwayes did detest,
There counsayle graue at last they thus expreſt:

O Egelrede the fruite of fearfulnesse,
Of riote thou the right reward dost reape,
But if thou wilt auoyde this wretchednesse,
Be wise and looke about before you leape,
Of hatefull happes you see a hidiouse heape
Before your face, therefore in time geue eare,
And wisely way the wordes which thou shalt heare.

That noble Duke Richarde of Normandy,
A sister hath, whom then we wishe to wed,
By meanes whereof from this captiuity
We may be brought, and that without bloodshed.
For why these Danes these Normans so do dread,
That yf from thence an ayde we can procure,
Thy foes no doubte can neuer long endure.

The mayd she may a princes fancye please,
Her brother is a man of greate renowne,
This way O king may make thy subiectes ease,
It may restore the freedome of thy Crowne,
This onely way will force thy foes to frowne.
If thou thy Crowne and common weale dost loue,
Do thou the thing so much for thy behoue.

So by their meanes I maried the mayde,
She Emma hight, the floure of Normandie,
Of whom I was so glad and wel apayde,
That al the world with my prosperitie
Could not compare: and in that Iolitye
I did deuise by traynes of secrete treason,
To bring the Danes to death, in a good season.

I did a feast through al my Realme proclame,
At which both Danes and Englishmen did meete,
Then secretely my friendes and I did frame,
That Englishmen the Danes shoulde friendly greete,
And at the feast that they shoulde doo their feate.
And that they might the better woorke their wyl,
They thus were plast according vnto skil.

Two before one, and three before fyue,
Here two, and there two, and foure then beliue:
Here one, and there one, and three at a cast,
Then one, and twice two, and one at the last.

They mingled thus, the watchworde wysely geuen,
And Englishmen with weapons wel bestead,
The Danes amidst their Cuppes were shauen & shriuen,
Fiue hundred thousand in one day were dead.
Nowe note the ende of blood so beastly shed,
For Swane the king of Denmarke did ariue,
He for reuenge did me to Richard driue.

Marke here howe lawlesse policies preuaile,
Their good successe doo promise present payne.
What? May mans vayne deuises ought auaile?
Dishonest deedes no honour can obtayne,
Al murthering Massacers be vile and vayne,
Such suttle slayghtes haue neuer good successe:
The proofe whereof with payne I here expresse.

For Swane with swoorde and fyre did destroye,
Both man and beast, and euery earthly thing,

He did that noble London much annoy,
He wonne the Realme and was the Englishe king.
When tract of time him to his Deere did bring,
Canutus then his sonne did him succeede,
Whom to displace I did despatch with speede.

My brother Richarde Duke of Normandy,
Of Normans gaue to me a goodly bande,
By helpe of whom Canutus fayst to flee,
I got agayne the kingdome of Englande.
But out (alas) what thing may eyrmely stande,
Whose vnder propt is of so litle might:
That want of strength dooth let thinges drop downright.

Canutus did from Denmarke nowe returne,
The wrathful wight appoynted pallyng strong,
My subiectes slue, my Cities he did burne,
Which when I hearde I liude not very long,
My faynting hart was thronged with a throng
Of cares, which broke it in my feareful brest,
And so at last death brought my bones to rest.

Twice tenne and eight I ranne my ruthful race,
And then in Paules my cursed coppe was layde,
Canutus did my common weale deface,
The Danes were kinges, my kingdome was decayde,
This worlde is fraple, and euery thing must fade,
But alwayes that which wanteth gouernment,
That fyrst dooth feele the force of dangers dent.

The Induction.

Memory (quoth Inquiſition) what dyd become of Edmunde Ironſyde, of whom you made mention, in your former induction? That vertuous valiaunt Prince (quoth Memory) was miſerably made away by an Earle. By an Earle? (quoth Inquiſition) I haue here an Earle called Edricus, who murthered a Kynge, it maye bee, that chaunce hath yeelded vntoo vs the factour vnlooked for. He is euen the ſame ſayd Memory, and hys Tragedye is very neceſſarie, for hee, as thys woorthie Kyng was ſet on a Prime to doo as nature and neceſſitie dooth conſtrayne, cauſed hym miſerably to bee thruſt vp into the fundament wyth a Speare, wherewith the good Prince

Prince ended hys dayes. If we doo heare hym, geue hym warnyng (quoth Inquisition) that hee be briefe: for wee haue no tyme too bestowe in hearing the complayntes of those miserable Princes, and yet wee muste needes heare one more besyde hym. Let him therefore goe roundly to the purpose. He shal not be tedious quoth Memory. Wherewith the wretched man sayde as followeth.

(.˙.)

The Complaint of *Edricus.*

¶ *Howe Edricus deſtroyed the valiant* king Edmunde Ironſyde, hoping to haue greate preferment for his labour of Canutus the Dane, and howe the ſame Canutus cauſed him to be headed for his labour. A neceſſary example for al ſuch as thinke by craft and deceite to increaſe their credite.

YOu helliſh hagges of Limbo Lake belowe,
Which daply doo my curſed corpſ torment,
Come forth, come forth, come forth, (I ſay) and ſhewe
Howe I on earth my diſmal dayes haue ſpent.
And wil you not you wretched wightes aſſent
To helpe me here to tell that direrie tale,
Which may amongſt men liuing much prefayle?

O curſed ghoſt condemde to endeleſſe thral,
Sith they refuſe to aide thee in this neede,
Doo thou declare and tel the truth of al,
That men aliue my wretched wrackes may reade,
And ſee the fruite of ſuttle Satans ſeede,
Auoyding vice, and fancies fonde delight,
Note wel my tale, the truth I ſhal recite.

When

When Etheldrede had geuen Canutus place,
Edmunde his sonne surnamed Ironside,
Deuising howe he might his foe deface,
By wrath of warre the cause they did decide:
And in the ende the Realme they did deuide.
Edmunde had halfe, Canutus had the rest,
Then they with peace and quietnesse were blest.

O blinde beleefe, O hope of higher hope,
Why did you moue my minde to meditate,
Howe I in woe king Edmunde might inwrap,
And howe I might depresse my kinges estate?
Thou blinde beleefe, thou breeder of debate,
I wanting grace did let thee moue my minde,
Causelesse to kil a courteous king, and kinde.

He being kilde, I to Canutus went,
To whom I sayd, See here a faythful friend,
I for thy loue with bloody blade haue bent
And brought my king to his vntimely ende,
Thou by that meanes shalt rule thy realme with rest,
My friendly fist with happie good successe
Hath thee inricht with blisse and happinesse.

Hast thou (quoth he) destroyde thy souerayn king?
Thou faythlesse fauning friende, for loue of me?
Thou verlet vile, and couldst thou doo the thing
The which might more abridge my libertie?
O heynous acte, O bloody cruelitie.
But sith that loue did meue thee doo that deede,
Thou for thy paynes shalt be preferde with speede.

Wherewith

Wherwith in hast he to the bangman laid,
Let this mans head the hyghest place obtayne
On London walles: wherewith I neuer stayde,
But on a blocke my necke was cut in twayne,
In all mens sighte, my head did long remayne.
See here what wit the grape of hope dooth yeeld,
See on what sand such vaine byapnes do builde.

O hateful thing that fancies fonde delight,
The sense of mortal man should senseles make.
When vices haunts with vertues deedes dare fyght,
Then dooth the soule the happie heauens forsake,
Then man makes hast to Plutoes lothsome lake.
Why should man loue that sugered sowre sweete,
Which wisedoms lore to lothe hath thought most meete?

The

FINIS.

The Induction.

The iust rewarde for so vile an offence dothe proue (quoth Inquisition) this Canutus to bee both a wise and a worthy Prince. Yea saide (Memory) yf he had liued amõgst those prating Poetes which made so muche tattle of Hector & Hercules, certaynely he should not haue been inferiour vnto eche of them. This Canutus was king at one time of foure kingdomes: as for Englande, and Scotlande, and Norway, he held them by conquest. By birth he was the kyng of Denmarke: yea he so demeaned him selfe, that duryng his lyfe all these foure kingdoumes honoured him with the honoure due vnto a natiue king. But not long after his death, that good king Saint Edmunde the confessour, obtayned agayne the rule of Englande, but chiefely through the helpe of his Nephewe William duke of Normandy, to whom for that after his death he by liniall descent was next, he promised the Crowne of Englande, if that

he dyed without iſſue. Howe chaunced it then (quoth Inquiſition) that the Duke made ſuch ſharpe warre vppon Harolde, for the obteyning thereof? Howe dyd it chaunce (quoth Memory?) that is neceſſarie too be knowne, for that chaunce dyd not onely deſtroy the Danes, but it brought both Harolde and the Engliſhmen to confuſion: and although nowe our idle houres be ſpent, tyme and our affayres doo call vs from the further hearing theſe mens complayntes, yet let vs as we may, heare what thys Harolde wyll ſaye: hys ſtory wyll furniſhe our woorke wyth a fit concluſion. And for the better vnderſtanding of this mans matter, doo you imagine that you ſee this king, comming from the conqueſt of the Danes, euen ſweating in hys armour, to ſaye as followeth.

(.˙.)

The

The Complaint of *Harolde.*

¶ *Howe King Harolde raygnyng* but niene monthes, had continuall warre with the Danes, with the Norway Kyng, with his brother Tosto, and with Duke William, who partely by hys ſtrength, but chiefly by policie, ouercame hym, and by killyng him in the feelde, obteyned the kingdome of Englande. Thys hiſtorie dooth declare that no manhoode nor courage can keepe the crowne from the right heyres head.

WVlde he haue warre, and we to warre proclame?
O Baſtarde Duke, and doſt thou dare to fyght?
Vp Noble men, Come forth, and purchaſe Fame.
Geue me my ſwoorde, let me defende my right.
Steppe forth with ſpeede my Martiall men of myght.
With Bowes and Bylles let vs their courſe reſtrayne:
And teach them that their vaunting bowes be vayne.

But that we may with wyſedome wiſely worke,
It vs behoues in Normandy to fight
With hym, and not to let his ſouldiers lurke
Here in my Realme, we ſhal thereby achiue
No noble acte, though hence we him do driue.
But if we deale with him in Normandy,
We ſhal receiue renowme and victorie.

It is the beſt, with forraine foes to fyght
Abroade, as did the haughtie Hannibal,
And not at home to feele their hatefull ſpight.
Of all the reſt it is the greateſt thrall,
That foes arriude ſhould ſpoyle our ſubiectes all:
And for a truth this alwayes hath bin found,
He ſpeedeth beſt which fightes on forrayne groumde.

My men of warre were muſtered in haſt.
But haſt to late was then of none auayle,
The Duke arriude, he in my Realme was plaſte,
He euery where my ſubiectes did aſſayle,
And euery where he cauſed them to quayle.
For which I bode hym battaile by and by,
Where equall warres gaue neither victorye.

For both our ſtrengthes were weakned in ſuch wiſe,
We both for breath to pauſe were wel content,
Euen then the Duke he wiſely did deuiſe,
How here to peeld my crowne I might be bent:
For whiche to me a Purſiphaunt he ſent,
With letters, ſuche as here I ſhall recite,
Wherein he claimes the Birttayne Crowne his right.

Wylliam

William Duke of Normandie, *and ryght heyre to the Englyſhe* Crowne, to Harolde the Vſurper.

Though birthright cannot cauſe thee yeeld to me my crown,
Yet haue thou ſome reſpect of honour and renowne,
For thou by oth didſt ſweare to yeeld to me my right,
When as I thee preferd, and ſtalde thee there by knight.
Mine vncle Edwarde he, thy fathers faythfull freende
Gaue me his crowne, and thou thereto didſt condeſcend,
Yet now thou wouldeſt fayne defeate me of my right,
And proue thy ſelfe forſwoorne of former promiſe plight.
Shall Harold haue his heſt: ſhal Godwines ſonne here guide?
Shall William want his wyl, and haue his ryght denide?
Wel Harolde, if thou canſt with warres determine ſo,
I am content: if not, prouide, I am thy foe.
My ſonnes and al my kinne ſhal neuer ſtint to ſtriue,
To plucke thee from thy place, whilſt one is left aliue:
But if thou wylt be wiſe, to me my right reſigne,
And thou ſhalt haue the place belonging to thy line.
If not, with fyre and ſwoorde I meane thy Realme to ſpoyle,
I neuer hence wyll ſtarte till I haue forſt thy ſoyle.
And now thou knowſte my wyl, determine for the beſt,
Thou maiſt haue warres, and if thou wylt, thou maiſt haue reſt.

Willyam Duke of Normandy.

These letters were of little might, to make
My manly minde to graunt hym his requeſt,
For which I did to Fortune me betake,
To wage new warres with hym I deemde it beſt,
So from his ãkt his threatning blade to wreſt.
But see the force of Fortunes changing cheare,
An other cloude before me did appeare.

My brother Toſto who from me was fleãd,
Did now returne, and brought the Norway kyng:
They did deuiſe to haue from me my head,
Which made me to indite an other thing
Unto the Duke, then playne and true meaning.
I gaue him hope of that I neuer meant,
These were the lines which to the Duke I ſent.

Harolde the Engliſh king,
to thee William Duke
of Normandie.

HArold the Engliſh king, thee William Duke doth greete,
Thy letter being read, I haue not thought it meete,
Without a parliament to do ſo great a thing,
As of a forreyne Duke, to make an Engliſhe kyng.
But if my three eſtates will follow mine aduiſe,
Thou ſhalt receiue the crowne, and beare away the pryce.
Therfore delay a time, thou ſhortly ſhalt receiue
With full conſent the thing, which now thou ſeekſt to haue.
Harolde.

Then

Then I in hast my power did prepare,
For why, I heard my brother Tostoes traine,
Two of my Earles by North he had destroyd,
And manye a thousand men he there had slayne:
But when we met, his triumphe was in vayne.
For I and myne the Norway king there kilte,
And I my selfe my brothers blood there spilte.

Now when the Duke my friendly lines had read,
And heard how I my men did muster newe,
There lies a Snake within this greene grasse bed
Quoth he, therefore come forth my warrelike crewe,
We will not staye to see what shall insue.
By long delayes, from Forrain coastes he may
Procure an ayde, to scourge vs with decay.

But when he heard with whom I had to deale,
Well donne (quoth he) let hym go beate the bushe,
I and my men to the lurche line will steale,
And plucke the Net euen at the present push,
And one of them we with decaye will crushe.
For he who doth the victory there remaine,
Shall neuer rest, till he hath deale with twaine.

So I in vaine who had the victorie,
Within fewe dayes was forst againe to fight,
My strength halfe spoyde, the rest wounded and wearie,
His campe was comne vnwares within my sight,
There was no hope to flee by day nor night.
I Harolde then, a Harande sent in haste,
To know whither the Duke his campe had plaste.

He

He sent me woorde, my yls and ands were baine,
And that he knewe the drifftes of my delay,
For which he sayde he woulde yet once agayne
Make trial, who shoulde beare the crowne away.
If I would yeelde, he sayd his men should stay,
If not, he then was present presently,
To trye the cause by Mars his crueltie.

Which when I hearde, and sawe him march amayne,
His Trumpets did defy me to my face,
In hast I did appoynt my very trayne,
And souldier like I al my men did place,
I neuer sude, nor prayde, nor gaped for grace.
For hauing plaste my men in battayle ray,
Myne Ancient bearer did my armes display.

The battayle, vanard, and the rereward,
Were plaste in frunte, that men might fyght at wyll,
The forelorne hope of Bowmen I prepard,
In skirmishing who had the perfect skil.
With Archers eke I did the winges fulfyl,
To rescue them my men at armes were prest,
Then thus my speech amongst them I exprest.

My mates, in armes see here the last assault,
Winne now the fielde, and be you euer blest.
This Bastarde base borne Duke, shal he exalt
Him selfe so high? geue eare vnto my best,
This day no doubt we shall haue quiet rest:
For good successe shal set vs free from feare,
Or hateful happe shal bring vs to our Beare.

Euen

Euen here at hand his power doth appeare,
Marche forth my men, we muſt no longer ſtay:
Let euery man abandon fainting feare,
And I as gyde wyl leade you on your way.
Euen I my ſelfe the formoſt in the fray,
Wyl teach you how you ſhal abate his pride.
Fight fight my men, Saint George ſhalbe your gyde.

His Croſbowe men my Archers did aſſayle
With three to one, yet were they al to weake:
And when his footeyne hope could not preuayle,
Them to aſſiſt his Horſemen out did breake,
Three troopes I ſent on them the wrath to wreake,
And by and by the battayles both did ioyne,
With many a thruſt, and many a bloudie foyne.

Of three mayne battayles he his armie made.
I had but one, and one did deale with three:
Of which the firſt by me were quite diſmayde,
The other two they did diſcomfort me,
Not yeelding, but in yeelding blowes wee bee
(With loſſe of life) conſtrayned at laſt to yeelde
The Crowne, the kingdome, and the foughten feelde.

Note now the lot which on my limmes did lyght,
Nine monthes no more, I wore the Engliſhe Crowne,
In Euery month I in the feelde did fight,
In euery fyght, I wonne a freſhe renowne,
Yet at the laſt my ſtrength was beaten downe,
And here before you, now I do proteſt,
I neuer had one day of quiet reſt.

For fyght with warre I wonne the Princely seate,
With ciuil strife I dayly was distrest,
My brother twise indeuoyde to defeate
Me of my throne, the Norway king was prest,
The dreadful Danes they dayly mee distrest.
At last, this Duke did make me strike my saple,
When winde, nor tide, nor Oars, myght preuayle.

My kingdome then was proude his lawful price,
With conquest he recouered his right,
And as you see of conquering the guise,
The Englishmen they were defaced quite,
Then of his trayne hee did prepare eche wyght.
And this was that which onely brought me blesse,
I did not liue to see this wretchednesse.

But woe to me which caused al this coyle,
I was an Earle my father being dead.
Why did my brest with scalding malice boyle,
To kepe the Crowne from the right heyers head?
O Fancye fonde, thy cunninges hath mee led,
The stinking stinch of thyne inclined best,
Hath poysoned al the vertues in my brest.

The ruthful roodes of proued euil successe,
Who hath sustayned, that pasling pinching payne,
That woful wights al wrapt in wretchednesse,
Can wel report mans fancye is but vayne,
That man doth know, by proofe he findes it playne,
That he who stoopes to fancies fond desires,
Doth grope for Grapes amidst the bramble briers.

Let

Let no man thinke by ſtetches finely filde,
By double dyftes conuayed cunningly,
To get or gayne by any craft or guile,
A good eſtate with long proſperitie.
His luſt obtaynde, he liues in miſerie,
His guilty ghoſt dooth ſee his plagne appeare,
Who goeth ſtraight he needeth not to feare.

¶ FINIS.

Goe ſtraight and feare not.

THE LAST part of the Mirour for Magistrates, wherein may be seene by examples passed in this Realme, with how greenous plagues, vices are punished in great Princes & Magistrates, and howw frayle and vnstable worldly prosperity is founde, where Fortune seemeth most highly to Fauour.

Newly corrected and enlarged

Fœlix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

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1578.

Cum Priuilegio.

Loue and Liue.

TO ALL THE NOBILitie, and all other in office, God graunte wisedome and all thinges nedefull for the preseruation of their Estates. Amen.

PLato among many of his notable sentences concernyng the gouernement of a common weale hath this: well is that Realme gouerned, in which the ambitious, desire not to beare office. ¶ Hereby you may perceiue (right honourable) what offices are, where they be duely executed: not gainfull spoyles for the greedy to hunt for, but painefull toyles for the heady to be charged with. You may perceiue also by this sentence, there is nothing more necessary in a common weale, then that Magistrates be diligent and trusty in their charges.

¶ And sure in whatsoeuer Realme such prouision is made, þ officers be forced to do their duties: there is it as hard a matter to get an officer, as it is in other places to repulse & shift of those that with flatterye, bribes, and other shiftes, sue & preace for offices. For the ambitious (that is to say prollers for power or gayne) seeke not for offices to helpe other, for whych cause officers are ordained: but with the vndoing of other, to enrich themselues. And therfore bar them once of this bayt, & force them to do their duties, then will they geue more to be rid from their charges, than they did at þ first to come by thē: For they seeke onely their priuate profite And therfore, where

the ambitious seeke no office: there no doubt, offices are duely ministred. And where offices are duely ministred, it cannot be chosen, but the people are good, whereof must needes follow a good common weale. For if the magistrates be good, the people cannot be ill. Thus the goodnes or badnes of any Realme lieth in the goodnes or badnes of the Rulers. And therfore not without great cause do the holy Appostles so earnestly charge us to pray for the magistrates: For in dede the wealth & quiet of every common weale, the disorder also and miseries of the same, come specially thorough them. I neede not go eyther to the Romaine, or Greekes for the proofe hereof, neither yet to ỳ Jewes, or other nations: whose common weales have alway florished while their magistrates were good, and decayed and ran to ruyne, when vicious men had the gouernement.

Our countrey storyes (if we reade and marke them) will show us examples enow, would God we had not sene mo thā enow. I purpose not to stand hereupon the particulars, because they be in parte setforth in the tragedies folowing. Yet by ỳ waye this I note (wishing all other to doe the like) namely, that as good gouernours have never lacked their deserued praises: so have not the bad escaped infamy, besides such plagues as are horrible to heare of. For God (ỳ ordeyner of offices) although he suffer them for punishment of the people to be often occupied of such, as are rather spoilers and Iugglers, than tollers or Justices (whom the scriptures cal Hypocrits) yet suffereth he them not to scape vnpunished, because they dishonour him. For it is Gods own office, yea his chief office which they beare and abuse. For as Justice is the chief vertue, so is ỳ ministration thereof, the chiefest office: and therfore hath God established it with the chiefest name, honouring and calling Kinges and all officers vnder them by his owne name: Gods. Ye be al Gods, as many as have in your charge any ministration of Justice. What a foule shame were it for any nowe to take vpon them the name and office of God, and in their doings to shew them

themselues deuils: God cannot of Iustice, but plague suche shameleſſe preſumption and hipocriſie, and that with shamfull death, diſeases, or infampe. Howe he hath plegued euil rulers from time to time, in other nations, you may ſee gathred in Bochas boke intituled The fall of Princes, trãſlated into Engliſh by Lydgate a Monke of ỹ Abbey of Bury in Suff. How he hath delt with ſome of our countrymen your auncetours, for ſundry vices not yet left, this boke named, A Mirrour for Magiſtrates, ſhall in parte plainye ſet forth before your eyes which boke I humbly offer vnto your honours, beſeching you to accept it fauorably. For here, as in a mirror or lokig glaſſe you ſhal ſe if any vice be found, how the like hath ben puniſhed in other here tofore, wherby armoniſhed, I truſt it will bee a good occaſiõ to moue mẽ to ỹ ſoner amẽdmẽt. This is ỹ chiefe end why this booke is ſet forth which God graũt it may take accordiug to the maner of the makers. The worke was begõ & part of it printed in quene Maries time, but ſtaid by ſuch as thẽ were chiefe in office, neuertheles, through ỹ meanes of the right honorable Hẽry Lord Stafford, ỹ firſt part was licẽced, & imprinted ỹ firſt yeare of ỹ raign of this our moſt noble and vertuous Quene, & dedicated to your honours with this preface Since wch time, although I wãted ſuch helpes before, yet the ſaid good Lord Stafford hath not ceaſed to cal vpõ me, to publiſh ſo much therof as I had gotten of other mẽs hands, ſo ỹ through his Lordſhips earneſt meanes I haue now alſo ſet forth another part, conteining as much as I could obtaine at ỹ hands of my frends: Which in ỹ name of al the authours, I humbly dedicate vnto your honours, inſtãtly wiſhing, ỹ it may ſo like & delite your minds, ỹ your chereful receiuig therof, may encourage worthy wits to enterpriſe & perfourme ỹ reſt. Which aſſone as I may procure I entẽd through Gods leaue & your fauorable allowance, to publiſh with all expedition. In the meane whyle my Lordes and Gods, (for ſo I may cal you) I moſte humbly beſeech your honours fauorably to ac-

cept this rude worke, and diligently to reade and consider it. And although you shal find in it, that some haue for their vertue bin enuied and brought vnto miserye: yet cease not you to be vertuous, but do your office to the vttermost. Embrace vertue and suppresse the contrary, both in your selues and other, so shall God whose officers you are, either so maintaine you that no malice shall preuaile, or if it do, it shall be for your good, & to your eternall glory both here and in heauen which I beseech God you may both seeke and attaine.

Amen.

Yours most humble
VV.B.

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A BRIEFE MEMORIALL of sundry vnfortunate Englishmen,

VVILLIAM BALDVVIN to the Reader

WHEN the Printer had purposed with himself to Print Lidgates translation of Bochas, of the fal of Princes, hauinge made priuy thereto, many both honourable and Worshippefull: hee was cousayled by dyuers of them to procure a continuance of the Storye from whereas Bochas left, vnto this presēt time, chiefly of such as Fortune had abused here in this Island: which might bee as a Myrrour for men of all estates and degrees aswell Nobles as other, to behold the slippery deceiptes of the wauering Lady, & the due reward of all kinde of vices. Which aduice liked him so well, that he required mee to take paynes therein: but because it was a matter passing my wit & skill, and more thancklesse than gaynefull to enterprise. I refused vtterly alone to vndertake it without the helpe of sutch, as in wit were apt, in learninge allowed, and in iudgemente and estimation able to wield and discharge the weight of sutch a burden, thinkinge so to shift my handes. But hee earnest and diligent in hys affayres, procure me an Athlas

to laye the burden vppon my shoulders, which I would not haue vndertaken, but that shortly after diuers learned men (whose many giftes nede few prayses) consented to take vpon them part of the trauaile. And when certayne of them to the number of seuen, were through a generall assent at an appoyncted time and place, gathered together to deuise thereuppon: I resorted vnto them, bringinge with mee the booke of Bochas translated by Dan Lidgate, for the better obseruation of his order: which although wee did not mislyke, yet would it not conueniently serue, seing that both Bochas, & Lidgate were dead, neither were there any alyue that had medled w̄ like argumēt, to whom the vnfortunate might make their moane. To make therfore a state meete for the matter, they al agreed that I shoulde vsurpe Bochas rome, and the wretched Princes complaine vnto me: and take vpon themselues, euery man for his part to be sundry personages, and in their behalfes to bewaile vnto me their sundry chaunces, heauy destenies, and wofull misfortunes. This done, wee opened suche Bookes of Chronicles as wee had there present, and Maister Ferrers after hee had founde where Bochas left, which was about the ende of Kinge Edward the thirdes raigne, to begin the matter, sayd thus.

I marualye (q hee) what Bochas meaneth to forget among his mysserable Princes, such as were of our Nation, whose number is as great as they

Aduentures

Aduentures wonderfull. For to let passe all, both *Britaynes*, *Danes*, and *Saxons*, and to come to the last Conquest, what a sort are they, and some also in the time of Bochas himselfe, or not much before. As for example William Rufus the second kinge of Englande after the Cõquest, eyther by malice or misaduenture slayne hunting in the new Forest, by Walter Tirrell with ỳ shot of an arrow. Robert Duke of *Normandy* eldest sonne to William Conquerour depriued of his inheritaunce of England, by Henry his youngest brother hauing both his eyes put out, and after, myserably imprisoned in Cardiffe Castel, whereas hee died. The most Lamentable case of William, Rychard, and Mary, children of the sayde Henry the first called Beauclerke, drowned vpon ỳ Sea by the negligence of drunken Mariners, and kynge Rychard the fyrst slaine with a quarel in his chiefe prosperity. The most vnnaturall murther of Artur Duke of *Britayne* right Heyre of Englande, by king Jhon his vncle, wt the death of Isabell his Sister by Fampne. The myserable ende of the sayd king Jhon their vncle by Surfet, or as some write poysoned by a Monke of the Abbey of *Swinsted* in Lyncolneshyre. Are not their histories ruful, and of rare Example? But as it should appeare, Bochas being an *Italian*, minded most the *Romayne*, and *Italike* Story, or els perhaps hee wanted the knowledge of ours. It were therefore a goodly and no-

table matter, to search and discourse our whole story from the first beginninge of the inhabiting of the *Isle*. But seeinge the Printers mynde is to haue vs supply where Lidgate left, we will leaue that great labour to other ẏ may intende it, and (as one being bold fyrst to breake the Ise) I will begin at ẏ reigne of Rychard ẏ secōd, a time as troublesome to ẏ people, as vnlucky to ẏ Prince. And for asmutch frende Baldwin, as it shall be your charge to penne orderly the whole processe: I will so far as my memory, and iudgement serueth, somewhat further you in the truth of the story. And therefore omittinge the ruffle made by Jacke Straw & his Lewd meiney, with the murder of many notable mē which thereby happened, (for Jacke as yee knowe was but a poore Prince) I wil begin with a notable example, which within a while after ensued. And although the person (at whom I beginne) was no kinge nor Prince: yet sithens he had a Princely office, I wil take vpon mee the miserable person of Syr Robert Tresilian chiefe Justice of *Englande*, and of other his fellowes learned in ẏ Law ẏ were plagued w̄ him: thereby to warne all of theyr callinge & profession, to beware of wronge Judgementes, miscōstruinge of Lawes, or wrestinge the same to serue the Prynces turne, which rightfully brought them to a myserable ende, which they may iustly lament in maner ensuinge.

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THE FALL OF SIR Robert Tresilian chief Iustice of England, and other his fellowes, for misconstruinge the Lawes and expoundinge them to serue the Prynces affections. Anno. 1388.

IN the rufull Regester of mischiefe, and mishap,
Baldwin we beseech thee with our names to begin,
Whom vnkendly Fortune did trayne vnto a trap,
Whē we our state esteēm'd most stable to haue bin:
So lightly leese they all, which all do weene to winne:
Learne by vs yee Lawyers, and Iudges of the Lande,
Vpright and vncorrupt in dome alway to stande.

And printe yee this president to remayne for euer,
Enroll and recorde it in tables made of Brasse,
Engraue it in Marble that may bee razed neuer,
Where Iudges of the Lawe may sée as in a Glasse,
What guerdon is for guile, and what our wages was,
Who for filthy lucre, corrupt with meede and awe,
Wittingly and wretchedly did wrest the sence of Lawe.

A chaunge more new or straunge, when was there euer séene,
Then Iudges from the Bench to come downe to the Barre,
And counseylours that werr, most nigh to King and Quéene
Exiled their countrey, from Court and counsayle farre,
But such is Fortunes play that can both make and marre,
Exaltinge to most highe, that was before most lowe,
And turning taple agayne, the lofty downe to throwe.

And

And ſuch as late afore, could ſtoutly ſpeake and pleade
Both in Court, and Countrey, careleſſe of the triall,
Stand mute as Dummers without aduice, or reade
All to ſeeke of chiftinge, by trauerſe or dentall
Which haue ſeene the day, when for a golden Riall
By ſtneſſe and cunning, could haue made blacke ſeeme whit
And moſt extorted wronge, to haue appeared righte.

Whilſt thus on bench aboue, wee had the higheſt place,
Our reaſons were to ſtrong, for any to confute,
But when at barre beneath, we came to pleade our caſe
Our wittes were in the wane, our pleadinge very brute,
Hard it is for Priſoners, with Iudges to diſpute
When many againſt one, and none for one ſhall ſpeake.
Who weenes himſelfe moſt wyſe, ſhall haply be to weake.

To you therefore that ſit, theſe fewe wordes will I ſay,
That no man ſits ſo ſure, but may be brought to ſtand,
Wherefore whilſt you haue place, & beare the ſwing, & ſway
By fauour without rygor, let poincts of Law bee ſkand:
Pitty the poore Pryſoner that holdeth vp his hand,
Ne lade him not with Law, who leaſt of Law hath knowne,
Remember ere yee dye, the caſe may bee your owne.

Beholde mee vnfortunate Forteman of thys Flocke,
Treſilian, ſometime chiefe Iuſtice of this Lande.
A Gentleman by byrth, no ſtayne was in my Stocke,
Locketon, Holt, and Belknap, with other of my bande,
Which the Lawe and Iuſtice had wholly in our bande,
Under the ſecond Richard a Prince of great eſtates
To whom and vs alſo, blinde Fortune gaue the mate.

In the

In the common Lawes oure skill was so profounde,
Oure credit and auctority such, and so esteemed,
That what that we concluded was taken for a grounde,
Allowed was for Lawe, what so to vs best seemed.
Lyfe, Death, Landes, goods, and all by vs was deemed.
Whereby with easy payne, great gaine we did in fet,
And euery thinge was fishe, that came vnto our net.

At Sessions and Sises, we bare the stroke and sway,
In pantents and commission, of Quorum alway thicke:
So that to whether side, soeuer we did way,
Were it by right or wronge, it past without repreke,
The true man we let hang, somwhiles to saue a Thicke.
Of Golde and of Siluer, our handes were neuer empty,
Offices, Fermes, and Fees, fell to vs in great plenty.

But what thinge may suffice vnto the greedy man?
The more he hath in hold, the more he doth desire,
Happy and twyce happy is hee, that wisely can
Content himselfe with that, which reason doth require,
And mopleth for no more, then for his needefull hyre:
But greedinesse of minde doth seldome keepe the syse,
To whom enough and more, at no time doth suffise.

For like as Dropsy patients drinke and still be drye,
Whose vnstaunched Thirst no Liquor can Alaye,
And drincke they nere so much, yet Thirst they by and by,
So Catchers, and Snatchers toyle both night and day,
Not needy but greedy, still prollinge for their Praye,
O endelesse Thirst of Gold corrupter of all Lawes,
What mischiefe is on mould whereof thou art not cause.

Thou

Thou madeſt vs forget the layth we did proteſte,
When Sergeants we were ſworne to ſerue the cõmon Law,
Makyng a ſolempne oth in no payne to dyſpenſe.
From approued Principles in ſentence nor in ſawe:
But we vnhappy wyghts without al dread and awe,
Of the Iudge eternall, more high to be promoted.
To Mammon more then God, all wholly were deuoted.

The Lawes we did interprete and ſtatutes of the Land,
Not truely by the Text, but newly by a gloſe:
And wordes þ were moſt plaine, when they by vs were ſtand,
Wee turned by conſtruction like a Welſhmans hoaſe,
Wherby many a one both life and Land did looſe:
Yet this we made our meane to mount a loft on Mules,
And ſeruing times and turnes, peruerted Lawes and rules.

Thus clyming and contending alway to the toppe,
From hie, hate higher, and than to be moſt hye,
The bonny dew of Fortune ſo faſt on vs did droppe,
That of King Richards counſayle we came to be moſt nye:
Whoſe fauoure to attayne, we were full fine and ſlye
Alway to his auayle, where any ſenſe might ſound,
That way (were it all wrong) the Lawes we did expound.

So workinge Lawe like waxe, the ſubiect was not ſure
Of Life, Land, nor goods, but at the Princes will,
Which cauſed his kingdome the ſhorter time to dure,
For clymminge power abſolute both to ſaue and ſpill,
The Prince therby preſumed his people for to pill:
And ſet his luſtes for Lawe, and will had reaſons place,
Na more but hange and draw, there was no better grace.

Thus

The King thus outleaping, the limits of his lawe,
Not rayning but raginge, as wyll did him entice,
Wyse and worthy persons from Court did dayly drawe,
Sage counsell set at naught, proud daunters were in price,
And roysters bare the rule, which wasted all in vyce,
Of ryot and excesse, grew scarcitie and lacke,
Of lacking came taxing, and so went wealth to wracke.

The Barons of the Land, not bearing this abuse,
Conspiring with the commons assembled by assent,
And seing no reason nor treatye could induce
The king in any thing his rigour to relent,
Maugre his princely mynde: they cald a Parliament
Francke and free for all men, unchecked to debate
Aswell for weale publique, as for the Princes state.

In which high assemblye, great thinges were proponed.
Touching the Princes state, his regally and crowne,
By reason that Richard, which much was tobe moned,
Without regard at all, of honour or renowne,
Rifled by ill advise, had turnde al upside downe:
For suretie of whose state, them thought it did behoove,
His counsailours corrupt, by order to remoue.

Among whom, Robert Veer, called Duke of Ireland,
With Michel Delapoole, of Suffolke ne w made Earle.
Charchbyshop of Yorke was also of our band:
With Brembre of London a ful uncurteous churle)
Some learned in the law in exile they did hurle:
But I iudge Tresilian, because I was the chiefe,
Was dampned to the Gallowes to dye there as a thiefe.

Lo the fyne of falſhoode, the ſtipend of corruption,
The fickle fee of fraud, the fruites it doth procure,
Ye iudges now liuing, let our iuſt punition
Teach you to ſhake of vyces, and kepe your handes al pure,
Riches and promotion be vayne thinges, and vnſure:
The fauour of a Prince is an vnſtable ſtaye,
But Juſtice hath a fee, that ſhal remayne alwaye.

What glorys more greater in ſight of God or man.
Then by pathes of Juſtice in Judgement to procede?
So duelye and truely the lawes alway to ſkan,
That Juſtice may take place without reward or mede,
Set apart all flattery and vayne worldly dreede:
Set God before your eyes the righteous Judge ſupreme,
Remember wel your reckening at the day extreame.

Abandon all affray, be ſoothfaſt in your ſawes,
Be conſtant and careleſſe of mortall mens diſpleaſure.
With eyes ſhut, & hands cloſde, you ſhould pronoūce ȳ lawes
May not this worldly mucke, thincke there is a treaſure
More worth then Gold or ſtone, a thouſand times in valure,
Repoſed for all ſuch as righteouſnes enſue,
Wherof you cannot faple, the promiſe made is true.

If Judges in our dayes would ponder wel in mynde,
The fatall fall of vs, for wreſting lawe and right,
Such ſtatutes as touch lyfe, ſhould not be thus defiinde
By ſences conſtrained, againſt true meaning quite,
Aſwel they might affirme the blacke for to be whyte,
Wherfore we wiſh they would, our act and end compare,
And waying wel the caſe, they wyl (we truſt) be ware.

Finis. G. F.

When

WHen finished was this Tragedy, which seemed not vnfyt for the persons touched in ỹ same. Another which in the meane tyme had hapde vppon syr Roger Mortimer Earle of March, and heyre apparaunt of Englande, whose miserable end (as it should appeare) was somwhat before the others: sayd as foloweth. Although it be not greatlye appertinent to our purposed matter, yet in my iudgement, I thincke it would do wel to obserue the tymes of these great infortunes, and as they be more auncient in tyme, so to place their seuerall plaintes: For I fynde that before these (of whō maister Ferrers here hath spoken) there were two earles of ỹ name of Mortimer, the one in the tyme of king Edward the third out of our date: a nother in Richard the secondes time, slayne in Ireland, a yeare before the fal of these Iustices: whose hystorie syth it is notable, and therample fruitful, it were not good to ouerpasse. And therfore by your lycence and fauours, I wyl take vpon me the personage of the earle Mortimer called Roger, who full of bloudye woundes mangled, with a pale countenaunce, and grieslye looke, may make his moane to Baldwin, in this wise.

HOVV THE TWO ROGERS, surnamed Mortimers, for their sundrye Vyces, ended theire lyues vnfortunatelye, the one Anno. 1329. the other. Anno. 1387.

AMong the ryders on the rolling wheele,
Which lost their holdes, Baldwyn forget not mee
Whose fatall thred, vntimelye death dyd reele
Ere it were twisted, by the Sisters threee,
All folke be frayle, theyr blisses brittle bee:
For proofe whereof, although none other were,
Suffice may I, Sir Roger Mortimer.

Not he that was in Edwardes dayes the third,
Whom Fortune brought from boote to extreme bale,
With loue of whom, the Queene so much was stird,
As for his sake from honour she did scale,
And whilest Fortune, blew on this pleasaunt gale,
Heauing him high on her triumphall Arch,
By meane of her hee was made Earle of March.

Whence pryde out sprang, as doth appeare by manye,
Whom soden hap, aduaunceth in excesse,
Among thousandes, scarse shal you synde anye,
Which in high wealth that humor can suppresse,
As in this earle, playne proofe did wel expresse:
For whereas hee too loftye was before,
His new degree hath made him now much more.

For

For now alone he ruleth as him lust,
Respecting none saue only the Queene mother,
Which moued malice to foulder out the rust,
Which deepe in hate, before did lye and smother.
The Peeres, the People, aswel the one as other.
Against him made so haynous a complaint,
That for a traytour, they did the Earle attaynt.

Than al such crimes as hidden lay before,
They skower a fresh, and somwhat to them adde,
For hydden hate hath eloquence in store,
Whan Fortune biddes small faultes to make more bad,
Fyue haynous crymes against him soone were had,
Causing the king to yeld vnto the Scot,
Townes that his father, but late afore had got.

And therewithall the Charter called Ragman,
Yeuen to the Scots for brybes and priuie gayne,
That by his meanes sir Edward of Carnaruan
In Berckley Castel, most cruelly was slayne:
That with his princes mother he had layne,
And last of all by pyllage at his pleasure,
Had spoyld the kyng and commons of their treasure.

For these thinges lo, which erst were out of mynde,
Dampned he was, and hanged at the last,
In whom dame Fortune fully shewed her kynde,
For whome she heaues, she hurleth downe as fast:
If men to come, would learne by other past,
My coosins fall might cause them set asyde,
High clymim, brybing, adultery and pryde,

The fynal cauſe, why I this proceſſe tell,
Is that I may be knowen from this other,
My like in name, vnlike me though he fel.
Which was I wene my graundſire or his brother:
To count my kin, Dame Philip was my mother,
Eldeſt daughter and heire of Lyonell,
Of King Edward the third the ſecond ſequele.

My Father bight ſir Edmund Mortimer,
Cald Earle of March, whence I was after Earle,
By true diſcent theſe two my pareates were,
Of whith the one of knighthood bare ferl
Of Ladies all, the other was the pearle:
After whoſe Death I onely ſtoode in plight,
To be next heyre vnto the crowne by right.

Touching the caſe of my couſin Roger,
(Whoſe ruful end euen now I did relate)
Was found in tyme an vndue attendre
Againſt the law, by thoſe that bare him hate:
For where by lawe eth man of free eſtate,
Should be heard ſpeake before his iudgement paſſe,
That common grace to him denyed was.

Wherfore by doome in Court of Perliament,
His attendre appering erroneous,
The King, the Lordes, and Commons of aſſent,
His lawleſſe death vnlawful did diſcuſſe,
And both to blood and good reſtored vs:
A preſident worthy, in record left,
Lordes lygues to ſaue, by lawles meanes bereft.

Whyle

Whyle Fortune thus did kendly me reteyne,
Rychard the king, that second was by name,
Hauing none heire after him to reigne:
Made me his mate in earnest and in game:
The Lordes themselues so wel allowd the same,
That through my titles vulpe comming downe,
I was made heire apparaunt to the crowne.

Who then but I was euery where esteemed?
Wel was the man that vnderstoode my bent,
Whom I allowed, as Lordes the People deemed,
And me to serue was euery mannes entent,
With all that wyt or cunning could inuent:
To me as prince attended great and small,
In hope a day would come to pay for all.

But seldome hope continueth trouble voyde,
In greatest charge cares greatest do ensue,
The most pollest, are euer most anoyed,
In largest seas fore tempestes lightly vyue,
The freshest colours, soonest chaunge their hue,
In thickest place is made the deepest wounde,
True proofe whereof, my selfe to soone haue found.

For whiles Fortune so lulde me in her lap,
And gaue me giftes more than I did require,
The double Dame behynde me set a trap,
To dash me downe and laye all in the myre:
The Irish Kernes against mee dio conspyre,
My Landes of Ulster vniustly to bereaue,
Which my mother for heritage did me leaue.

And whyles I there to set all things in staye,
(Omit my toyles and troubles thytherwarde)
Among mine owne, with my retinue laye,
The wylder sort, whom I did least regard,
And therfore the rechlesse mannes reward:
When least I thought, set on me in such number,
That fro my corps, the lyfe they set asunder.

Nought might auayle my courage nor my force,
Nor helpe of frendes, which were alas to few:
The cruel folke assaulted so my horse,
That all my helpes in pieces they to hew,
Our bloud distaind the ground as drops of dewe.
Nought might preuayle to flye or yet to yelde,
For whom they take they murther in the fielde.

No law of Armes they know, nor none wil learne:
They make not warre (as other do) a play,
The Lord, the Boy, the Gallowglasse, the Kerne,
Yeeld or not yelde, whom so they take they slaye,
They saue no prisoners, for raunsome, nor for paye:
Their booty chiefe, they coumpt a deadmans heade
Their end of warre's to see their enemie dead.

Amongest these men, or rather sauage beasts
I lost my lyfe, by cruel murther slayne,
And therfore Baldwin note thou well my gestes,
And warne all princes rashnes to refrayne,
Bid them beware their enemies when they fayne,
Nor yet presume to make their match amisse,
Had I not so done, I had not come to this,

A:

At naught I ſet a ſoyt of naked men,
And much the leſſe, ſeeming to flye away,
One man me thought was good ynough for ten,
Making ſmall account of number more or leſſe,
Badneſſe it is, in warre to goo by geſſe,
At vnwares aſſaulted by our fone,
Which were in number fourtie to vs one.

See here the ſtay of pompe and highe eſtate,
The feeble hold of this vncertayn lyfe,
For I but young, proclaymed Prince but late,
Hauing fayre fruict by my beloued wyfe:
Loſt all at once by ſtroake of bloudy knife:
Whereby aſſurde, let men themſelues aſſure,
That wealth, and lyfe are doubtful to endure.

FINIS. T. Ch.

AFter this Tragedye ended, Mayſter Ferrers ſayde, ſeeinge it is beſte to place eche perſon in his order, Baldwin take you the Chronicles & make them as they come: there are many worthye to bee noted, thoughe not treated of. Firſt the Lorde Murrey a Scotiſh man, who tooke his deathes wound through ſtroake lent him by the Earle of Notingham, whom he chalenged at the Tylt: But toomit him and alſo the fatte Pryor of Typtre, preſſed to death

wyth

with thronge of People vppon London Bridge at the Queenes entrye, I wyll come to the Duke of Gloceſter the kinges vncle, a man mynding the common wealth, and yet at length miſerably made away, in whoſe perſon if ye wil geeue eare, ye ſhal heare what I thinke meete to be ſayd.

How

HOVVE SIR THOMAS of VVoodstocke, Duke of Gloucestre, Vncle to King Rychard the second, was vnlawfully murdered. Anno. 1397.

WHo stablisht is in State, seeming most sure,
And so far from daunger of Foztunes blast,
As by the compasse of mannes conjecture,
No bzasen pyller may be fyxt moze fast:
Yet wanting the stay of pzudent sozecast,
Whan froward Foztune list foz to frowne,
May in a moment turne vpside downe.

In pzooke wherof, O Baldwin, take payne,
Turne thine eare to Thomas of Woodstocke,
Pzst in pzesence on Foztune to complaine,
In the sozlozne hope of English flocke:
Who by discent was of the ropall stocke,
Sonne to king Edward, third of that name,
And second to none in glozye and fame.

This noble father to maynteyn my state,
With Buckingham Earledome did me indowe:
Both Nature and Foztune to me were grate,
Denying mee nothing which they might allowe
Their sundzye graces in me did so slowe,
As beautye, strength, high favour, and fame,
Who may of God moze wish then the same?

Bzothers

Brothers we were to the number of seuen,
I beeing the first, and youngest but one:
A more royall race was not vnder heauen,
More stout or more stately, of stomacke & person,
Princes al peereleſſe in ech condition,
Namelye ſyr Edward, called the blacke Prince,
When had England the like before or euer since?

But what of all this, any man to assure,
In state vncarefull of Fortunes variaunce?
Sith daylye and hourelye wee see it in vre,
That where most cause is of affiaunce,
Euen there is found most weake assuraunce:
Let none trust Fortune, but folow reason,
For often wee see in trust is treason.

This prouerbe in proofe ouer true I tryed,
Fynding high treason in place of high trust,
And most falſe fayth where I most affyed:
Beinge by them that should haue bene iust.
Trapterouſlye entrapt, ere I could mistrust,
Ah wretched world, what is it to trust thee?
Let them that will learne now harken to mee.

After king Edward the thirdes decease,
Succeeded my Nephewe Richard to raigne,
Who for his glory and honours encrease,
With princely wages did me entertaine,
Against the Frenchmen to be his Chiefetayne:
So passing the Seas with royall puiſſaunce,
With God and S. George I inuaded Fraunce.

Wasting

Euen so it fared by this frendship fayned,
Outwardly sound and inwardly rotten:
For when the kings fauour in seeming was gayned:
All olde displeasures forgeeuen and forgotten,
Euen than at a soden the shaft was shotten,
Which pearced my hart voyd of mistrust,
Alas that a Prince should be so vniust.

For lyinge at Plashey my selfe to repose,
With long sicknesse diseased very sore:
The King espying me apart from those,
With whom I was confedered before,
Thought it not meete to tract the time more
But glad to take me at such aduauntage,
Came to salute mee with frendly visage.

Who hauing a Band bound to his bent,
By colour of kindenesse to visite his Came,
Tooke tyme to accomplish his cruel entent:
And in a small vessel downe by the streame,
Conueid me to Calais out of the realme,
Where without processe or doome of my peares,
Not nature but murder abridged my yeares.

This act was odious to God and to man,
Yet rigour to cloake in habit of reason,
By craftye compasse deuise they can,
Articles nine of right haynous treason:
But doome after death is sure out of season,
For who euer saw so straunge a president,
As execution to goe before iudgement.

Thus hate harboured in depth of mynde,
By sought occasion burst out of new,
And crueltye abused the lawe of kinde.
When that the Nephue the vncle slew.
Alas King Richard, sore maist thou rue-
Which by this fact preparedst a playne waye,
Of thy hard destenye to hasten the daye.

For bloud axeth bloud as guerdon due,
And vengeaunce for vengeaunce is iust rewarde:
O righteous God thy iudgementes are true,
For looke what measure to others we awarde,
The same for vs againe is preparde:
Take heede ye princes by examples past,
Bloud wil haue bloud eyther first or last.

FINIS. G. F.

When maister Ferrers had ended this fruictfull Tragedye, because no mā was readye with an other, hauing perused the storie which came next, sayde: because you shall not saye (my maysters) but that I will some what doe my parte. I wyll vnder your correction, declare the tragedye of Thomas Mowbrey, Duke of Northfolke, the chiefe worker of the Duke of Glocesters destruction: who to admonish all counsaylours to beware of Flattring Princes or falsely enuying or accusing their Peregalles, may lamēt his vyces in maner folowinge.

How

HOVV THE LORDE Mowbray promoted by Kynge Rychard the seconde, to the State of a Duke, was by him Banished the Realme, in the yeare of Christe. 1398. and after died myserably in exile.

THough sorowe and shame abash me to reherce,
My lothsome lyfe and death of due deserued,
Yet that the paynes thereof may other pearce,
To leaue the like, least they be likewise serued,
Ah Balowin marke, and see how that I swerued:
Dissemblinge, enuy, and Flattery, hane that bee
Of al their Holts, haue shewed their power on mee.

I blame not fortune though she do her part,
And true it is, she can do little harme,
She guideth goods, she hampreth not the hart,
A minde well bent, is safe from euery charme:
Vice, onely vice, with her stout strengthlesse arme,
Doth cause the heart from good to ill encline,
Whych I alas, do finde to true by myne.

For where by birth I came of noble race,
The Mowbrays heyre, a famouse house and olde,
Fortune I thanke, gaue me so good a grace,
That of my Prince I had what so I wolde:
Yet neyther was, to other greatly holde.
For I through flattery abusd his wanton youth,
And his lond trust augmented my untruth.

C 2. Hée made

Hee made mee first the Earle of Notingham,
And Marshall of Englande, in which estate
The Peeres and people ioyntly to mee came,
With sore complaint against them that of late
Made officers, had wrought the kinge in hate,
By makinge sale of Justice, right, and Lawe,
And liuinge naught: without all dreade or awe.

I gaue them ayde these euils to redresse,
And went to London with an army strong,
And caused the king, against his will oppresse
By cruell death, all such as led him wrong:
The Lord chiefe Justice suffered these among,
So did the Steward of his houshold head,
The Chauncellor scapt, for he aforehand fled.

These wicked men thus from the king removed,
Who best vs pleased succeeded in their place:
For which both Kinge, and Commons much vs loued,
But chiefly I with all stoode high in grace,
The Kinge ensued my reede in euery case,
Whence selfe loue bred: for glory maketh proude,
And pryde ay looketh alone to bee allowde.

Wherefore to th'ende I might alone enioy
The Kinges fauour, I made his lust my lawe:
And where of late I labboured to destroy,
Such flatteringe folke, as thereto stode in awe,
Now learned I amonge the rest to clawe:
For pryde is such, if it be kindly caught,
As stroyeth good, and stirreth vp euery naught.

Pryde

Pryde prouoketh to flatter for the pray,
To poll, and oppresse for maintenaunce of the same,
To malice such as match vnethes it may:
And to be brieke, prioe doth the hart enflame,
To spye what mischiefe any fraud may frame,
And euer at length the euils by it wrought
Confound the worker and bring him vnto nought.

Behold in me due proofe of euery part,
For pryde prickt me first my prince to flatter
So much, that who so euer pleased his hart,
Were it neuer so euil, I thought it a lawfull matter,
Whichcaused the Lordes afresh against him clatter:
Because of Poloes beyond the sea that he solde,
And seene his souldiers of their wages polde.

Though all these ills were done by myne assent,
Yet such was lucke that eche man deemed no:
For see the Duke of Glocestre for me sent,
With other Lordes whose hartes did bleede for woe,
To see the Realme so fall to ruine goe:
In fault whereof, they sayd the two Dukes were,
The one of Yorke, the other of Lancaster.

On whose remoue from place about the king
We all agreed, and sware a solempne oth,
And whilst the rest prouided for this thing,
I flatterer I, to wyn the prayse of troth:
Wretch that I was brake fayth and promise both:
For I bewrayed the King, their whole intent,
For which vnwares they all were tane and shent.

Thus was the warder of the Common weale,
The Duke of Glocester giltlesse made away,
With other moe, moze wzetch I so to deale,
Who thzough vntzub their tzust dio ill betraye:
Yet by this meanes obtzyned I my pzaye,
Of king and Dukes I found foz this such fauour,
As made me Duke of Nozthfolke foz my labour.

But see how pzyde and enuye ioynely runne,
Because my Pzince did moze then me pzeferre,
Syz Henry Bolenbzoke the Elderst sonne
Of Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster,
Pzoude I that would alone be blazing sterre,
Enuied this Duke, foz nought saue that the shyne
Of his desertes, did glitter moze then mine.

To thend therfoze his light should be the lesse,
I slyly sought al shiftes to put it out,
But as the popze that would the palmetree pzesse,
Doth cause the bowes spzede larger round about,
So spite and enuye causeth glozy spzoute,
And aye the moze the toppe is ouertrode,
The deeper doth the sound roote spzeade abzode.

Foz when this Henrye Duke of Herefozd sawe,
What spoyle the King made of the noble blood,
And that without al Iustice, cause, oz lawe:
To suffer him so, be thought not sure noz good,
Wherefoze to me twofaced in one hood,
As touching this he fully bzake his mynde
As to his frend that should remedye fynde.

But

But I, although I knewe my Prince did ill,
So that my heart abhorred sore the same,
Yet mischiefe so through malice led my will,
To bringe this Duke from honour vnto shame,
And toward my selfe, my Soueraygne to enflame:
That I bewrayed his Words vnto the King.
Not as a reade, but as a most haynous thing.

Thus where my duty bounde me to haue tolde
My Prince his fault, and wild him to refrayne,
Through flattery lo, I did his ill vpholde,
Which turnd at length both him and mee to payne:
Wo, wo to Kinges whose counsaylours do fayne,
Wo, wo to Realmes where such are put in truste,
As leaue the lawe, to serue the Princes luste.

And wo to him that by his flatteringe rede,
Mayntayns a Prince in any kinde of vice:
Wo worth him eke for enuy, pryde or mede,
That misreporters any honest enterprise,
Because I dead, in all these poyncts was nice,
The plagues of all together on me light,
And due for ill: Ill doers doth acquite.

For when the Duke was charged with my plaint,
Hee flat denied that any part was true,
And claymde by Armes, to aunswere his attaint,
And I by vse, that Martyr feates well knewe,
To his desire incontinently drewe:
Wherewith the Kinge did seeme right well content,
As one that past not much with whom it went.

At time and place appoyncted wee appeard,
At all poynctes Armed to proue our Quarelles Iuſt,
And whan our Freendes on eth part had vs cheard.
And that the Harolds had vs do our luſt:
With ſpeare in reſt we toke a courſe to iuſt.
But ere our horſes had runne halfe theyr way,
A ſhoute was made the King commaunded ſtaye.

And for to auoyde the ſheddinge of our bloud,
With ſhame, and death which one muſt needes haue had,
The Kinge through counſayle of the Lordes thought good
To baniſhe both, with iudgement ſtrait was rad:
No maruayle than though both were wroth and ſad
But chiefly I, that was Exild for aye,
My Enmy ſtraungd but for ten yeares daye.

The date expird, whan by this doubtfull dome,
I ſhould depart to liue in baniſht band,
On payne of death to England not to come,
I went my way: the Kinge ſeald in his hand
Myne Offices, my Honours, Good, and Land,
To paye the due as openly hee could,
Of mighty ſummes, which I had from him pold.

See Baldwin ſee, the ſalary of ſinne,
Marke with what meede, vile vices are regarded
Through Pride, and Enuy looſe both kith, and kinne,
And for my flatteringe plaint ſo well rewarded,
Exile, and ſlaunder are iuſt to mee awarded:
My Wyfe, and Peice lacke Landes, and lawfull Right,
And mee theyr Lord made Dame Dianais Knight.

At theſe

If theſe miſhaps at home bee not enough,
Ioyne to them my Sorrowes in Exile:
I went to Almayne firſt, a Land right rough,
In which I founde ſutch churliſhe Folke, and vile,
As made mee lothe my life eeh otherwhile:
There lo, I learnd what it is to bee a geſt
Abroade, and what to liue at home in reſt.

For they eſteeme no one man more than ech,
They uſe as well the Lackey as the Lorde,
And like their maners churliſhe in their ſpech,
Their lodging hard, they bourd to bee abhorde:
Their pleityd Garments herewith well accorde,
All Jagde, and Frounſt, with diuers coulours deckt,
They ſweare, they curſe, and drincke till they be flekt.

They hate all ſuch, as theſe their maners hate,
Which reaſon would, no Wiſeman ſhould allowe,
With theſe I dwelt, lamentinge myne eſtate,
Till at the length they had got knowledge, howe
I was exilde, becauſe I did auowe
A falſe complaint, againſt my truſty freende,
Which made them thinke, wee worſe then any feende.

That what for ſhame, and what for other griefe,
I parted thence, and went to Venice towne,
Whereas I found, more pleaſure and reliefe,
Which was not longe: for now the great renowne,
Of Bolenbroke whom I, would haue put downe,
Was wart ſo great in Britayne, and in Fraunce,
That Venice throughout, eeh man did him Auaunce.

Thus

Loo! thus his Glory grewe great, by my dispite,
And I thereby increased in defame:
So enuy euer, her hatred doth acquite
With Trouble, Anguishe, Sorrowe, and selfe Shame,
Whereby her Foes do shine in higher Fame:
Lyke Water waues, which clense the Muddy stone,
And soyles themselues by beatinge thereupon.

Or eare I had sojourned there a yeare,
Straunge tidings came, he was to England gone,
Had tane the Kinge, and that which touched him neare,
Empryſoned him with other of his Fone,
And made him yeelde him vp his Crowne, and Throne:
When I these thinges for true by search had tryed,
Griefe griped me so, I pined away and died.

Note here the ende of pryde, see Flatteries fyne,
Marke the rewarde of enuy, and false complaynt,
And warne all people from them to decline,
Least likely fault do finde the like attaynte.
Let this my lyfe, to them be a restraynt,
By others harmes who listeth take no hede:
Shall by his owne, learne other better rede.

FINIS. T. Ch.

THis tragical example was of al the company wel liked, howbeit a doubt was found therin, & that by meanes of the diuersity of ỳ Chroni-

cles

cles: for whereas Hall (whose Chronicle in this worke was chiefelye folowed) maketh Mowbray appellant, and Bolenbroke defendant. Fabian reporteth the matter quite contrarye, and that by recorde of the Parliament rolle, wherein it is plain that Bolenbroke was appellant & Mowbrey defendant wherfore whatsoeuer shalbe sayde in the perso of Mowbrey (who being a most noble prince had to much wrong to be so causeles defamed after his death) imagine the same to be spoken agaynste his accuser. which matter syth it is more harde to decide, than nedefull to our purpose, which mynde only to disswade frō vices & exalt vertue, we refer to such as may come by the Recordes of the Parliament, contented in the meane while with Mayster Halles iudgement, which maketh best for our forshewed purpose.

This doubt thus let passe. I would sayd M. Ferrers, saye somwhat for K. Rich. the 2. after whose depriuing, his brother & diuers other made a maske mynding by K. Henries destructiō to haue restored him, which maskers matter so runneth in this, ỳ I doubt which ought to goe before, but seeing no mā is ready to say ought in their behalfe, I wyll geue (who so listeth) leasure to thinke thereon, & in ỳ meane time to further your enterprise. I wil in K. Richards behalfe recount such part of his storye, as I thinke most necessary. And therfore imagin *Baldwin* ỳ you see ỳ corps of this Prince al to be māgled, wt bloudy woundes, lyinge pale and wanne, naked

vpon

vpon a Beere in Paules Church, the People standing round about him, and making his complaint in maner as foloweth.

HOWE KINGE RICHARDE the second was for his euil gouernaunce deposed from his seate, in the yeare 1399. & miserably murthered in prison the yeare folowing.

HAppye is the Prince, that hath in wealth the grace
Alertue to folow and vyces to keepe vnder,
But woe to him whose wyt hath wisdomes place:
For who so rendreth right and law asunder,
On him at length all the world shall wonder,
Pompe of high byrth, sworde, sceptre, ne mace,
Can warrant King or Keyser fro the case,
Shame saeth sinne, as rayne do drops of thunder,
Let kinges therfore the Lawes of God embrace,
That vayne delightes cause them not to blunder

Behold my hap, set how the seely route
On me do gaze, and eyth to other say:
See where he lyeth, but late that was so stoute,
Loe how the power, the Pride, and rich aray,
Of mighty Princes lightly gaue away.
The King which earst kept all the realme in doubt,
Dead and leest dread, to graue is carped out.
What mould be Kinges made of but earth and clay:
Behold the woundes his body all about,
Who liuing here, thought neuer to decay.

Yet thinke I heare the people thus deuise
Wherefore Baldwin, sith thou wilt now declare
How Princes fell, to make the liuinge wise,
Thy lawlesse life, in no poynct see thou spare,
But paint it out, that rulers may be ware,
Good counsaple, Lawe, or vertue to dispise:
For Realmes haue rulers, and rulers haue a slie,
Which if they breake, thus much to say I dare,
That others griefes, the other shall agrise
Till one be lost, the other brought to care.

I was a Kinge, who ruled all by Lust
Without respect of Justice, Right, or Lawe,
In false Flatterers reposinge all my trust,
Embracinge such as could my vices clawe:
Fro counsell sage I did alwayes withdrawe,
As pleasure pricke, so nedes obay I must:
Beuinge delite to feede and serue the gust,
Of God or man I stoode no wise in awe,
Nor liked least to Tourney or to Iust.
To Venus games my Fansy did more drawe.

Which to mayntayne, I gathered heapes of golde
By Fines, Fiftenes, and loanes by way of prest,
Blanke Charters, Othes, and shiftes not knowen of olde,
For which the people, my doinges did detest.
Iulls sould the noble towne of Brest,
My fault wherein, because mine vncle tolde,
(For Princes actes, may no wise be controld)
Displse I tooke, vntried without Quest,
And all such Lordes as did his cause vpholde,
With long exile, or cruell death oppest.

Gone

None ayde I lackt, in any wicked deede,
For gapinge Gulles, whom I promoted had.
Would further all in hoope of higher meede,
There can no Kinge, ymagin ought so bad,
But shall fynde some, to do the same most glad:
For sicknesse seldome doth so swiftly breede,
As humours ill, do growe the griefe to feede.
Thus Kinges estatas, bee worst of all bestad,
Abusde in wealth, abandoned at neede,
And nearest harme when they be least adrad.

My lyfe and death the truth of this hath tryed:
For whyle I fought in Ireland with my foes,
Myne vncle Edward, whom I left to guide
My Realme at home, rebelliously arose,
Traytors to helpe, which plied my depose:
And cald fro Fraunce, Earle Bolenkroke whom I
Exiled had, for ten yeares there to lye:
WRho tyrantlike did execute all those,
That in mine ayde durst looke but once awry,
Of which sort sooneafter some their liues did lose.

For comming backe this soden stur to staye,
My Steward false to whom I trusted most:
(WUdkes I in Wales at Flint my castle, laye,
Both to refresh and multiply myne Oste)
There in my Hall, mindinge to fly the Coast,
His Staffe did breake, which was my household stay
Bad ech make shift, and rode himselfe away.
See Princes, see, the strength whereof wee boast,
WUhom most wee trust, at neede do vs Betray:
No better stay, then in a rotten Post.

My Steward falſe, thus being fled and gone,
My ſeruauntes ſlye chaunge of on euerylone,
Then caught I was, and led vnto my foen,
Who for their Prince no Pallace did prouide,
But priſon ſtrong, where Henry puſt with pryde,
Cauſde me reſigne, abandoning my chroane,
And ſo forſaken and left as poſt alone,
Theſe holow frendes, by Henrye ſone eſpyed,
Became ſuſpect, and faith was geeuen to none,
Which cauſed them from layth againe to glyde.

Conſpiring ſtreight their new Prince to put downe,
Which to performe a ſolempne othe they ſwore,
To render me my ſcepter and my crowne,
Wherof themſelues, depriued me before,
But late medcines can helpe no feſtred ſore:
When ſwelling ſtouds haue ouerflowen the towne,
To late it is to ſaue them that ſhal drowne,
Tyl ſayles be ſpred a ſhyppe may keepe the ſhore,
No anchor hold can keepe the veſſel downe,
When winde and ſtreame hath ſet the ſeas in rore.

For though the Peeres ſet Henrye in ſuch ſtate,
Yet could they not diſplace him thence againe:
Andwhere with eaſe my pride they did abate.
They were to weake to ſet me vp againe,
Things hardly mend, but may be mard amaine.
And when a man is fallen by froward fate,
Still miſchieles light one on anothers pate:
And meanes wel ment al miſhaps to reſtraine
Were wretched moanes, wherevp his lopes abate:
Our proofe wherof, in this appeared playne.

Fol

For whan the kinge did know that for my cause,
His Lordes in Maske, would murder him by night,
To dash al doubtes, he tooke no further pause:
But Piers of Exton a cruel cutthroate knight,
To Pomfret Castel sent with great dispite,
Who reft my lyfe by force against al Lawes,
Thus lawlesse lyfe to lawlesse death ay drawes.
Wherfore bid kinges be rulde, and rule by right.
And so I end concluding with this clause:
That God though late, at last wil surely smyte.

FINIS. G. F.

When Maister Ferrers had ended this so woful a Tragedye, and to all Princes a right worthy instruction: hauing passed through a miserable time full of piteous Tragedies, we paused a while. And seeing ẏ reign of Henry the fowerth ensued, a Prince more warr and Prosperous in his doinges, although not vn troubled with warres, both of outfoorth and inward enemies: we began to search what Peeres were fallen therein, whereof the nomber was not small. And yet because their examples were not much to be noted for our purpose, we passed ouer all the Maskers of whom king Richardes brother was chiefe: which were al slaine and put to Death for their trayterous attempt. And fynding Owen

Glendour

Glendour, a great Prince in Wales, next in succession of ill Fortune with the stout Percies his confederates. I thought it not meete to ouerpasse, so great persons with silence, and therefore sayd thus to the sylent company: What my maisters is euery man at once in a browne study? hath no mā affectiō to any of these stories? you minde so much some other belike, that these do not moue you: and to say the truth, there is no special cause why they should. Howe be it Owen Glendour, because he was one of Fortunes owne darlings, and affected to bee Monark of Wales, although to his owne mischiefe and destruction, rather then he should be forgottē, I will pray Maister Phaer who of late hath placed hymselfe in that country, & haply hath met with his ghost in the forest of Kylgarran that he wil say somwhat in his person: which Owen comming out of the wylde Mountaines of Wales like the image of Death in al pointes (his harte onely excepted) as a ghost forpined with extreame famine, cold and hunger, may lamente his great misfortune in such maner as you maister Phaer are able most aptly to vtter and set forth.

HOVV OVVEN GLENdour seduced by falſe Prophecies, tooke vpon him to be Prince of VVales, & was by Henry Prince of England chaſed to the Mountaynes, where he moſt miſerably ſtarued for hunger. Anno. 1401.

Pray thee Baldwin ſith thou doſt entend,
To ſhewe the fall of ſuch as climbe to hye,
Remember mee, whoſe miſerable ende
May teach all men Ambition to flye,
Oh falſe Fortune, Fortune vengeaunce on
thee I crye:
Which offeringe a Sop of ſweete receyt,
Haſte made me byte the Hooke in ſtede of Bayt.

A Brytton borne, and of the Tropan bloud,
But ill brought vp, whereby full well I finde,
That neyther byrth nor Linage make vs good:
Though it be true that Cat will after kinde,
Fleſhe gendreth fleſhe, but not the Soule or Minde,
They gender not, but foulye do degender,
When men to vice, from vertue they ſurrender.

Eche thinge by nature, tendeth to the ſame
Whereof it came, and is diſpoſed like:
Downe ſtucks the mould, vp mountes the fiery flame,
With Horne the Hart, with Hoofe the Horſe doth ſtrike.
The Wolfe doth ſpoyle, the ſubtle Fox doth pike,
And to conclude, no fiſhe, fleſhe, foule, or plant
Of their true dame, the property doth want.

But as

But as for men, syth seuerally they haue
A minde whose maners are by learninge made,
Good bringinge vp, al onely doth them saue,
In honest actes, which with their Parentes fade.
So that true gentry standeth in the trade
Of vertues life, not in the fleshly lyne:
For bloud is brute, but Gentry is deuine.

Experience, doth cause me thus to say,
And that the rather for my countrey men,
Which vaunt & boast themselues aboue the day,
If they may straine their stocke fro worthy men:
Which let be true, are they the better then?
Nay farre the worse, if so they bee not good,
For why they stayne the beuty of ther blood.

How would we mocke the burden bearinge Mule,
If hee would brag he were an horses Sunne,
To presse his pride (might nothing els him rule)
His boastes to proue, no more but did him run:
The horse for swiftnes hath his glory wonne,
The Mule coulde neuer the more aspyer,
Though hee should proue that Pegas was his Sier.

Eche man crake of that which was his owne,
Our Parentes vertues are theirs, and no wit ours,
Who therefore wil of noble byrth be knowen,
Ought shine in vertue like his Auncestours,
Gentry consisteth not in Lawnes, and Towers:
He is a churle though all the World were his,
Yea Arthurs heyre, if that hee lyue amisse.

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Ought shine in vertue like his Auncestours,
Gentry consisteth not in Lauds, and Towers:
Hee is a churle though all the World were his,
Yea Arthurs heyre, if that hee lyue amisse.

For vertuous life a Gentleman doth make,
Of her possessour all be he poore as Job,
Yea though he no name of elders he can take:
For proofe take Merlin fathered by an Hob.
But who so sets his minde to spoyle and rob,
Although he come by due discent from Brute',
He is a choyle, vngentle, vile, and brute.

Well, thus did I for want of better witte,
Because my parents naughtely brought me vp:
For Gentlemen (they sayd) was nought so fitte,
As to attaste by bould attemptes the cup,
Of conquestes wyne, wherof I thought to sup:
And therefore bent my seife to rob and ryue,
And whome I could of Landes, and goods depriue.

For Henry the fourth did then vsurpe the Crowne,
Despoyled the Kinge, with Mortimer the heyre:
For which his subiectes sought to put him downe,
And I while Fortune offered mee so fayre,
Did what I might, his honour to appayre:
And tooke on mee to bee the Prince of Wales,
Entiste thereto by prophecies, and tales.

For which, sutch Idle, as wayte vpon the spoyle,
From euery part of Wales vnto mee drew,
For loytering youth vntaught in any toyle,
Are ready aye all mischiefe to ensue:
Through helpe of these so great my glory grewe,
That I defyed my Kynge through lofty harte,
And made sharpe Warre on all that tooke his parte.

Or

Stelacke, I took Lord Raynold Gray of Rythen,
And him enforst my Daughter to espouse,
And so vnraunsomed I held him still, and sythen,
In Wigmore lande through battayle rigorous,
I caught the right heire of the crowned house:
The Earle of March sir Edmond Mortimer,
And in a Dungeon kept him prisoner.

Than all the Marches longinge vnto Wales,
By Seuerne West I did inuade and burne:
Destroyed the Townes, in Mountaynes, and in Vales,
And rich in Spoyles had homeward saufe returne:
Was none so bold durst once against me spurne,
Thus prosperously doth Fortune forwarde call,
Those whom thee mindes to geue the forest fall.

When Fame had brought these tidings to the King,
(Although the Scottes than vexed him right sore)
A mighty army against mee he did bring:
Whereof the French Kinge beinge warned afore,
Who mortall hate against Kinge Henry bore,
To greue our Foe he quickly to mee sent,
Twelue Thousand Frenchmen, Armed to Warre, and bent.

A part of them led by the Earle of Marche
Lord James of Burbon, a Valiaunt tried Knight,
With held by Windes to Wales ward forth to march,
Tooke Land at Plimmouth priuely on a night:
And when hee had done all that he durst or might,
After that a moyney of his men were slayne,
Hee stale to Ship, and sayled home againe.

Twelue thousand moe in Milford did arriue,
And came to me then lying at Denbigh,
With armed Welshmen Thoulandes double fyue,
With whom wee went to Worcester well nigh,
And there Encampt vs on a mount on high,
To abide the kinge who shortly after came
And pitched his field, on a hill hard by the same.

There eight dayes longe our Hoastes lay face, to face,
And neyther durst others power assayle:
But they so stopt the passages the space,
That victayles coulde not come to our auayle,
Where through constrayned our heartes began to fayle:
So that the Frenchmen shranke away by night,
And I with mine to the Mountaynes tooke our flight:

The Kinge pursued greatly to his cost,
From hilles to Woods, from Woods to Valleis playne:
And by the way his men and stuffe hee lost,
And whan hee sawe, hee gayned nought but payne,
Hee blewe retreate, and gat him home agayne:
Then with my power I boldly came abroade,
Taken in my Countrey for a very God.

Immediatly after fell a Jolly Jarre
Betwene the Kinge, and Percies worthy blouds,
Which grew at last vnto a deadly Warre:
For like as drops Engender mighty Flouds,
And litle seedes sprut forth great Leaues, and buds,
Euen so small striues, if they bee suffered run,
Breede wrath and warre, and death or they bee don.

The

The Kinge would haue the Raunſome of ſutch Scots,
As theſe the Percies tane had in the fielde:
But ſee how ſtrongly lucre knits her knots,
The Kinge will haue, the Percies will not yeeld,
Deſire of goods ſome craues, but graunteth ſeeld:
Oh curſed goods deſire of you hath wrought
All wickednes, that hath, or can bee thought.

The Percies deemed it meeter for the King,
To haue redeemed their Coolin Mortimer,
Who in his Quarell all his power did bring,
To fight with mee, that tooke him Pryſoner,
Than of their pray to rob his Souldier:
And therefore willed him ſee ſome meane were found,
To quite forth him, whom I kept bily bound.

Becauſe the Kinge miſliked their requeſt,
They came themſelues and did accord with mee,
Complayninge how the Kingdome was oppreſt
By Henries rule, wherefore wee did agree
To put him downe, and part the realme in three:
The North part theirs, Wales wholly to bee mine,
The reſt, to reſt to Th'earle of Marches Line.

And for to ſet vs hereon more agog,
A Prophet came (a vengeaunce take them al)
Affirminge Henry to bee Gogmagog,
Whom Merlin doth a Mouldwarp euer call,
Accurſt of God that muſt bee brought in thrall
By a Wolfe, a Dragon, and a Lion ſtrong,
Which ſhould deuide, his Kingdome them among.

This crafty dreamer made vs three such beastes,
To thinke wee were the forespo beastes in deede.
And for that cause our Badges, and our Crestes,
Wee searched out which scarsely well agreed:
Howbeit the Haroldes redy at such a neede,
Drewe downe such Issues from olde Auncestors,
As proued these Ensignes to bee surely ours.

Yee crafty Welshemen, wherefore do yee mocke,
The noble men thus with your fayned rimes?
Ye Noble men why flye yee not the Flocke,
Of such as haue seduced so many times?
False Prophesies are Plagues for diuers crimes,
Which God doth let the deuilish sort deuise,
To trouble such as are not godly wise.

And that appeared by vs three beastes in deede,
Through false perswasion highly borne in hand.
That in our feate wee could not chuse but speede,
To kill the Kinge, and to enioy his Land:
For which exploit wee bound our selues in band,
To stand contented ech man with his parte,
So fully, folly assured our foolish harte.

But such they say as fishe before the Net,
Shall seldome surfet of the Pray they take,
Of thinges to come the haps bee so vnset,
That none but Fooles may warrant of them make:
The full assured, successe doth oft forsake.
For Fortune fauoreth none so fyt to flout,
As surelye Sots, which cast no kinde of doubt.

How

How sayest thou Henry Hotspur, do I lye?
For thou right manly gavest the Kinge a Fielde,
And there wast slayne because thou wouldst not flye:
Syr Thomas Percy thine Uncle forst to yeelde,
Did cast his head a wonder seene but seelde,
From Shrewsbury towne, to the tope of London Bridge,
Lo! thus fond hope, did both their liues Abridge.

Whan Kinge Henry this Victory had wonne,
Destroyed the Percies, put their power to flight,
hee did appoinct Prince Henry his eldest Sonne:
With all his power to meete mee if hee might:
But I discomfit, through my Partners sight,
had not the heart to meete him face, to face,
But fled away, and hee pursued the Chase.

Now Baldwin marke, for I, calde Prince of Wales,
And made beleeue, I should bee bee in deede,
Was made to fly amonge the Hilles, and Dales,
Where all my men forsooke mee at my neede.
Who trusteth Loyterers seeld hath lucky speede:
And whan the Captaynes Courage doth him fayle,
His Souldiers hearts a litle thinge may quayle.

And so Prince Henry chased mee, that lo!
I founde no place wherein I might abyde!
For as the Dogges pursue the sely Doe,
The Brache behinde, the Hounds on euery side,
So traste they me amonge the Mountaynes wyde:
Whereby I founde, I was the heartlesse Hare,
And not the beast Colbrophet did declare.

And

And at the laſt: like as the little roche,
Muſt eyther be eat, or leap vpon the ſhore
When as the hungery pickerell doth approche,
And there finde death which it eſcapt before:
So double death aſſaulted mee ſo ſore
That eyther I muſt vnto myne Enmy yeelde,
Or ſtarue for hunger, in the barrayne feelde.

Here ſhame, and payne a while were at a ſtriſe
Payne bad mee yeelde, ſhame bad mee rather laſt,
The one bad ſpare, the other bad ſpend my life,
But ſhame (ſhame haue it) ouercame at laſt,
Than hunger ſtronge, that doth the ſtonewale braſt,
Forſt mee to feede on Barke of trees, and Wood,
And laſt of all, to gnaw my fleſh and bloud.

This was mine ende to horrible to heare,
Yet good enough for him that did ſo ill,
Whereby O Baldwin warne men to forbeare,
The bayne deſires, when wit doth yeld to will:
Bid Princes flye Colyrophetes lyinge ſkill,
And not preſume to climbe aboue their ſtates,
For they bee faultes that foyle men, not their fates.

FINIS. Th. Ph.

WHan mayster Phaer had ended the Tragedy of thys hunger starued Prynce of Wales, it was well liked of all the company that a Saxō would speake so mutch for a Brytton, then sodenly one found a doubt worth the mouinge and ẏ cōcerning this title, The earle of March: for as it appereth, there were three men of three diuers nations together in one time entituled by that honour: first sir Edmund Mortimer, whom Owē kept in Prison, an Englishman: the second ẏ Lord George of Dunbar a valiaunt Scot, banished out of his countrey, & well esteemed of Henry the. iiij: the third Lord James of Bourbon a Frenchman, sent by the French king to helpe Owen Glendour. These three men had this title all at once, which caused him to aske how it was true that euery one of these coulde be Earle of Marche: whereto was aunswered, that euery countrey hath Marches belonging vnto them, & those so large, that they were Earldomes, & the Lords thereof intituled thereby: so ẏ lord Edmūd Mortimer was Earle of Marche in England, lorde James of Burbō of ẏ Marches of Fraunce, and Lord George of Dunbar Earle of the Marches in Scotland. For otherwise neyther could haue interest in others title. This dout thus dissolued, maister Ferrers sayd: if no mā haue affection to the Percies, let vs passe the times both of Henry the fourth, and the fift, and come to Henry ẏ

sixt, in

sicke, in whose time Fortune (as she doth in the mynority of Princes) bare a great stroke among ẏ nobles. And yet in Henry the fourths time are examples which I would wish Baldwin ẏ you shoulde not forget, as the conspiracy made by the Bysshop of Yorcke, and the Lord Mowbray, sonne of him whom you late treated of: pricked forward by the Earle of Northumberland, father to sir Henry Hotspur, who fled himselfe, but his partners were apprehended & put to death, with Baynton and Blinkinsops, which could not se their duty to their king but tooke parte wyth Percy that banished Rebell. As he was proceedinge, hee was desired to stay by one which had pondered the story of the Percies, who briefly sayde. To the ende Baldwin that you may knowe what to saye of the Percies, whose story is not all out of memory (and it is an notable story) I wyll take vpon me the person of the Lord Henry Percy Earle of Northumberland, father of Syr Henry Hotspur, in whose behalfe this may be sayde as followeth.

* *
*

How

HOVV HENRYE Percy Earle of Northumberlande,

was for his couetous, and trayterous attempt put to death at Yorke.

Anno, 1407.

O Moral Senec, true finde I thy sayinge,
That neither kin, riches, strength or fauour
Are free from Fortune, but are aye decayinge:
No worldly wealth is ought saue doubtful labour
Mans life in Earth is like vnto a Tabour,
Which now to myrth doth mildly men prouoke
And straight to Warre with a more sturdy stroke.

All this full true I Percy finde by proofe,
Which whilom was Earle of Northumberland:
And therefore Baldwin for my Piers behoofe,
To note mens falles sith thou hast tane in hande,
I would thou should my state well vnderstand:
For fewe Kinges were more than I redoubted,
VVhom double Fortune lifted vp and louted

As for my kinne their noblenesse is knowen,
My valiaunt actes were folly for to prayse,
Where through ẏ Scots so oft were ouerthrowen.
That who but I was doubted in my dayes:
And that king Richard found at all assayes,
For neuer Scots rebelled in his raygne,
But through my force were eyther caught or slaine.

Abro.

A Brother I had was Earle of Worcester,
Alwayes in Office, and Fauour with the King:
And by my Wife Dame Elinor Mortimer,
A Sonne I had, which to the Scots did sting,
That being ponge, and but a very spring,
Henry Hotspur they gaue him vnto name,
And though I say it, hee did deserue the same.

We three triumphed in Kinge Richards tyme,
Till Fortune ought both him and vs a spite:
But chiefely mee, whom clearely from any crime,
My Kinge did banishe from his fauour quite,
Proclaymynge mee a trayterous Knight:
Wherethrough false slaunder forced mee to bee,
That which before, I did most deadly flee.

Let men beware how they true folke defame,
Or threaten on them the blame of vices nought,
For Infamy breedeth wrath, wreke followeth shame:
Eke open slaunder oftentimes hath brought
That to effect, that erst was neuer thought,
To bee misdeemed, men suffer in a sort:
But none can beare the griefe of misreport.

Because my Kinge did shame mee wrongfully
I hated him, and so became his foe:
And while hee did at Warre in Ireland lye,
I did conspire to turne his Weale to woe:
And through the Duke of Yorcke and other moe,
All Royall power from him wee quickly toke,
And gaue the same to Henry Bolenbroke.

Neyth

Neither did wee this onely for this cause,
But to say truth, force draue vs to the same:
For hee despisinge God and all his lawes,
Slewe whom hee woulde, made sinne a very game,
And seeinge neyther age nor counsayle could him tame,
Wee thought it well done for the Kingdomes sake,
To leaue his rule, that did all rule forsake.

But when sir Henry had attaynd his place,
Hee straight became in all poynctes worse than hee,
Destroyed the Piers and slewe Kinge Richardes grace,
Against his othe made to the Lordes and mee:
And seekinge Quarels howe to disagree,
Hee shamelesly required mee and my Sonne,
To yelde him Scots, which wee in Fielde had wonne.

My Nephew also Edmonde Mortimer
The very heyre apparaunt to the Crowne,
Whom Owen Glendour helde as prisoner,
Vilely bound in Dungeon deepe cast downe,
Hee would not Raunsome but did felly frowne,
Against my Brother and mee which for him spake,
And him Proclaymed Traytour for our sake,

This foule despite did cause vs to conspire,
To put him downe as wee did Richard erst,
And that wee might this matter set on fire,
From Owens Jayle, our Coosin wee remeerst,
And vnto Glendour all our griefes reherst:
Who made a bond with Mortimer, and mee,
To priue the Kinge, and part the Realme in three.

Bu,

But when king Henry heard of this deuise,
Toward Owen Glendour he sped him very quicke,
Hyaving by force to stop hur enterprise:
And as the deuil would, than fel I sicke,
Howbeit my brother and sonne more pollitike
Than prosperous, with an host from Scotland brought,
Encountred him at Shrewesbury where they fought.

The one was tane and kyld, the other slaine.
And shortly after was Owen put to flight:
By meanes whereof, I forced was to fayne,
That I knew nothing of the former fight.
Fraud oft auayles more than doth sturdy might:
For by my fayning I brought him in belife,
I knew not that wherein my part was chiefe.

And while the kyng thus toke me for his frend,
I sought all meanes my former wrong to wreake,
Which that I might bring to the soner end,
To the bishop of Yorke I did the matter breake,
And to th'earle Marshall likewise did I speake.
Whose father was through Henrys cause exiled,
The bishops brother with trayterous death defiled.

These strayt assented to do what they could,
So did the Lord Hastings and Lord Faucõbridge:
Which altogether promised they would,
Set all their power, the kinges dayes to abridge,
But see the spite, before the brydes were kipoge
The Kinge had word and seasoned on the nest,
Whereby alas, my frendes were all oppest.

The blou-

The bloudye Tyrraunt brought them all to end
Excepted me, which into Scotland skapt,
To George of Dunbar therle of March, my frend,
Who in my cause all that he could ey scrapt,
And when I had for greater succour gapte,
Both at the Frenchmen and the Fleminges hande,
And could get none, I tooke such as I fand.

And with the helpe of George my very frend,
I did invade Northumberland ful bold,
Where as the folke drew to me spy on end,
Bent to death my partie to vphold:
Through helpe of these ful many a fort and hold,
The which the king right manfully had mand,
I easely woane and seased in my hand.

Not so content (for vengeaunce draue me on)
I entred Yorkeshire there to wast and spoyle,
But ere I had farre in the countrye gone,
The sheriffe thereof, Rafe Rokesby did assoyle,
My troubled hoast of much part of our toyle,
For he assaulting freshly tooke through power,
Me and Lord Bardolph both at Bramham moyre.

And thence conueyed vs to the towne of Yorke,
Until he knew what was the kinges entent,
There loe Lord Bardolphe kynder then the Storke
Did loose his head, which was to London sent,
With whom for frendship mine in like case went,
This was my hap my fortune or my faute,
This lyke I led, and thus I came to naught.

Wherfore good Baldwin wil the Peres take heede,
Of slaunder, malice, and conspiracye,
Of couetise, whence all the rest procede:
For couetise ioynt with contumacye,
Doth cause al mischiefe in mens hartes to breede:
And therfore this to Esperance my worde,
Who causeth Bloudshed shal not escape the Sworde.

FINIS.

BVt that this was ended, I had found oute the storye of Richard Earle of Cambridge: & because it contened matter in it, though not very notable, yet for the better vnderstandinge of the rest, I thought it meete to touche it, and therfore sayd as foloweth: You haue sayde wel of the Percies and fauourablye, for in deede as it should appeare, the chiefe cause of their conspiracye against K. Henry, was for Edmund Mortimer their cosins sake, whom the king very maliciouslye proclaymed to haue yelded himselfe to Owen colourably, when as in deede hee was taken forcibly against his wyl, and very cruelly ordered in Prison And seeing we are in hand with Mortimers matter, I will take vppon me the person of Rycharde Plantagenet earle of Cambridge, who for his sake lykewise dyed. And therefore I let passe Edmõd Holland Earle of Kent, whom Henry the fowerth

made

made Admiral to skowre the Seas, because ẏ Britaines were abrode: which Earle (as many things happen in warre) was slayne with an arrow at ẏ Assaulte of Briack: shortly after whose death this king dyed, and his sonne Henrye the fyft of that name succeeded in his place. In the beginning of this Henry the fyftes raigne dyed this Rychard, and with him Hēry the L. Scrope & other, in whose behalfe, this maye be sayde.

HOVVE RICHARD Plãtagenet Earle of Cambridge entending the Kinges deſtruction, was put to death at Southampton. Anno. Domini. 1415.

All maketh waſt, hath commonly bene ſayde,
And ſecrete miſchiefe ſeeld hath luckye ſpeede,
A murdering minde with proper poyze is wayde,
All this moſt true I kynde it, as my creede.
And therfoze Baldwin warne al ſtates take hede
How they conſpyze any other to entrappe,
Leaſt miſchiefe ment light in the meaners lappe.

Foz I Lozd Richard heire Plantagenet,
Was Earle of Cambzioge and right foztunate,
If I had had the grace my witte to ſet,
To haue content mee with myne owne eſtate:
But O falſe honours, bzeeders of debate,
The loue of you our lewde hartes do allure,
To leeſe our ſelues by ſeeking you vnſure.

Becauſe my bzother Edmond Moztimer,
Whoſe eldeſt ſiſter was my wedded wife,
I meane that Edmund that was pziſoner,
In Wales ſo long through Owens buſie ſtryfe,
Becauſe I ſay that after Edmondes lyfe,
His rightes and tytles muſt by law be myne,
Foz he ne had, noz could encreaſe his lygne.

Becauſe

Because the right of Realme and Crowne was ours,
I searched meanes to helpe him thereunto,
And where the Henries held it by their powers,
I sought a shift their tenures to undoe,
Which being force, sith force or sleight must doe:
I hoped of might, because their power was strong,
Set priuy sleight against their open wrong.

But sith the Death of most part of my kyn
Did dash my hope, through out the fathers dayes
I let it slip, and thought it best begyn,
When as the sonne should dred least such assayes,
For force through speede, sleight speedeth through delayes,
And seeld doth treason time so fitlye fynde,
As when all daungers most bee out of mynde.

Wherfore while Henrye of that name the fift,
Prepared his armye to go conquer Fraunce,
Lord Scrope and I thought to attempt a drift,
To put him downe my brother to aduaunce,
But were it Gods will, my lucke, or his good chaunce,
The king wist wholly whereabout we went,
The night before to shipward he him bent.

Then were we streight as traytours apprehended,
Our purpose spyed, the cause thereof was hid,
And therfore loe a false cause we pretended,
Where through my brother was fro daunger ryd:
We sayd for hyre of French kings coyne, we did
Bewight to kyl the king: and thus with shame
We stayned our selues, to saue our frend fro blame.

When wee had thus confeſt ſo foule a treaſon,
That we deſerued, we ſuffered by the law,
Sir Baldwin ſee, and note as it is reaſon,
How wicked deedes to wofull endes do draw,
All foyce doth fayle no craft is worth a ſtraw,
To attayne thinges loſt, and therfore let them goe,
For might ruleth right, and will though truth ſay no.

FINIS.

WHan ſtout Richarde had ſtoutly ſayde his mynde, belike ſayd one, this Rychard was but a little man, or els little fauoured of writers, for our Chronicles ſpeake very litle of him But ſeeing we be come now to king Henries voyage into Fraunce, we cannot lacke valiaunte men to ſpeake of, for among ſo many as were led & ſent by the king out of this Realme thither, it cannot be choſen but ſome & that a great ſomme, were ſlaine among them: wherfore to ſpeake of thē al, I thinke not needeful. And therefore to let paſſe Edwarde Duke of Yorke, and the Earle of Suffolke, ſlayne both at the Battayle of Agincourte, as were alſo many other. Let vs end the tyme of Henry the fift, and come to his ſonne Henry the fyrſte: whoſe Nonage brought Fraunce and Normandye oute of Bondage, and was therecauſe that ſo few of our noble men dyed aged.

Of

Of whom to let passe the number, I wil take vpō mee the Personne of Thomas Montague Earle of Salisburie, whose name was not so good at home (and yet he was called the good Earle) as it was dreadful abroade: who exclaminge vppon the mutability of Fortune, may iustlye say in maner as followeth.

Thomas Montague.

HOVVE THOMAS MONtague Earle of Salisburie, in the middest of his glorie, was chaunceablye slayne at Orliaunce with a peece of Ordinaunce the third of Nouember. Anno 1428.

What fooles be we to trust vnto our strength,
Our wyt, our courage, or our noble fame,
Which time it selfe must needes deuour at length,
Though froward fortune could not foyle the same
But seeing this Goddesse guydeth all the game,
Which stil to chaunge doth setter only lust,
Why toyle we so for thinges so hard to trust,

A goodly thing it is surely good report,
Which noble hartes do seeke by course of kinde:
But seene the date so doubtful and so short,
The way so rough whereby wee do it synde,
I cannot chose but prayse the Princely mynde
That preaseth for it, though we synde oppress,
By foule defame those that deserue it best.

Concerning whom marke Baldwin what I say
I meane the vertuous hynored of their bryte,
Among which nomber recken wel I may,
My valiaunt father John Lord Montacute,
Who lost his lyfe I iudge through iust pursute:
I say the cause and not the casuall speede,
Is to be wayde in euery kinde of deede.

This

This rule obſerued, how many ſhall we fynde,
For vertues ſake with infamie oppreſt:
How many againe through helpe of Fortune blynde,
For ill attemptes atchieued with honour bleſt:
Succeſſe is worſt oftetimes when cauſe is beſt:
Therfore ſay I: God ſend them ſory haps
That iudge the cauſes by their afterclaps.

The end in deede is iudge of euery thing,
Which is the cauſe of latter point of time:
The firſt true verdict at the firſt may bring,
The laſt is ſlow, or ſlipper as the ſlyme,
Oft chaunging names of innocence and crime:
Duke Thomas death was Iuſtice two yeares long,
And euer ſince, ſore tyranny and wrong.

Wherfore I pray thee Baldwin way the cauſe,
And praiſe my father as he doth deſerue,
Becauſe Earle Henry, King againſt al lawes,
Endeuoured king Richard for to ſtarue
In Iayle, whereby the regal crowne might ſwarue,
Out of the ligne to which it than was due,
(Whereby God knowes what euil myght enſue)

My Lord Iohn Holland Duke of Exceſter,
Which was deare coſin to this wretched king,
Did moue my father and the Earle of Glocester,
With other Lordes to ponder wel the thing:
Who ſeeing the miſchiefe that began to ſpring,
Did all conſent this Henry to depoſe,
And to reſtore king Richard to the roſe.

And

And while they did deuise a pretie trayne,
Whereby to bring their purpose better about,
Which was in Maske this Henry to haue slayne,
The Duke of Awmerle blew their counsel out:
Yet was their purpose good thereis no doubt.
What cause can bee more worthy for a knight,
Than saue his king, and helpe true heires to right?

For this with them my father was destroyed,
And buryed in the Dunghil of defame,
Thus euil chaunce their glory did auoyde,
Whereas their cause doth clayme eternal fame:
When deedes therfore vnluckely do frame,
Men ought not iudge the authours to be nought,
For right through might is often ouerraught.

And God doth suffer that it should be so,
But why, my wit is feeble to decise,
Except it be to heape of wrath and wot
On wicked heades that iniuries deuise:
The cause why mischiefes many times aryse,
And light on them ẏ would mens wronges redresse,
Is for the rancour that they beare I gesse.

God hates rigour though it further right,
For sinne is synne, how euer it be vsed:
And therfore suffereth shame and death to light,
To punish vyce, though it be wel abused,
Who furthereth right is not thereby excused,
If through the same he do some other wrong,
To euery vice due guerdon doth belong.

What

What preache I now I am a man of warre,
And that my body I dare say doth profelle,
Of cured woundes beset with manye a skarre,
My broken Jaw vnhealde can say no lesse,
O Fortune, Fortune, cause of al distresse:
My father had great cause thy fraud to curse,
But much more I, abused ten times worse.

Thou neuer flatteredst him in al thy lyfe,
But me thou dandledst like thy darling deare,
Thy giftes I found in euery corner ryfe,
Where euer I went I met thy smyling cheare:
Which was not for a day, or for a yeare,
But through the raigne of three right worthy kinges
I found the forward in al kinde of thinges.

The while King Henrye conquered in Fraunce,
I sued the warres, and still found victory,
In al assaultes so happy was my chaunce,
Holdes yeld or wonne did make my enemies sorye:
Dame Prudence ke augmented so my glory,
That in al treaties euer I was one,
When waighty matters were agreed vpon.

But when this king this mighty conquerour,
Through death vnryppe was both his realmes bereft
His seelye infant did receiue his power,
Poore little babe ful young in Cradle left,
Where crowne and Scepter hurt him with the heft.
Whose worthy Uncles had the gouernaunce,
The one at home the other abroade in Fraunce.

And

And I which was in peace and warre wel skylled,
With both these rulers greatly was esteemed:
Bare rule at home as often as they wylled,
And fought in Fraunce when they it needeful deemed,
And euery where so good my seruice seemed.
That English men to me great loue did beare,
Our foes the French, my force fulfilled with feare.

I alwayes thought it fitly for a Prince,
And such as haue the regiment of Realmes,
His subiectes hartes with myldenesse to conuince,
With Iustice mixt, auoyding all extreames.
For like as Phœbus with his cheareful beames,
Doth freshly force the fragrant flowers to flourish,
So rulers myldenesse subiectes loue do norish.

This found I true: for through my myld behauiour
Their hartes I had with me to lyue and dye,
And in their speach bewrayed of their fauour,
They cald me stil good Earle of Salisburie,
The Lordes confest the commons did not lye:
For vertuous life, free hart, and lowly minde,
With high and low shal alwayes fauour fynde.

Which vertues chiefe become a man of warre,
Whereof in Fraunce I found experience,
For in assaultes due mildenes passeth farre
All rygour, force, and sturdy violence,
For men wil stoutly sticke to their defence,
When cruel Captaynes couet after spoyle,
And so enforst, oft giue their foes the foyle.

But

But when they know they shalbe frendly vsed,
They hazard not their heades but rather yelde,
For this my offers neuer were refused
Of any towne, or surely very field,
But force and furies fit be for the fielde,
And there in deede I vsed so the same,
My foes would fye if they but heard my name.

For whan Lord Steward & Earle Cantadore,
Had cruellye besieged Crauant towne,
Which he had wonne, and kept long time before,
Which lyeth in Awxer on the ryuer Youne:
To rayse the siege the regent sent me downe:
Whereas I vsed all rigour that I might,
I kylled all that were not saued by slight.

When therle of Bedforde then in Fraunce Lord Regent,
Knew in what sort I had remoued the siege,
In Brye and Champaigne he made me Vicegerent,
And Lieutenaunt for him and for my liege:
Which caused me to goe to Brye, and there beliege,
Montaguillon with twentie weekes assaut,
Which at the last was yelded me for naught.

And for the Duke of Bretaines brother Arthur,
Both Earle of Richmond and of Yuery,
Against his oth from vs had made departure,
To Charles the Dolphin our chiefe enemie,
I with the Regent went to Normandie:
To take his towne of Yuery which of spighe,
Did to vs daily all the harme they might.

They

They at the firſt compounded by a daye
To yelde, if reſcues did not come before,
And while in hope to fight we at it laye,
The Dolphin gathered men two thouſand ſtore,
With Earles, Lordes, and Captaynes ioly ſtore,
Of which the Duke of Alanſon was guyde,
And ſent them downe to ſee if we would byde.

But they left vs and downe to Vernoyle went,
And made their vaunt they had our armye ſlayne,
And through that lye the towne from vs they hent,
Which ſhortly after turned to their payne:
For there both armies met vpon the playne:
And we eight thouſand whom they flew, not flew before,
Did kil of them ten thouſand men and more.

When wee had taken Vernoyle thus againe,
To driue the Dolphin vtterly out of Fraunce,
The Regent ſent me to Anion and to Mayne,
Wher I beſieged the warlike towne of Mauns
There Lord of Toyſers Baldwines valiaunce
Did wel appeare, which would not yelde the towne,
Tyl al the Towers and walles were battred downe.

But here now Baldwin take it in good part,
Though that I brought this Baldwin there to yelde,
The Lyon fierce for all his noble hart,
Being ouermatched, is forſt to flye the field,
If Mars himſelfe there had bene with his ſhield,
And in my ſtormes had ſtoutly me, with ſtood,
He ſhould haue yelde, or els haue shed my bloud.

This

This worthy knight both hardy stout and wyse,
Wrought wel his feate, as time and place require,
When Fortune fayles, it is the best advise
To stryke the sayle least all lye in the myre,
This haue I sayde to thend thou take no ire:
For though no cause be found, so nature frames,
Men haue a zeale to such as beare their names.

But to returne, in Mayne wan I at length,
Such townes and Forces as might eyther helpe or hurt,
I manned Mayon, and Suzans towne of strength,
Fort Barnard, Chanceaur, and S. Cales the curt,
With Lile, Suee, Bolton, standing in the durt:
Eke Guerland, Suze, Loupeland, and Mountsure,
With Malicorne, these wanne I and kept ful sure.

Besides all this I tooke nere fourtie holdes,
But those I razed euen with the ground,
And for these deedes, as seely sheepe in foldes,
Do chrinke for feare at euery little sound,
So fled my foes before my face ful round:
Was none so hardy that durst abyde my fight,
So Mars and Fortune furthered me their knight.

I tel no lye so gastful grew my name,
That it alone discomfited an hoast,
The Scots and Frenchmen wel confesse the same,
Els wil the towne which they like Cowardes lost,
For when they sieged Beauron with great boast:
Being fourty thousand Brytaynes, French and Scots,
Fiue hundred men did vanquish them like sots.

For

For while the Frenchmen freshlye assaulted still,
Our English men came boldly forth at night,
Crying S. George, Salisburye, kyl, kyl, kyl,
And offred freshlye with their foes to fight.
And they as frenchly tooke themselues to flight,
Supposing surely that I had beene there.
See how my name did put them al in feare.

Thus was the Dolphins power discomfited,
Fowre thousand slaine, their Campe tane as it stoode,
Whereby our Towne and souldiers profited,
For there were vitailes plenteous and good,
This while was I in England by the Roode,
To appease a strife that was right foule befall,
Betweene Duke Humfrey and the Cardinal.

The Duke of Exceter shortly after died,
Which of the King at home had gouernaunce.
Whose roume the Earle of Warwicke then supplyed,
And I tooke his and sped me into Fraunce,
And hauing zeale to conquere Orliaunce,
With much a do I gat the Regentes ayde,
And marched thyther, and siege about it layde.

But in the way I tooke the towne of Yane,
Where murthered were for stoutnesse many a man:
But Baugencey I tooke with little payne,
For which to shew them fauour I began:
This caused the townes of Mewne and Jargeman,
That stoode on Loyer: to proffer me the keyes,
Ere I came nere them, welny by two dayes.

See here how Fortune forward can allure,
What Baytes ſhe layeth to bring men to their endes
Who having hap like this, but hopeth ſure,
To bring to bale what euer her entendes?
But ſone is ſower the ſweete that fortune ſendes:
When hope and hap, when health and wealth is bieſt
Then woe and wracke, diſeaſe, and neede be nyeſt.

For while I, ſuing this ſo good ſucceſſe,
Layde ſiege to Orliaunce on the Riuer ſide,
The Baſtard (Cucko'd Cawnies ſonne I geſſe,
Tho thought the Dukes) who had the towne in guyde
Came fiercely forth, when hee his time eſpyed,
To rayſe the ſiege but was bet backe agayne,
And hard purſued both to his loſſe and payne.

For there we wan the Bulwarke on the Bridge,
With a mighty tower ſtanding faſt thereby.
Ah curſed tower that didſt my dayes abridge,
Would God thou hadſt beae further eyther I:
For in this tower a chamber ſtandes on hye,
From which a man may view through all the towne
By certain wyndowes iron grated downe.

Where on a daye, now Baldwin note myne ende,
I ſtoode in viewing where the towne was weake,
And as I buſilye talked with my frend,
Shot fro the towne, which al the Grate did breake,
A pellet came and droue a mighty ſleake
Againſt my face, and tare away my cheeke,
For payne whereof I dyed within a weeke.

See Baldwin ſee the vncertayne glorye,
How ſodaine miſchiefe daſheth all to duſt,
And warne al Princes by my broken ſtorye,
The happieſt Fortune chiefly to miſtruſt,
Was neuer man that alway had his luſt:
Than ſue he fooles, in fancy more then mad,
Which hope to haue that neuer any had.

FINIS.

THis ſtraunge aduenture of the good earle drawe vs al into a dumpe, inwardly lamẽting his woful deſtenye, out of which wee were awaked after this ſort.

To what ende (ſaid one) muſe wee ſo much on the matter. This Earle is neither the fyrſte nor laſte whom fortune hath foundred in the height of their proſperity. For al through the raigne of this vnfortunate kinge Henrye, wee ſhal fynde many which haue been likewiſe serued, whoſe chances ſith they be martial, & therfore honorable, may the better bee omitted. And therefore we will let go the Lordes Molines, and Poyninges, ſlayne both at the ſiege of Orleaunce, ſhortly after the death of this Earle. Alſo the valiaunt Earle of Arundel deſtroied with a bowlet at the aſſault of Gerborye, whoſe ſtories neuertheleſſe are worth the hearing. And to quicke vp your

by your spirites, I wil take vpon me a tragical person in deede, I meane kinge Iamy slayne by his seruauntes in his priuy Chamber: who although he be a Scot, yet seeing he was brought vp in England, where hee learned the language, his example also so notable, it were not meete it should be forgotten. And therefore marke, Baldwyn what I thinke hee may say.

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HOW KING IAMES THE firſt for breaking his othes and bonds was by Gods ſufferaunce miſerably murdered of his owne Subiectes. Anno. 1437.

IF for examples ſake thou wrote thy Booke,
I charge thee Baldwin thou forget mee not,
Whom fortune alwayes frowardly forſooke,
Such was my lucke, my merite or my lot.
I am that Iames King Roberts Sonne the Scot,
That was in England Priſoner all his youth,
Through mine vncle Walters trayterous vntruth.

For when my Father through diſeaſe and age,
Unwieldy was to gouerne well his Land,
Becauſe his Brother Walter ſeemed ſage,
He put the rule thereof into his hand.
Than had my Father, you ſhall vnderſtand,
Of lawfull Barnes, mee and one onely other,
Nempt Dauy Rothſay, who was mine elder Brother.

This Dauy was Prince of Scotland and ſo take,
Till his aduoutry cauſed men complayne:
Which that hee might by monishment forſake,
My Father prayed myne Uncle take the payne.
To threaten him his vices to refrayne.
But hee falſe Traytour butcherly murderinge wretch,
To get the Crowne began to ſetch a ſetch,

And

And fynding now a proffer to his praye,
Deuiſed meanes my brother to deuour,
And for that cauſe conueyed him day by day
From place to place, from Caſtel vnto tower,
To Faulkland fort, where like a tormentour
He ſtarued him, and put to death a wyfe,
Whom through a Reede he ſucht to ſaue his lyfe.

O wretched death, fye cruell tyrannye,
A Prince in priſon loſt for fault of foode?
Was neuer enmie wrought ſuch villany,
A craftie brother deſtroy his brothers blood,
Who worth ſo frendlye, fye on double hood,
Ah wretched father ſee thy ſoone is loſt,
Sterued by thy brother whom thou truſtedſt moſt.

Of whom when ſome began to fynde the fraud,
And yet the traytour made himſelfe ſo cleare,
That he ſhould ſeeme to haue deſerued laud,
So woful did he for his Prince appeare,
My doubtful father louing me ful deare.
To auoyde all daunger that might after chaunce,
Sent mee away but nyne yeares old to Fraunce.

But windes and weather were ſo contrary,
That we were driuen to thenglish coaſt,
Which Realme with Scotland at that time did barye,
So that they tooke me as priſoner not as hoaſt:
For which my father fearing I was loſt,
Conceiued ſhortlye ſuch an inward thought,
As to the graue immediatly him brought.

Than had myne vncle all the regiment
At home, and I in England priſoner lay.
For to himſelfe he thought it detriment,
For my releaſe any raunſome for to pay,
For as hee thought he had poſſeſt his pray:
And therfore wiſht I might in durannce dure,
Til I had dyed, ſo ſhould his raigne be ſure.

But good king Henrye ſeeing I was a childe,
And heir by right vnto a realme and crowne,
Did bring mee vp not (like my brother) wylde,
But vertuouſlye in feates of high renowne:
In liberal artes, in inſtrumental ſowne:
By meane whereof when I was after king,
I did my realme to ciuil order bring.

For ere I had been priſoner eighteene yeare,
In which ſhort ſpace two noble Princes dyed,
Whereof the firſt in prudence had no peere,
The other in warre moſt valiaunt throughly tryed,
Whoſe roume his ſonne babe Henry eke ſupplied:
The peeres of England which did gouerne all,
Did of their goodneſſe helpe me out of thrall.

They marryed me to a coſin of their king,
The Duke of Somerſets daughter rich and fayre,
Releaſt my raunſome ſaue a trifling thing:
And after I had done homage to the heyre,
And ſworne my friendſhip neuer ſhould appayre,
They brought me kingly furniſht to my land,
Which I receiued at myne vncles hand.

Whereof

Whereof my Lordes and commons were ful glad,
So was mine vncle chiefly as he saied,
Who in his mouth no other matter had,
Saue punish such as had my brother traied:
The fault whereof apparauntly he laied,
To good Duke Murdo, his elder brothers sonne,
Whose father died long ere this was done.

My cursed vncle fiper than the snake,
Which would by craft vnto the crowne aspire,
Because he saw this Murdo was a stake,
That staied vp the top of his desire,
(For his elder brother was Duke Murdoes syre)
He thought it best to haue him made away,
So was he sure (I gone) to haue his praye.

And by his crafte the traytour brought to passe,
That I destroied Duke Murdo and his kin,
Poore innocentes, my louing frendes alas.
O Kinges and Princes what plight stand we in,
A trusted traytour shal you quickly win,
To put to death your kin and frendes most iust,
Take heede therfore, take heede whose reede ye trust.

And at the last to bring me hole in hate,
With God and man at home and eke abrode,
He counsailed me for suraunce of my state:
To helpe the Frenchmen, then nigh ouertrode
By Englishmen: and more to lay on lode,
With power and force al England to inuade,
Against the oth and homage that I made.

And though at fyrſt my conſcience dyd grudge,
To breake the bounds of frendſhip knit by oth
Yet after proake (lee miſchiefe) I did iudge,
It madneſſe for a king to keepe his troth,
And ſemblably with al the world it goth:
Synnes oft aſſayed are thought to be no ſinne,
So ſopleth ſinne the ſoule it ſinketh in.

But as diſeaſes common cauſe of death,
Bring daunger moſt, when leaſt they pricke and ſmart,
Which is a ſigne they haue expulſt the breath
Of liuely heate which doth defend the hart:
Euen ſo ſuch ſinnes as felt are on no part
Haue conquered grace, and by their wicked dye,
So kild the ſoule that it can haue no cure.

And grace agate, dyce ſtil ſucceedeth dyce,
And al to haſt the vengeaunce for the furſt,
I arrade therfore al people to be wiſe,
And ſtop the bracke when it beginnes to burſt.
Attaſt no poyſon (vice is venim woꝛſt,
It mates the mynde) beware eke of to much.
Al kyl though muchnelle, ſome with onely touch.

When I had learnde to ſet my oth at nought,
And though much vſe the ſence of ſinne exiled.
Againſt King Henry what I could I wrought,
My fayth my oth vntruſtly fowle defiled,
And while ſlye Foꝛtune at my doinges ſmyled,
The wrath of God which I had wel deſerued,
Fel on my necke, foꝛ thus loe was I ſerued.

Ere I

Ere I had raygned fully fiftene yeare,
While time I lay at Perthe at my place,
With the Queene my wife and children me toheare,
My murdring vncle with the double face,
That longed for my kingdome and my Pace.
To slaye me there suborned Robert Grame,
With whom his nephew Robert Stuart came.

And whan the tyme fit for their purpose found,
Into my priuy Chamber they allart,
Where with their swordes they geue me many a wound,
And slue al such as stucke vnto my part:
There loe my wife did shew her loving hart,
Who to defend me felled one or twayne,
And was sore wounded ere I could be slayne.

See Baldwin, Baldwin, the vnhappy endes,
Of such as passe not of their lawful oth:
Of those that causeles leaue their fayth or frendes,
And murther kinsfolke through their foes vntroth.
Warne warne al Princes, al like sinnes to loth,
And chiefly such as in my realme be borne,
For God hates highly al that are forswarne.

FINIS

When this was sayd, let king Jamy go said maister Ferrers, & returne we to our own storye, and see what broyles were amonge the Nobilitye in the Kinges minoritye. Howe the Cardi-

Cardinall Beauforde maligneth the state of Duke Humfrey the kinges vncle and Protectoure of the Realme, and by what driftes he fyrst banisheth hys wyfe from him. And lastlye how the sayd Duke is murderously made awaye throughe conspiracye of Quene Margaret and other: both whose tragedies I haue here ioyned together, for they be notable. That will do very wel (sayd another) but take heede ye stay not to long vppon them, I warrante you (quoth I) and therfore I would that firste of al ye geeue eare, what the Duke himselfe doth say, as foloweth.

How

HOVV HVMFREY PLANtagenet Duke of Glocester Protector of England, during the minoritie of his Nephue kinge Henrye the sixt, (commonlye called the good Duke) by practise of enemies was brought to confusion.

AS highest hilles with tempestes bene most touched
And tops of trees, most subiect vnto wynde,
And as great towers with stone strongly cowched,
Haue heauy falles when they be vnderminde,
Euen so by proofe, in worldly thinges we fynde,
That such a clyme the top of high degree
From perril of falling neuer can be free.

To proue this true (good Baldwin) harken hyther,
See and behold me vnhappie Humfrey,
Englands Protector and Duke of Glocester
Who in the time of the sixt king Henrie,
Ruled this Realme yeares mo then twentie:
Note wel the cause of my decay and fall,
And make a mirrour for Magistrates all.

In their most weale, to beware of vnhap,
And not to sleepe in slombring sickernesse,
Whilst Fortune false doth lul them in her lap
Drowned in dreames of brittle blessednesse,
But then to feare her freakes and ficklenesse,
Accompting stil the higher they ascend:
More nigh to be to Daunger in the end.

And

And that vayne trust in blond or ropall race.
Anse them not with careleſſe aſſurannce
To truſt Fortune, but waping wel my caſe,
When ſhe moſt ſmyleth to haue in remembrannce
my ſoden fall, who in al apparannce:
Hauing moſt ſtapes, which man in ſtate mainteine,
Haue found the ſame vntruſtie and moſt vayne.

Better then I, none may the ſame affirme,
Who truſting all in height of high eſtate,
Led by the eares with falſe flatteries chyme,
Which neuer Prince could banſhe from his gate,
Did little thinke on ſuch a ſodein mate,
Not heeding, leſſe dreeding, al vnaware,
By foes leaſt feared, was trapt into a ſnare.

If noble byrth or high authoritie
Nomber of Frendes, kindred, or alliannce,
If wiſedome, learning, or worldly politeye
Mought haue beene ſtayers to Fortunes variannce,
None ſtoode more ſtrong, in worldly countenannce,
For al theſe helpes had I to anaple mee,
And yet in fyne, al the ſame did fayle mee.

Of King Henry the fourth, fourth ſonne I was
Brother to Henry, the fyft of that name,
And vncle to Henry the firſt, but alas,
What cauſe had I to preſume on the ſame?
Or for vayne glorye, adnaunncing my fame
My ſelfe to cal in recordes, and wrytinges,
The ſonne, brother, and vncle vnto kinges.

This

This was my boaſt, which laſtly was my bane,
Yet not this boaſt, was it that brought mee downe
The very cauſe, which made my weale to wane
So neere of Kin that I was to the Crowne.
That was the Rocke that made my Ship to drowne.
A rule there is not faylinge, but moſt ſure
Kingdome, no kyn doth know, ne can indure.

For after my Brother the fyft Henry
Wan by Conqueſt the Royall Realme of Fraunce,
And of two Kingdomes made one Monarchy
Before his death, for better obeyſaunce.
To his younge Sonne, not ripe to gouernaunce
Protector of England I was by Teſtament,
And Iohn my Brother, in Fraunce made Regent.

To whom if God had lent a longer life,
Our houſe to haue kept from ſtormes of inward ſtrife
Or it had beene the Lorde Almightis will
Plantagenettes name in State had ſtanden ſtill
But deadly diſcord which Kingdomes great doth ſpill
Bred by deſire of high Domination,
Brought our whole houſe to playne deſolation.

It is for trowth in an Hiſtory Founde
That Henry Plantagenet fyrſt of our name
Who called was, Kinge Henry the ſeconde
Sonne of Dame Mawde, the Empreſſe of High Fame
Would oft report, that his Auncient Grandame
Though ſeeminge in Shape, a Woman naturall,
Was a Feende of the Kinde that (Succubæ) ſome call.

Whych

Which olde fable, ſo longe time tolde before
When this Kinges ſonnes againſt him did rebell:
Hee cald to minde, and beinge greeued ſore.
Loe! now (quoth hee) I ſee and proue full well
The Story true, which folke of old did tell
That from the deuill deſcended all our race,
And now my children, do verefy the caſe.

Whereof to leaue a longe memoriall,
In minde of man euermore to reſt
A Picture hee made and hong it in his Hall,
Of a Pellicane ſittinge on his Neſt.
With foure ponge Byrdes, three peckinge at his breſt
With bloudy Beakes, and further did deuiſe
The pongeſt Byrde, to pecke the fathers eyes.

Meaninge hereby, his rebell children three
Henry, and Richard who bet him on the breſt:
Jeffrey only, from that offence was free)
Henry died of Englandes, Crowne poſſeſt:
Richard liued his father to moleſt,
John the pongeſt pecke ſtill his fathers eye
Whoſe deedes vnkinde, the ſooner made hym dye.

This kinge (ſome wrote) in his ſickneſſe laſt
Sayde, as it were by way of Prophecy
How that the Deuill, a Darnell grayne had caſt
Amonge his Kin to encreaſe enmity,
Which ſhould remayne in their Poſterity,
Till miſchiefe, and murder had ſpent them all:
Not leauinge one to piſſe againſt the wall.

And yet

And yet from him in order did succede
In England here, of crowned kinges fourtene
Of that surname, and of that lyne and seede,
With Dukes and Earles, and many a noble Queene,
The number such as al the world would weene
So many ympes could neuer so be spent,
But some heire Male, should be of that discent.

Which to be true if any stand in doubt,
Because I meane not further to digresse,
Let him peruse the stories throughout
Of English kinges, whom practise did oppresse,
And he shal fynde the cause of their distresse
From first to last, vnkindly to beginne,
Alwayes by those that next were of the kynne.

Was not Richard, of whom I spake before,
A rebel playne vntil his father dyed,
And Iohn likewise an Enmie euermore
To Richard againe, and for a rebel tryed?
After whose death, it cannot be denyed,
Against all right this Iohn most cruellye
His brothers children caused for to dye.

Arthur and Isabell (I meane) that were
Geffreyes children, then Duke of Britaine
Henries third sonne, by one degree more neere,
Then was this Iohn, as stories shew most playne,
Which two children were famisht or els slayne,
By Iohn their Eame cald Saunz terre by name,
Of whose fowle act, al countries speake great shame.

Edward

Edward, and Richard, second both by name
Kinges of this land, fel downe by fatall fate
What was the cause, that princes of such fame,
Did leese at last their honour, life, and state?
Nothing at all, but discord and debate,
Which when it haps in kindred or in bloud,
Erynnis rage was neuer halfe so wood.

Be sure therfore ye kinges and princes all
That concorde in kingdomes is chiefe assuraunce,
And that your families do neuer fall,
But where discord doth leade the doubtful daunce
With busie brawles and turnes of variaunce,
Where mallice is Minstrel, the pype ill report,
The Maske mischiefe, and so endes the sport.

But now to come to my purpose againe,
Whilst I my charge applied in England,
My brother in Fraunce long time did remaine,
Cardinal Beauford tooke proudly in hand,
In causes publique against me to stand,
Who of great mallice so much as he might
Sought in al thinges to do mee dispight.

Which proude prelate to me was bastard Eame,
Sonne to Duke John of Gaunt as they did fayne,
Who beeing made high Chauncellour of the Realme,
Not like a Priest, but like a prince did reigne,
Nothing wanting which might his pride mainteine,
Bishop besides of Winchester he was,
And Cardinall of Rome which Angels brought to passe.

Not

Not Gods Aungels, but Angels of old Gold,
Lyft him aloft in whom no cauſe there was
By iuſt deſert, ſo high to be extold,
(Ryches except) where by this Golden aſſe,
At home and abroade al matters brought to paſſe.
Namely at Rome, hauing no meane but that
To purchaſe there his crimzin Cardinal hat.

Which thing the king my father him forbad
Playnly ſaying, that he could not abide,
Within his realme a ſubiect to be had
His Princes peere, yet ſuch was this mans pryde,
That he forthwith after my father dyed,
(The King then young) obteyned of the Pope,
That honour high, which erſt he could not hope.

Whoſe proude attemptes becauſe that I withſtoode,
My bounden dutie the better to acquite,
This holy father waxed welnere wood,
Of meere malice deuiſing day and nighte,
To worke to me diſhonour and diſpite,
Whereby there fel betweene vs ſuch a Iarre,
As in this land was like a ciuil warre.

My brother Iohn which lay this while in Fraunce,
Hearoof this hurle, and paſt the ſeas in haſt,
By whoſe traueil this troubleſome diſtaunce,
Ceaſſed a while, but nethelelſe in waſt:
For rooted hate wil hardly be diſplaſt
Out of byghe hartes, and namely where debate,
Happeneth amongſt great perſons of eſtate.

For like as a match doth lye and smolder,
Long time before it commeth to the trayne.
But yet when fyre hath caught in the poulder,
No arte is able, the flames to restrayne:
Euen so the sparkes of enuye and disdayne,
Out of the smoke burst foorth in such a flame,
That Fraunce and Englande yet may rue the same.

So when of two realmes the regiment royal,
Betwene brothers was parted equallye,
One placed in Fraunce for affayres Martiall,
And I at home for ciuil policie:
To serue the state, we both did so applie,
As honour and fame to both did encrease,
To him for the warre, to me for the peace.

Whence enuye sprang, and specially because
This proude prelate could not auyde a Peere,
Within the land to rule the state by lawes,
Wherfore sifting my lyfe and actes most neere,
He neuer ceast, vntil as you shal heare,
By practise foule of him and his allies,
My death was wrought, in most vnworthy wise.

And fyrst he sought my doinges to defame,
By rumours false, which hee and his did sowe
Letters and billes to my reproch and shame
He did deuise, and al about bestow,
Whereby my troth in doubt should daily grow,
In England fyrst and afterward in Fraunce,
Pouing al meanes to bring me to mischaunce.

One

One quarel was, that where by common law
Murder and theft beene punisht all alike,
So as manslears, which bloudy blades do drawe,
Suffer no more, then he that doth but pike,
We thought the same no order politike,
In setting paynes to make no difference,
Betweene the lesser and greater offence.

I beeing seene somwhat in ciuil law,
The rules thereof reputed muche better,
Wherfore to keepe, offenders more in awe,
Like as the fault was smaller or greater,
So set I paynes more easier or bitter,
Waying the qualitie of euerye offence,
And so accoording pronounced sentence.

Amongst my other Delicta Iuuentutis,
Whilst rage of youth my reason did subdue,
I must confesse as the very truth is,
Driuen by desire, fond fancies to ensue,
A thing I did, whereof great trouble grew,
Abusing one to my no small rebuke,
Which wife was than to Iohn of Brabant Duke.

Called she was Lady Iaquet the fayre,
Delightful in loue like Helene of Troye:
To the Duke of Bauier sole daughter and heire,
Her did I marrye to my great annoy
Yet for a tyme, this dame I did enioye,
With her whole landes, withholding them by force,
Til Martin the Pope, betwene vs made diuorce.

Yet all theſe blaſtes not hable were to moue
The anchor ſtrong, whereby my ſhip did ſtay,
Some other ſhift to ſeeke him did behoue,
Whereto ere long ill fortune made the way,
Which fynally was cauſe of my decay
And cruel death, contriued by my foes,
Which fel out thus, as now I ſhal diſcloſe.

Elianor my wife, my Dutches only deare,
I know not how but as the nature is
Of women al, ape curious to enquiere
Of thinges to come (though I confeſſe in this
Her fault not ſmall) and that ſhee did amiſſe,
By wytches ſkil, which ſorcery ſome call,
Would know of thinges which after ſhould befall.

And for that cauſe made her ſelfe acquainted
With mother Madge, called the wytch of Eye,
And with a Clerke that after was attainted,
Bolenbroke he hight, that learned was that way,
With other moe, which famous were that daye,
Aſwel in Science, called Mathematicall,
As alſo in magicke and ſkil ſupernatural

Theſe cunning folkes ſhe ſet on worke to know,
The time how long the king ſhould liue and raigne,
Some by the Starres, and ſome by deuils below,
Some by witchcraft ſought knowledge to attayne,
With like fancies, friuolous fond and vayne,
Whereof though I knew leaſt of any man,
Yet by that meane my miſchiefe firſt began.

Yet

Yet beſides this there was a greater thing,
How ſhe in waxe by counſel of the witch,
An Image made, crowned like a king,
With ſword in hand, in ſhape and likeneſſe ſyche
As was the kinge, which dayly they did pytch
Againſt a fyre, that as the waxe did melt,
So ſhould his lyfe conſume away vnfelt.

My Dutcheſſe thus, accuſed of this cryme,
As ſhe that ſhould ſuch practiſe firſt beginne,
My part was then to yeld vnto the time,
Ceeuing her leaue, to deale alone therein
And ſince the cauſe concerned deadly ſynne,
Which to the clergie onely doth pertaine,
To deale therein I plainly did refrayne.

She ſuffered them her perſon to aſcite
Into their Courtes, to aunſwere and appeare,
Which to my hart was ſure the greateſt ſpight,
That could be wrought, and touched me moſt neare,
To ſee my wife, and lady leeke and deare,
To my reproche, and plaine before my face,
Entreated ſo, as one of ſorte moſt baſe.

The clergie then examining her cauſe,
Convinced her, as guiltie in the ſame,
And ſentence gaue according to their lawes,
That ſhe and they whom I before did name
Should ſuffer death, or els ſome open ſhame:
Of which penaunce my wife by ſentence hau
To ſuffer ſhame of both the two, more bad.

And fyrſt ſhe muſt by dayes together three,
Through London ſtreetes paſſe a, along in ſight
Bare legde and barefoote, that al the world might ſee,
Bearing in hand a burning taper bright,
And not content, with this extreeme deſpight,
To worke mee wo, in al they may or can,
Exilde ſhe was into the Ile of Man.

This haynous crime and open worldly ſhame,
With ſuch rigour ſhewed vnto my wife,
Was a fyne ſetch further thinges to frame,
And nothing els, but a preparatiue
First from office, and fynally from lyfe,
Me to depriue, and ſo paſſing further,
What law could not, to execute by murther.

Which by ſlye drifte, and wyndlaces alooke,
They brought about, perſwading firſt the Queene,
That in effect it was the kinges reprooke,
And hers alſo, to be exempted cleane,
From princely rule, or that it ſhould be ſeene
A king of yeares, ſtil gouerned to bee
Lyke a Pupil, that nothing could forſee.

The daunger more conſidering the king
Was without childe, I being his next heire,
To rule the realme, as Prince in euery thing
Without reſtraint, and al the ſway to beare
With Peoples loue, whereby it was to feare
That my hault hart, vnbridled in deſire,
Time would preuent, and to the crowne aſpire.

Theſe with ſuch like, were put into her head,
Who of her ſelfe, was thereto ſone enclinde,
Other there were, that this ill humour fed,
To neither part, which had good wil or minde,
The Duke of Yorke, our couſin moſt vnkinde,
Who keeping cloſe a tytle to the crowne,
Lancaſters houſe did labour to pul downe.

The ſtay whereof he tooke to ſtand in mee,
Seeing the king of courage nothing ſtout,
Neither of wit great peril to foreſee,
So for purpoſe, if he could bring about
Mee to diſplace, then did he little doubt
To gayne the Goale, for which he drowe the ball,
The crowne I meane to catch ere it ſhould fall

This hope made him againſt me to conſpyre
With thoſe which foes were to ech other late,
The Queene did weene, to win her whole deſire
Which was to rule, the king and al the ſtate
If I were ryd, whom therfore ſhee did hate:
Forecaſting not, when that was brought to paſſe,
How weake of frendes, the King her huſband was.

The Dukes two, of Exceſter, and Buckingham,
With the Marquiſe Dorſet therein did agree,
But namely the Marquiſe of Suffolke William,
Contriuer chiefe of this conſpiracie,
With other mo, that ſate ſtil and did ſee,
Their mortal foes on me to whet their knives,
Which turnde at laſt to loſſe of all their lyues.

But

But bayne deſire of ſouereintie and rule,
Which other wiſe (Ambition) hath to name,
So ſtirde the Queene that wilful as a Mule,
Headlong ſhe runnes, from ſmoke into the flame,
Dziuing a dziſe, which after did ſo frame,
As ſhee, the King, with all their lyne and race,
Depziued were of honour, lyfe, and place.

So foz purpoſe ſhe thought it very good,
With fozmer foes, in frendſhip to confeder,
The Duke of Yozke, and other of his bloud,
With Neuils all, knyt were then together,
And Delapoole, frend afoze to neither:
The Cardinal alſo, came within this liſt,
As Herode and Pylate, to iudge Jeſu Chziſt.

This curſed league, to late diſcouered was
By Bayardes blinde, that lincked in the line,
The Queene and Cardinal bzought it ſo to paſſe,
With Marquiſe Suffolke maiſter of this mpne,
Whoſe il aduiſe, was counted very fyne,
With other moe which fynely could diſguiſe,
With falſe viſours my miſchiefe to deuiſe.

Concluding thus they point without delay
Parliament to hold, in ſome vnhaunted place,
Far from London, out of the common way,
Where fe woz none ſhould vnderſtand the caſe,
But whom the Queene and Cardinal did embzace,
And ſo foz place they choſe Saint Edmondeſburye
Spyte when (ſome ſay) England was neuer merye.

Somons

Somens was ſent, this companie to call,
Which made me muſe, that in ſo great a caſe,
I ſhould no whyt of counſel be at all,
Who yet had rule, and next the king in place,
Me thought nothing, my ſtate could more diſgrace,
Then to beare name, and in effect to bee,
A Cypher in Algrim, as al men mought ſee.

And though iuſt cauſe I had for to ſuſpect,
The tyme and place appointed by my foes,
And that my frendes moſt plainlye did detect,
The ſubtil traine, and practiſe of al thoſe,
Which againſt mee, great treaſons did ſuppoſe,
Yet truſt of truth with a conſcience cleare,
Gaue me good hart, in that place to appeare.

Upon which truſt with more haſt then good ſpeede,
Forward I went to that vnluckye place,
Dutie to ſhow, and no whit was in dreade
Of any trayne, but bold to ſhew my face,
As a true man yet ſo fel out the caſe,
That after trauayle, ſeeking for repoſe,
An armed band, my lodging did encloſe.

The Vicount Beaumount, who for the time ſupplied,
The office of high Conſtable of the Land
Was with the Queene and Cardinall allied,
By whoſe ſupport, be ſtoutlye tooke in hand,
My lodginge to enter with an armed band
And for high treaſon, my perſon did areſt,
And layed me that night, where him ſeemed beſt

Then

Then shaking and quaking, for dread of a Dreame,
Halfe waked al naked in bed as I lay,
What tyme strake the chime of mine hower extreame,
Opprest was my rest with mortal affray,
My foes did vnclose, I know not which way
My chamber dores, and boldly they in brake,
And had me fast before I could awake.

Thou lookest now, that of my secret murther,
I should at large the maner how declare,
I pray thee Baldwin, aske of me no further,
For speaking playne, it came so at vnware,
As I my selfe, which caught was in the snare,
Scarcely am able the circumstaunce to shew,
Which was kept close, and knowen but vnto few.

But be thou sure by violence it was,
And no whit bred by sickenesse or disease,
That felt it well before my life did passe,
For when these wolues, my bodie once did cease,
Used I was, but smally to myne ease:
With tormentes strong, which went so nere the quicke,
As made me dye before that I was sicke.

A Palsey (they sayd) my vital sprites opprest,
Bred by excesse of melancholie blacke,
This for excuse to lay, them seemed best,
Least my true frendes the cause might further racke,
And so perhaps discouer the whoole packe,
Of the conspyrers, whom they might wel suspect,
For causes great, which after tooke effect.

Dead

Dead was I found, by ſuch as beſt did know,
The maner how the ſame was brought to paſſe.
And than my corps, was ſet out for a ſhow,
By view wherof, nothing perceiued was:
Wherby the world may ſee as in a glaſſe,
The vnſure ſtate, of them that ſtand moſt hye,
Which than dread leaſt, when daunger is moſt nye.

And alſo ſee, what daunger they lyue in,
Which next their king are to ſucceede in place:
Since kinges moſt parte, be Ielous of their kynne,
Whom I aduiſe, for warned by my caſe,
To beare low ſayle, and not to much embrace,
The peoples loue: for as Senec ſayth trulye:
O q̄ funeſtus eſt fauor populi.

FINIS. G.F.

THe good Duke hauing ended his wofull tragedye, after much talke had concerning diſcention among theſe that be magiſtrates, good Lord (quoth one) what miſchief and deſtruction doth prouye grudge and malice, rayſe among all ſortes of people, both hye and low? but eſpecially among Magiſtrates being ꝑ head and guyde of the Common wealth: for what miſchiefe did the diſcention betweene theſe two perſons

sons (being both of high estate) bring afterward to both the realmes: yea and the vtter ruine of most part of them that were the chiefe workers of this Dukes death, you saye troth (quoth I) and now for that, if I may craue your patience awhile, you shal heare what I haue noted in ỳ Duke of Suffolkes doinges, one of the chiefe procurours of Duke Humfreyes destruction, who by the prouidence of God came shortly after in such hatred of ỳ people, that the king himselfe could not saue him frō a straunge and notable death. For beeing banisht the realme for the terme of fyue yeares, to appease the continual rumours and inward grudges, that not onely the commons, but most part of the nobilitie of England, bare towardes him for the death of the sayde Duke, he saylinge towardes Fraunce was met with a shippe of Deuonshire, and beheaded forthwith the fyrst day of Maye, Anno 1450. And the dead corps throwen vp at Douer vpon the sandes, which may lament his death after this maner.

How

HOWE VVILLIAM DELAPOOLE Duke of Suffolke was worthelye baniſhed for abuſing his kinge, and procuringe the death of Duke Humfrey of Gloceſter, protector of England. Anno. 1450.

Caype is the hap whereto all men be bound,
I meane the death, which no eſtate may flye:
But to be baniſht, beheaded and than drounde,
In ſincke of ſhame from top of honours hye,
Was neuer man, ſo ſeru'd I thinke but I,
Wherfore good Baldwin amongſt the reſt by right,
I clayme of thee my woful caſe to wryte.

My onely lyfe in all pointes may ſuffice,
To ſhew how baſe al baytes of Fortune be,
Which thawe lyke Iſe, through beate of enuies eyes:
Or vicious deedes which much poſſeſſed mee:
Good hap with vice, long tyme cannot agree,
Which bring beſt Fortunes to the baſeſt fall,
And happieſt hap, to enuy to be thrall.

Called I was William Delapoole,
Of Suffolke Duke in Queene Margarets dayes,
That found the meane Duke Humfreyes blood to coole,
Whoſe worthy acts deſerue eternal prayſe,
Whereby I note that Fortune cannot rayſe
Any one aloft, without ſome others wracke,
Floods drowne no fieldes, before they ſpende a bracke.

But as the waters which do breake the walles
Do lose their course, they had within the shore,
And dayly rotting stincke within their stalles,
For fault of mouing which they found before:
Euen so the state that ouer high is bore,
Doth loose the lyke of Peoples loue it had,
And rotts it selfe until it fall to bad.

For while I was but Earle, ech man was glad,
To saye and do the best by me they might:
And Fortune euer since I was a lad,
Did smyle vpon me with a cherefull sight,
For whan my king had dubbed me a knight,
And sent me foorth to serue at warre in Fraunce,
My luckye speede myne honour did enhaunce.

Where, to omit the many feates I wrought
Vnder others guyde, I doe remember one,
Which with my souldiers valiauntly was fought,
None other Capitayne saue my selfe alone,
I meane not now the appryze of Pucel Ione
In which attempt my trauayle was not small,
Though the Duke of Bourbon had the prayse of al.

But the siege of Awmarle is the feate I prayse,
A strōg built town, with castles, walles, & vaultes,
With men and weapon armde at all assayes:
To which I gaue nigh fyue times fiue assaultes,
Til at the last they yelded it for naughts,
Yet Lord Ramburs like a valiaunt knight,
Defended it as long as ere he might

But

But what preuayled it these Townes to win,
Which shortly after must be lost agayne?
Whereby I see there is more glory in
The keepinge thinges than is in their attayne:
To get and keepe not, is but losse of payne.
Therefore ought men prouide to saue their winninges
In all attemptes, els lose they their beginninges.

Because we could not keepe the Townes wee won,
For they were more than we might easely wyeld
One yeare vndid what wee in ten had don:
For enuy at home, and treason abroade, did pelde
Kinge Charles his realme of Fraunce, made barrain field:
For bloudy warres had wasted all encreale,
Which caused the Pope helpe pouerty sue for peace.

So that in Tourayn, at the towne of Toures
Duke Charles and other for their Prince appered,
So did Lord Rosse, and I than Earle, for oures:
And whan we shewed wherein ech other dered,
We sought out meanes al Quarels to haue cleared,
Wherein the Lordes of Germany, of Spayne,
Of Hungary, and Denmarke, tooke exceedinge payne.

But sith wee coulde no finall peace induce,
For neyther would the others couenaūtes here,
For Eighteene monethes wee did conclude a truce:
And while as frendes wee lay together there,
Because my Warrant did mee therein beare,
To make a perfite peace, and through accord,
I sought a mariage for my Souerayne Lord.

And for the French Kinges Daughters were to small,
I fancied most Dame Margaret his Niece,
A louely Lady, Bewtifull, and Tall,
Faire spoken, pleasaunt, a very Princely piece,
In Wit, and learninge, matchlesse hence to Grēce,
Duke Rayners Daughter of Aniow Kinge by stile
Of Naples, Ierusalem, and of Scycill Ile.

But ere I could the graunt of her attayne:
All that our Kinge had of her fathers landes,
As Mauntes the City, the county whole of Mayne,
And most of Aniow Duchy in our handes,
I did release him by assured bandes.
And as for Dowry with her none I sought,
I thought no peace could be to derely bought.

But whan this mariage throughly was agreed
Although my kinge were glad of sutch a make
His Uncle Humfrey abhorred it in deede,
Because thereby his precontract he brake,
Made with the heyre of the Earle of Arminacke,
A noble Mayde with store of goods endowed,
UUhich more than this with losse, the Duke allowed.

But loue, and bewty in the kinge so wrought,
That neither profit, or promise bee regarded,
But set his vncles counsayle still at nought:
And for my paynes, I highly was awarded.
Thus vertue starues, but lustfoode must bee larded,
For I made Marquise, went to Fraunce agayne,
And brought this Bryde vnto my Soueraygne.

At whom because Duke Humfrey ap repined.
Calling their mariage adnoutrie (as it was)
The Queene did moue me, erst thereto enclyned,
To helpe to bring him to his Requiem masse,
Which sith it could for no crime come to passe:
His lyfe and doinges were so right and cleare,
Through priuy murder we brought him to his Beere.

Thus righteousnesse brought Humfrey to rebuke,
Because he should no wickednesse allow,
But for my doinges I was made a Duke.
So Fortune can both bend and smoth her brow
On whom she list, not passing why or how.
O Lord how high, how soone she did me rayse,
How fast she filome both with prayes and prayse.

The Lordes and Commons both of like assent,
Besought my soueraigne kneeling on their knees,
To recorde my doinges in the Parliament,
As deedes deseruing euerlasting fees,
In which attempt they did no labour leese,
For they set not my prayse so fast in flame,
As hee was redy to reward the same.

But note the end, my deedes so worthy deemed
Of King, of Lordes, and Commons altogether,
Were shortlye after treasons false esteemed,
And all men curst Queene Margets comming hyther,
For Charles the French king in his feates not lither,
When we had rendered Rayner, Vaunts, and Payne,
Found meanes to wynne al Normandy againe.

This made the People curse the mariage,
Esteeming it the cause of euery euill:
Wherfore at mee with open mouth they rage,
Affirming me to haue brought the realme to misse:
When King and Queene saw things thus go a crosse
To quiet al a Parliament they called,
And caused mee in Prison to be thralled.

And shortlye after brought me foorth abroade,
Which made the commons more than double woode
And some with weapons would haue layd on loade,
If their graund Captaine Blewbeard in his moode,
Had not in time with wisedome bene withstoode:
But though that he and more were executed,
The people stil their worst against me bruted.

And so applied the Parliament with Byles,
Of haynous wronges and open trayterous crimes,
The king and Queene were forst against their willes
Fro place to place to adiourne it diuers times.
For Princes power is like the sandy slymes,
Which must perforce geeue place vnto the waue,
Or sue the windye sourges when they raue.

Their lyfe was not more deare to them than I,
Which made them search al shiftes to saue me stil,
But aye my foes such faultes did on me trye,
That to preserue me from a worser ill,
The king was kapue ful sore against his wyl:
For syue yeares space to send me in exile,
In hope to haue restored me in a while.

But

But marke howe vengeaunce wayteth vpon vice,
To shun this ryme, in saylinge towardes Fraunce,
A Pirates Barke, that was of little price,
Encountred mee vppon the Seas by chaunce,
Whose Captayne there tooke mee, as in a traunce,
Let passe my shippes, with all their fraight, and loade,
And led mee backe agayne to Douer roade.

Were, vnto me recountinge all my faultes,
As murdringe of Duke Humfrey in his Bed,
And how I had brought all the Realme to naughtes,
Causing the Kinge vnlawfully to wed,
There was no grace, but I must loose my head,
Wherefore he made me to shrine me in his boate,
And on the brinke, my Necke in two he smote.

This was myne ende: which was by reason due
To me, and such as others deaths procure.
Therefore be bold to write, for it is true,
That who so doth such practise put in vre,
Of due reward at last shalbe most sure,
For God is iust, whose stroke delayed longe,
Doth light at last, with payne more sharpe and stronge.

FINIS. VV. B.

When this was sayd: euery man reioyced to heare of a wicked person so righteously punished: for though fortune in many points be iniurious to Princes, yet in this such like shee is most righteous: and only deserueth the name of

a goddesse, whan she prouideth meanes to punish & destroy tyrantes. And when we had a while considered the drifte of the kinge & Queene to haue saued this duke: & yet they could not: It is worthy labour (sayd one) to way the workes, & iudgemēts of God: which seinge they are knowen most euidently by comparing contraries, I will touch the story of Iacke Cade in order nert following.

Whom Kinge Henry with all his puissaunce was no more able for a while to destroy (yet was he hys rebellious enemy) thā he was to preserue the Duke of Suffolke his dereſt frend: by which two examples doth appeare how notably God disposeth all thinges, and that no force stretcheth farther, than it pleaseth him to suffer. For this Cade beinge an Irishman, but of meane parentage, of no ability, & lesse power, accompanied with a fewe naked Kentish mē, caused the king with his army at al points appointed, to leaue the fielde, and suffer him to doe whatsoeuer he lusted for a tyme, but in the ende he was slaine at Hothfield in Sussex, and caried thēce to London in a Cart, & there quartered. In whose behalfe, seeinge hee is one of Fortunes whelpes, I will trouble you a while to heare the processe of his enterprise, which hee may declare in maner followinge.

How

HOW IACKE CADE NAminge himselfe Mortimer, traytorously rebellinge agaynst his Kinge in Iune. Anno. 1450. was for his treasons, and cruell doinges worthely punished.

SHall I call it Fortune or my frowardselly,
That lifte mee vp, and layd mee downe belowe?
Or was it Courage, that made me so Joly,
Or stregth of stars, w̄ make men bigh to growe?
What euer it were this one poynct suer I know,
Which shalbe meete for euery man to marke:
Our lust and willes, our euils chiefly warke.

It may be well that planets do encline,
And our complexions moue our mindes to ill,
But such is reason, that they bringe to fine
No worke vnayded of our lust, and will:
For Heauen, and Earth are subiect both to skill.
The skyll of God ruleth all it is so stronge,
Man may by skill guyde thinges that to him longe.

Though lust be sturdy, and will enclinde to nought,
This forst by mixture that by Heauens course,
Yet through the skill. God hath in reason wrought
And geuen man, no lust nor will to course,
But may be stayed, or swaged of the sourse,
So that it shall in nothing force the mynde:
To worke our wo, or leaue the proper kynde.

But though this skill bee geuen to euery man
To rule the will, and kepe the minde aloft,
For lacke of grace full fewe vse it can,
These worldly pleasures tickle vs so oft:
Skoll is not weake, but will strong, flesh is soft
And yelds it selfe to pleasure that it loueth,
And yales the mynde to that it most reproueth.

Now if this hap whereby we yelde our mynde
To lust, and will, be Fortune as we name her,
Than is she iustly called false, and blinde,
And no reproch can be to much to blame her:
Yet is the shame our owne when so we shame her,
For suer this hap if it be rightly knowen,
Commeth of our selues, and so the blame our own.

For who so liueth in the Schole of skill,
And medleth not with any worlds affaires,
Forsaketh Pompes, and honours, that do spill
The mindes recourse to Graces quiet stayres.
His state no Fortune by no meane appayres:
For Fortune is the folly, and plague of those
Which to the World their wretched willes dispose.

Amonge which Fooles (marke Baldwyn) I am one,
That would not stay my selfe in mine estate.
I thought to rule, but would obay to none,
Wherefore I thought to be my Princes mate,
And by some meane his power to abate,
And for that ende, Mortimer would be nam'de,
Heyre apparant, of England once proclaym'de.

This

This shift I vsed the people to perswade
To leaue their Prince, and on my syde to sticke.
Whereas in deede, my fathers name was Cade,
Whose noble stocke was neuer worth a sticke.
But touching wit I was both ripe and quicke.
Had strength of Lims, large stature, comely face,
Which made men wene my liguage were not base.

And seeing Kentuelle stacke by men in Kent,
Whose valiaunt hartes refuse none enterprise,
With false perswasions straite to them I went,
And saye they suffred too great iniuries:
By meane whereof I caused them to ryse,
And Battaile wise to come to Blackheath playne,
And thence their griefes vnto the king complayne.

Who being deafe (as men say) on that eare
For we desired release of subsidies,
Refused roughly our requestes to heare,
And came against vs as our enemies:
But we to tary sought out subtilties,
Remoued our campe, and backe to Senocke went,
After whom the Staffordes with their power wa[illegible].

See here how Fortune setting vs aflote,
Brought to our nets a Portion of our pray.
For why the Sta fordes with their armie hote,
Assailed vs at Senocke where we laye:
From whence alyue they parted not awaye,
Which when the kinges retinue vnderstoode,
They all affirmde my quarel to be goode.

Which

Which caused the King and Queene whom all did hate,
To raple their Campe, and sodenly depart:
And that they might the Peoples grudge abate,
To imprison some sul sore against their hart.
Lord Say was one, whom I made after smart,
For after Staffordes and their boast was slayne,
To Blackheath field I marched backe agayne.

And where the King would nothing heare before,
Now was he glad to send to know my minde:
And I thereby enflamed much the more,
Refused his graunces so folly made me blynde.
For this he flew, and left Lord Scales behinde,
To helpe the towne and strengthen London tower,
Towardes which I marched forward with my power.

And found there al thinges at myne owne desire.
I entred London did there what I list,
The Treasorer, Lord Saye, I did conspyre
To haue condempned: whereof when I mist,
(For bee by law my malice did resist)
By force I tooke him in Guildhal fro the heape,
And headed him before the Crosse in Cheape.

His Sonne in lawe Iames Cromer shyre of Kent
I caught at Mile end, whereas then he lay:
Beheaded him and on a poale I sent,
His head to London where his fathers lay.
With these two heades I made a pretty play,
For pight on poales I bore them through the streete,
And for my sport mad men did kisse other sweete.

Than

Than brake I Priſons let forth whom I would,
And vſed the city as it had bin myne:
Tooke from the Marchauntes, money, ware, and gold,
From ſome by force, from other ſome by fyne.
This at the length did cauſe them to repyne,
So that Lord Scales conſentinge with the Mayre,
Forbad vs to their City to repayre.

For all this while mine hoaſt in Southwarke lay,
Who when they knew our paſſage was denied,
Came boldely to the bridge and made a fray,
For in wee would, the townes men vs defied:
But when with ſtrokes wee had the matter tried,
Wee won the Bridge and ſet match part on fier,
This done to Southwarke back we did retier.

The morow after came the Chaunceller,
With generall pardon for my men, halfe gone,
Which heard and read, the reſt within an houre,
Shranke all away each man to ſhift for one.
And when I ſawe they left mee poſt alone,
I did diſguiſe me like a knight of the poſt,
And into Suſſex rode away in poſte.

And there I lurked till that curſed coyne,
That reſtleſſe Begle ſought, and found mee out,
For ſtraight the Kinge by promiſe did enioyne,
A thouſand marke to whoſoeuer nought
Apprehend my corſe, which made them ſeeke about:
Amonge the which one Alexander Iden,
Found out the Hole wherein the Fore was hidden.

But

But ere hee tooke me, I put him to his Trumps,
For yeeld I would not while my handes would holde,
But hope of money made him stur his stumps,
And to assault mee valiauntly, and bolde.
For two longe Howres, our Combat was not colde
Till at the last he lent me such a stroke,
That down I fell, and neuer after spoke.

Than was my Carkasse caried like a Hog.
To Southwarke Borough where it lay a night,
The next day drawen to Newgate like a Dog,
All men reioysinge at the rufull sight:
Than were on Poales my perboyld Quarters pight,
And set a loft for Vermin to deuour,
Meete graue for Rebels that resist the power.

Full litle knowe wee Wretches what wee do,
When wee presume our Princes to resist.
Wee Warre with God, against his glory to,
That placeth in his office whom hee list:
Therefore was neuer Traytour yet, but mist
The Marke hee shot, and came to shamefull ende,
Nor neuer shall tyll God bee forst to bende.

God hath ordayned the power, all Princes bee
Hys Lieutenauntes, or deputies in realmes,
Against their Foes therefore fighteth hee,
And his Enemies driues them to extreames,
Their wyse deuises, proue but Doltish dreames.
No Subiect ought for any kinde of cause,
To force the Prince. but yelde him to the lawes.

Where.

Wherfore Baldwin warne men to folow reason.
Subdue their wylles and be not Fortunes slaues.
A shameful end doth euer follow treason,
There is no trust in Rebels, rascall knaues,
In Fortune lesse, which worketh as the waues:
From whose assaultes who listeth to stand free,
Must know his state, and so contented bee.

FINIS.

BY saint Mary (said one) if Iacke were as wel learned, as you haue made hys oration, whatsoeuer hee was by byrth, I warrante him a Gentilman by his learning. How notablye & philosopher like hath he described fortune, & the causes of worlde lye cumbraunce? how lyke a diuine hath he determined the office both of Magistrates and subiectes For in deede Magistrates be Gods deputies, and it is Gods office which they beare: and it is hee whiche ordeyneth thereto such as himselfe listeth, good whan he fauoureth the People, and euil when hee wyl punish them. And therfore whosoeuer rebelleth against any ruler, eyther good or bad, rebelleth agaynst God, and shal neuer see good end of hys attempt: for God cannot but mainteyn his deputie. Yet this I note by the way concerning rebelles & rebellions. Although the deuil raise them, yet God alwayes vseth them to his glorye, as a part of hys iustice. For whan kinges & chiefe rulers, suffer their vnder

vnder officers to misuse their subiects, and wil not heare nor remedy their peoples wrongs (whā they complayne) then suffereth God the Rebell to rage, and to execute that parte of his Justice, which the parcial prince would not.

For the Lord Saye a very corrupt officer, and one whome notwithstanding the kinge always mayntayned. was destroyed by this Jacke, as was also the Bishop of Salisburye (a proud and couetous Prelate) by other of the Rebelles. And therefore whatsoeuer prince desireth to lyue quietly without rebellion must doe his subiectes right in al thinges and punish suche Officers as oppresse his People: thus shal they be sure from all Rebellion. And for ỳ cleerer opening hereof, it were wel done to set forth this Lord Sayes tragedye. What neede that (said another) seeing ỳ like example is seene in the Duke of Suffolke, whose doings are declared sufficientlye alreadye. Nay let vs goe forward for we haue a great many behinde that may not be omitted, & the tyme as you see passeth away. As for this lord Saye, whome Cade so cruellye killed, and spitefullye vsed after his Death (I dare saye) shalbee knowen thereby what he was to all that reade or heare this storye. For God would neuer haue suffered hym to haue beene so vsed, except he had first deserued it.

There-

Therefore let him go and wyth him the Bishop, and all other slayne in that rebellion which was rayſed by ſome ſly drift of the Duke of Yorke, who ſhortly after by open War, manifeſted his title to ỳ crowne, and therefore gathered an army in Wales, & marched towardes London: And preuentinge ỳ kinge, goinge northward to prepare an army, in the waye at Sayncte Albanes: Who for want of a ſufficient power to take the field, was forced with ſuch ſmal power as he had about him, to defend the Lanes, & backſydes of the towne, and to ſend out the Duke of Buckingham for a treaty, which the Duke of Yorke beinge head of the contrary faction, woulde not allow without fyrſt hauinge the Duke of Somerſet and other at his will, duringe which treaty Richard Neuill Earle of Warwike, the ſtout maintayner of yorckes title entred the Towne by force, fought a Battayle in the high ſtreat, where of the kinges part were ſlayne the ſayd Duke of Somerſet called Edmond Beaufort, Henry Percy the ſecond of that ſurname, Earle of Northumberlande, Humfrey, Earle of Stafford, Sonne and heyre to Humfrey Duke of Buckingham, Jhon Lord Clifford, Babthorp the kinges attorney, and his Son and heyre, beſides a great number of Knightes, Eſquiers, Gentlemen, & yeomen of ỳ kinges houſhold & of other Lordes ſeruauntes, on whō al the ſlaugh-

ter, and bochery fell, beinge all for the more part vn-
armed. But because the Duke of Somerset
was the chiefe of the Kinges parte pas-
singe ouer the rest, let vs on-
ly heare him speake
for all.

THE TRAGEDY OF EDmond Duke of Somerſet, ſlayne

in the firſt battayle at Saynct Albanes, the. 23. day of May, in the. 32. yeare of Henry the ſixt. Anno. 1454.

* * *

SOme I ſuppoſe are borne vnfortunate,
Els good endeuours coulde not ſo ill ſucceede.
What ſhall I call it? ill fortune or fate,
That ſome attempts haue neuer happy ſpeede,
But trauaple thankleſſe, al bootleſſe their hede:
Where other vnlike in working, or in ſkill,
Wynne what they will, and wield the world at will.

Of the firſt ſorte, myſelfe I count for one,
To all miſhap, I weene predeſtinate,
Beleeue mee Baldwin, there ber few or none,
To whom Fortune was euer more ingrate.
Make thou therefore my life a Caueat,
That who ſo with force wyll worke agaynſt kinde,
Sayleth (as who ſayth) agaynſt the ſtreame, and winde.

For I of Somerſet which Duke Edmond highte,
Extract by diſcent from Lancaſter lyne,
Were it by folly, or Fortunes deſpighte,
Or by ill aſpect of ſome croked ſigne,
Of myne attempts could neuer ſee good fine:
What ſo I began did ſeldome well ende:
God from ſutch Fortune, all good men defend.

Where I ſought to ſaue, moſt part I did ſpill,
For good hap with mee was alway at warre.
The Linage of Yorke whom I bare ſo ill,
By my ſpight became bright, and ſhone like a Starre,
Thus ſomewhiles men make, when fayne they would marre.
The more yee lop Trees, the greater they grow.
The more yee ſtop Streames, the higher they flow.

Maugre my ſpighte, his glory grew the more,
And mine, as the Moone in the wane, wart leſſe
For hauiage the place which he had before,
Gouernour of Fraunce, needes I muſt confeſſe,
That loſt was Normandy yet nethleſſe,
Alwayes I wrought that wit might well contriue,
But what bootes it, againſt the Streame to ſtriue?

Borne was I neyther to warre ne to peace,
Mars was maligne, and enemy to my trade:
My Birth I beleue was in Ioues decreaſe,
When Cancer in courſe, beinge retrograde,
Swarued from Sol, vnto Saturnus ſhade,
Where aſpectes were good, oppoſites did marre,
So grew mine hahap both in peace, and warre.

A ſtraunge Natiuity in calculation,
As my liues courſe, did after well declare,
Wherof in briefe to make relation,
That other by mee may learne to beware,
Ouerlight credence was cauſe of my care.
And want of foreſight in geuinge aſſent,
Humfrey to damne that Duke moſt innocent.

Humfrey

Humfrey meane I that was the protectour,
Duke of Glocester of the ropall blood,
So long as he was Englandes directour,
Kinge Henries title to the Crowne was good,
This worthy Prince, as a Piller longe stood:
Or like a strong prop set vnder a vyne,
In state to vpholde all Lancasters lyne.

O headlesse truth, vnware of harme to come,
O mad malice where wit obeyeth will,
Alas there euer any, whom folly did so nome:
Of all forecast, rigth, reason, wit, and skill,
As mee blinde Bayard consentinge to spill
My Cossyns bloud, my refuge, and my stay,
To my destruction, makinge open way?

So long as he in England bare the sway,
So long Rebelles no Quarelles durst begin,
But when the poste, was pulled once away,
Which stoode to vpholde the kinge, and his kin,
The Duke of Yorke, than stoutly bee stept in,
And chalenged the Crowne, by colour of right,
Beginninge with Lawe, and endinge with might.

And spyed great bruites in England vp and downe,
That he of England was the heire true,
And how Henry had vsurped the Crowne
Against all right, by practise most untrue:
The people than, embrasinge titles newe,
Ickesome of present, and longing for chaunge,
Assented soone, because they loue to raunge.

True is the text which wee in Scripture reade,
Væ terræ illi cuius rex est puer.
Wo to that land whereof a child is head,
Whether childe or childishe, the case is one sure,
Where Kinges be yonge, we dayly see in vre,
The people awlesse, by weakenesse of their head,
Leade their liues lawlesse, hauinge none to dread.

And no lesse true is this text againe,
Beata terra cuius rex est nobilis.
Blest is the Land, where a stout Kinge doth raigne.
Where in good peace eche man possesseth his,
For dread of whom, no man dare do amis,
Whose Prince is prest alwayes, and Sword in hand,
At home and abroade, all enemies to withstand.

In case the sonne haue proued suche a one,
Hardy and stoute as his fathers afore,
Sure had he sitten in the Royall throne,
Dreadlesse, and careles of common vproar.
But Henries weakenesse appeered more, and more,
Which volonesse gaue, to the contrary band,
To spoyle him at last both of life, and land.

His humble heart was nothinge vnknowen,
To the gaye gallants, of Yorkes retinue,
Any lowe ground, is highly ouerflowen,
And thorey houses cannot long continue,
Joyntes cannot knit where as is no Synowe.
And so a Prince not dread as well as loued,
By bold Traytours may be soone remoued.

Well

Well mought I ſee, had I not wanted brayne,
The worke begon to vndermine the ſtate,
When the chiefe link was looſed fro the chayne,
And that ſome durſt vpon blould royall grate,
How tickle hold I had of myne eſtate?
When the chiefe poſt lay flat vppon the floze,
Mought not I thinke my ſtaffe then next the voze?

So mought alſo, dame Margaret the Queene,
By whoſe malice this miſchiefe firſt began,
Did ſhe (trow per) her ſelfe not ouerwene
Death to procure to that moſt worthy man?
Which ſhe and hers afterward mought well ban,
On whom did hange, as I before haue ſayde,
Her Husbandes life, his honour and his ayde.

For whilſt he liued which was our ſtadie ſtay,
Yorke and his Impes were kept as vnder Yoke,
But when the Piller remoued was away,
Then burſt out flame, that late before was Smoke.
The cloſe Traytoure, then caſt of his Cloake,
And from the dark came forth in open light,
With titles blinde which he ſet forth for right.

But this to achieue, firſt it him behoued,
The Kinge and his kin a ſunder for to ſet:
Who once perforce, or practice ill remoued,
Then had they auoyded the principall let,
Which kept the fought pray ſo longe from the Net:
The next poynct after, was themſelues to place
Next to the Prince, and other to abaſe.

I was the firſt whom they put out of place,
No cauſe pretendinge, but the common weale,
The crowne of England was the very caſe,
Why to the Commons they burned ſo in zeale,
Wy faultes were Cloakes their practiſe to conceale,
In counſayle hearinge conſider the entent,
For by pretence of truth, treaſon oft is ment.

So their pretence was onely to remoue,
Counſayle corrupt from place about the Kinge,
But O yee Princes, you it doth behoue,
This caſe to conſtrue, as no fayned thinge,
That neuer traytour did ſubdue his kinge,
But for his plat, ere he would further wade,
Againſt his frendes, the Quarel firſt hee made.

And if by hap he could ſo bringe about,
Them to ſubdue, and haue them at his will,
Then would he ware ſo arrogant, and ſtout,
That no reaſon, his outrage might fulfill,
But to proceede vppon his purpoſe ſtill,
Till Kinge, and Counſayle brought were in one caſe:
Such is their folly, to rebels that geue place.

So for the fiſhe, when caſt forth was the Net,
The next poynct was in driuinge out the plat,
Commons to cauſe, in rage to fume, and fret,
And to rebell, I cannot tell for what,
Requiringe redreſſe of this, and of that:
Who if they ſpeede, the ſlander at receit,
Graſp will the Pray, for which he doth awayt.

Then

Then by ſurmiſe of ſome thinge pretended,
Suttch to diſplace as they may well ſuſpect,
Like to withſtand their miſchiefe entended,
And in their roumes their banders to erect,
The aduerſe party proudly to reiect,
And then with repoꝛtes the ſimple to abuſe,
And when theſe helpes faple, open foꝛce to vſe.

So this Dukes traynes were couert, and not ſeene.
Who little ment, that which hee moſt pretended,
Like to a Serpent lurkinge vnder greene,
To the weale publike ſeemed wholly bended:
Zelous he was, and would haue all thinges mended,
But by that menoment nothinge els he ment,
But to be Kinge, to that marke was his bent.

Foꝛ had he bin playne, as hee ment in deede,
Henry to depoſe from the ropall place,
His hall had bin waſte, and much woꝛſe his ſpeede,
The Kinge then ſtandinge in his peoples grace,
This Duke therefoꝛe ſetfoꝛth a goodly face,
As one that ment no quarrel foꝛ the Crowne,
Suttch as bare rule, he onely would put downe.

But all foꝛ nought, ſo longe as I bare ſtroke,
Serued theſe dikes, and proued all but vayne,
The beſt helpe then, was people to pꝛouoke,
To make Commotion, and Upꝛoꝛes a mayne:
Which to appeaſe, the Kinge himſelfe was fayne,
From blacke Heath in Kent, to ſend me to the Tower,
Suttch was the foꝛce of Rebelles in that Power.

The tempeſt yet therewith was not ceaſſed,
For Yorke was bent his purpoſe to purſue,
Who ſeeinge how ſoone I was releaſſed,
And ill ſucceſſe of ſufferaunce to enſue:
Then like Iudas, vnto his Lord vntrue,
Thynkinge time loſt any lenger to deſarre,
By Warwickes ayde proclaymed open warre.

S. Albanes towne, where both our Hoaſtes did meete,
To trye a fielde was not an equall place,
For we were forſt to fight within a ſtreete,
With fewe againſt many, ſuch was the caſe,
There I and Warwicke fronted face to face,
At an Inne doore, the Caſtell was the ſigne,
Where with a Sworde was cut my fatall lyne.

Oft was I warned to come in Caſtle none,
But little thought of any Common ſigne,
I did Imagine a Caſtell built with ſtone,
For of no Inne, I could the ſame deuine,
In Prophetes ſkill my wits were neuer fine,
A foole is hee that ſuch vayne dreames doth dred,
But more Foole hee, that will by them be led.

My life I loſt in that vnlucky place,
With many Lordes that leaned to my part,
The Earle Percy had no better grace,
Couragious Clifford could not eſcheawe the dart,
Buckinghams Heyre was at this mortall mart,
Babthorp the Attorney for all his ſkill in Lawe,
In this poynct of pleadinge appeared very rawe.

So thus

So thus poore Prince diſarmed of his bandes,
His frendes all ſlayne, wantinge good aſſiſtence,
Was made a Pray vnto his enemies handes,
Priued of power and Princely reuerence,
And as a Pupill voyde of all experience,
Innocent playne, and ſimple witted,
Was as a Lambe vnto the Wolfe committed.

A Parliament than was called with ſpeede,
A Parliament, nay a playne conſpiracy,
Where againſt right it was decreed,
That after the death of the firſt Henry,
The Duke of Yorke ſhould haue the regally,
And in his life, the charge, and protection,
Of Kinge and Realme at the Dukes direction.

And thus was Yorke declared Protectour,
Protectour ſayd I, nay Proditor playne.
A rancke Rebell the Princes directour,
A vaſſall to leade his Lord, and Soueraygne,
Where honeſt hart would not conceiue diſdayne,
To ſee the foote ſurmount aboue the head,
A Monſter is in ſpight of nature bred.

Some haply heere, will moue a farther doubt,
And for Yorkes part alledge an elder right,
O braynleſſe head, that ſo runne in and out,
Where length of time a ſtate hath firmely pight,
And good accord hath put all ſtrife to flight,
Were it not better ſuch titles ſtil to ſleepe,
Than all a Realme, about the tryall weepe?

From

From the female, came Yorke, and all his leede,
And wee Lancastrians, from the Heyre Male,
Of whom thre Kinges in order did succeede,
By iust discent: this is no fayned tale.
Who would haue thought that any storme or gale
Our ship could shake hauinge sutch Anker hold,
None I thincke sure, vnlesse that God so would.

After this hurle the Kinge was fayne to flee,
Northward in post, for succour, and releefe,
O blessed God how straunge it was to see!
A rightfull Prince pursued as a Theefe!
To thee O England, what can be more repreese?
Then to pursue thy Prince with armed hand,
WWhat greater shame, may bee to any Land?

Traytours did triumph, true men lay in the dust,
Reuinge, and Robbinge, roysted euery where,
WWill, stoode for skill, and Law obeyed lust,
Might, trode downe right, of Kinge there was no feare,
The title was tryed onely by Shield, and Speare:
All which vnhaps, that they were not foreseene,
Suffolke was in fault, who ruled Kinge, and Queene.

Some here perhaps, do looke I should accuse
My selfe of sleight, or subtilty vniust,
WWherein I should my Princes Eares abuse
Agaynst the Duke, to bringe him in mystrust,
Some part whereof, though needes confesse I must,
My fault onely, consisted in consent
To my Foes driftes, which I could not preuent.

If

If I at firſt when Brandes began to ſmoke,
The Sparkes to quench by any way had ſought,
Neuer had England felt this mortall ſtroke,
Which now to late lamentinge helpeth nought
Two poynctes of Wit to dearely haue I bought,
The firſt that better is timely to foreſee,
Then after ouer late, a Counſaylour to bee.

The ſecond is, not eaſely to aſſent,
To any aduice, againſt thy faythfull frend,
But of the Speaker ponder the intent,
The meaninge full, the poinct, and finall ende:
A Sainct in ſhowe, in proofe is found a Fende,
The ſubtile man, the ſimple to abuſe,
Mutch pleaſaunt Speach, and Eloquence doth vſe.

And ſo was I, and other mo abuſed
By Suffolkes ſleights, who ſought to pleaſe the Queene,
Forecaſt we lackt, which cannot be excuſed
Of thinges to come, as ſoone was after ſeene:
Which gloſinge tongue, he made vs fooles to weene,
That Humfrey did to Englandes crowne aſpyre,
Which to preuent his death they did conſpyre.

What ſhould I more of mine vnhaps declare,
Whereof my death at laſt hath made an ende?
Not I alone was cauſe of all this care,
Some beſydes mee there were that did offende.
None I accuſe, nor yet my ſelfe defend,
Faultes I confeſſe, as no man liues without,
My chiefe fault, was folly, out of dout.

Folly

Folly was chiefe, the noughty tyme was next,
Which made my Fortune ſubiect to the chiefe:
If England then with ſtrife had not bin vext.
Glory might haue growen whereas enſued griefe,
Yet one thinge is, my comfort, and reliefe,
Conſtant I was in my Princes Quarell,
To dye or lyue, and ſpared for no parel.

What though Fortune enuious was my foe,
A noble hart ought not the ſoner yeild,
Nor chrincke a backe for any weale or woe,
But for his Prince ly bleeding in the field:
If priuy ſpight at any time mes helde,
The price is payde: and greeuous is my guerdon,
As for the reſt God (I truſt) will pardon.

FINIS. G. F.

AFter this Tragedy ended, one ſayd ſeeinge this Duke hath ſo vehemently exclaymed agaynſt the Duke of Yorkes practiſes, it were well done to heare what hee can ſay for himſelfe. For after ẏ firſt battayle at S. Albanes when he toke K. Henry priſoner, he was made protector, which ſo much greeued Queene Margaret, & her complices, ẏ priuy grutches, & open diſſembling neuer ceaſed til ẏ Duke, & his allyes were fayne to fly both field, & Realme, he into Ireland, & they to Calaies. Whence they came agayne with an Army, whereof Richard Neuill Earle of Salisbury was leader, & marched towarde Couentry (where the

Kynge

kynge was, and had gathered an army to subdue them, & encountred them at Northampton on ỳ. 10. day of July in ỳ yeare of grace. 1460. fought with them, lost the field, and was taken himself, and many of his freendes slayne, as Humfrey Staffordе Duke of Buckingham, Jhon Talbot the second of that name Earle of Shrewesbury, Jhon Vicounte Beaumont, Thomas Lord Egremont, Syr William Lucy, and diuers other. But ouerpassinge all these and many mo because they were honourably slayne in the field, let vs come to him who was the chiefe cause thereof, that is to say, Richard Plantagenet Duke of York slayne in the battel at Wakefield on Christ mas euē, and Edmond Earle of Rutlande his yong sonne, who was there murthered by the Lorde Cliffordе as he woulde haue fled into the towne to haue saued himselfe.

Therefore imagine that you see a tall mans body full of fresh woundes but lacking a head, holdinge by the hande a goodly childe, whose breast was so wounded that his heart might bee seene, hys lowely face and eyes disfigured with droppinge teares, his hayre through horror standinge vpright, his mercy crauinge handes, al to be mangled, and all his body embrued with his owne blould, out of the weland pipe of which headles body came a shrieking voyce saynge as followeth.

How

HOW RICHARD PLANtagenet Duke of Yorke was slayne through his ouer rash boldnesse, and his Sonne Earle of Rutland an Infant cruelly murdered Anno. 1460.

TRust Fortune (quoth he) in whom was neuer trust,
O Beastes most brute, that haue no better grace,
All rest, renowne, and deedes lye in the dust,
Of all the sort that sue her slipper trace,
How now? Why dost thou Baldwin hide thy face?
Thou needst not feare, although I mysse my head,
See this poore Boy, whom by the hand I lead.

The cause why I thus lead him in my hand,
With blood, and teares hainge his body stayned,
Is that thou mayest the better vnderstand,
How hardly Fortune hath for vs ordayned
In whom her loue and hate be whole contayned.
Rychard I am Plantagenet by name,
Whilom of Yorke the Duke of worthy fame.

For Richard Earle of Cambridge, eldest sonne
Of Duke Edmond, third sonne of King Edward,
Engendred me whereof the course did runne,
Of Mortimers to be the Issue gard:
For when Edmond her brother died Warde,
She was sole heyre by due discent of line,
Whereby her Rights, and Titles all were mine.

But

But marke me now I pray the Baldwin marke,
And see how force oft ouerbeareth right,
Way how vsurpers tyrannously warke,
To keepe by murther that they get by might,
And note what troubles and daungers do alight,
On such as seeke to repossesse their owne,
And how by might, oft right is ouerthrowne.

Duke Henry of Herefordе called Bolenbrooke,
Of whom Duke Mowbray told the vow of late,
Whan traytour like he had king Richard tooke:
Kild him in prison, vsurped his estate,
Without al right, or title, saving hate
Of others rule, or loue to rule alone,
These two excepted tytle had hee none.

The Crowne by right came to Edmond Mortimer
Whose Father Roger was king Richardes heire,
Which caused Henry, and them of Lancaster,
To seeke all shiftes our houses to appayre,
For sure he was to sit beside the chayre,
Were wee of power to clayme our lawful right,
And therfore thought good, to extirpe vs quight.

His cursed sonne ensued the fathers trade,
And kept my cosin guiltlesse in sure hold,
For whom my father ful often did perswade,
With his allies and cousins that they would,
Their Kinsmans right maintein and vphold,
And to depose by pollicy or power,
The heyre of him that was an vsurper.

Whereof when Henry of that name the fift,
Had heard, and knew of this conſpiracye.
He from ſir Edmond al the blame to thift,
Sayd that my Father was the French kings aly,
And hyred by him to worke this trecherye,
For which at Hampton as it came to paſſe,
His lyfe he loſt, and there beheaded was.

Thus was the name of Mortimer extinct,
Whoſe right and title deſcended vnto me.
Being forſt to lyue within a precinct
For feare I would to other countries flee
And ſo beeing at myne owne libertee,
Might haplye moue ſedicion or ſtrife,
For guilty hartes, can leade no quiet lyfe.

Yet at the laſt in Henries dayes the ſixt,
I was reſtored to my fathers landes,
Made duke of Yorke: where through my mind I fixt.
To get the Crowne and kingdome in my handes,
For ayde wherein I knit aſſured bandes
With Neuils ſtocke, whoſe daughter was my make
Whereby great frendes I had my part to take.

O Lord what hap had I by mariage.
Fowre fayre Sonnes my pong wife to me bore,
Valiaunt men and prudent for their age,
Such brothers ſhe had and nephewes ſtil in ſtore
As none of the kin had any time before:
The Earle of Salisburie, & his ſonne of Warwicke.
Were knights peereleſſe, frō Barbary to Barwicke.

Through

Through helpe of whom, & Fortunes frendly grace,
I first began to claime my lawful right,
And my chiefe foes with stoutnesse to deface.
I rayled power at al pointes prest to fight:
Of whom the chiefe that chiefly bare me spight,
Was Somerset the Duke, whom to annoy
Al my hole force, I daply did employ.

And maugre him so chopse so was my chaunce,
Yea though the Queene was wholy on hys syde,
I twise bare rule in Normandy and Fraunce,
And last lieutenant in Ireland I did byde,
Ful often driuen of force my head to hyde,
Yet through the loue, my doinges there did breede,
I had their helpe at al times in my neede.

This doutye Duke most deare to King and Queene,
With armed boaste, I thrise met in the field,
The first vnfought through treaty made betweene,
The second ioynde wherein the King did yelde,
The Duke was slayne, the Queene her partie belde
Farre in the North, where ouermatcht with power
My life I lost, in an vnlucky bowre.

Before this last were other battailes three,
The first the Earle of Salisburie alone,
Fought on Blorebeath, and got the victorie,
Iat the next was present in persone
With my chiefe kin, whereas by one and one,
Our souldiers falle, without away by night,
Unto our foes and we put all to flight.

This Boy and I in Ireland did vs saue,
Mine eldest sonne with Warwicke and his father,
To Calais got, whence by the read I gaue
They came againe to London, and did gather,
Another hoast, whereof I spake no rather:
And met our foes flew many a Lord and knight,
And tooke the King and draue the Queene to flight.

This done I came to England all in haste,
New claime to make vnto the realme and crowne,
And in the house while Parliament did last,
In the Kinges seate, I boldly sate me downe,
Clapming the place, whereat the Lordes did frowne,
But what for that, I did so wel proceede,
That al at last to my demaund agreed.

But sith Henry had raigned than so long,
They would he should continue til he dyed.
And to thend to make my title strong,
Apparant heire of England they me cryed,
But sith the Queene and others this denied,
I sped me straight Northward whereas she lay,
Meaning by force to cause her to obay.

She thereof warned, prepared a strong power.
And ere my men were altogether redye
To Sandale came, where in a dismal houre
I like a Beast, so rash was, and so heedy
To trie Fortune, which alwaies is vnsteedy
With thousands fiue, of souldiers to assayle
The double number, in campe to their auayle.

And

And so was slayne at first: and whyle my poze infant
Scarse twelue yere olde, sought way himselfe to saue,
That cruel Clifford that fel bloudy tyrant,
While the poze chyld with tears did mercy craue,
With dagger sharp his hart a sunder claue.
This don he came to the campe where I lay dead,
Dispoyld my corps, and cut away my head.

And set a crowne of paper theruppon
Which forza spoyt he sent vnto the Quene
And she forspyte commaunded it anon.
To be had to Yorke and set vp to be sene.
In some such place as theuis & Traitors bene,
This mocke I had of fortune for reward,
After long hope that she wold me regard

Wherfore Baldwin see that thou set her forth
With her slipper pyanks so as they may be known,
And warne all pyinces wel to way the worth
Of thinges, for which the sede of war be sowen
The gaine no surer but as of dice throwen
No worldly good can counterpeyze the pyple
Of halfe the paynes that may therof aryse.

Better it were to lose a peece of right,
Then limmes and life in wrestling for the same,
It is not force, of frendship nor of might,
But god aboue that kingdomes set in frame
Not wit, but chance doth weild the winners game,
Wherfore if we our follies would refrayne,
Tyme would redresse all wronges we bopde of payne.

Wherfore warne Lordes no wise to wade in warre
For any cause, saue their countries defence,
Their troublous titles are vnworthy farre
The blood, the life, the spoile of innocence,
Of frendes, of foes, behold my long expence,
And neuer the neare: best than to tary time,
Low by the ground, than ouer high to clyme.

FINIS.

With that maister Ferrers shoke me by the sleeue saying: why how now man do you forget your selfe? belike you mynde oure matters very much. So I do in deede (said I) for I dreame of them. And whan I had rehearsed my dreame, we had long talke, concerning the nature of dreames, which to stint, and to bringe vs to oure matter agayne, thus sayde one of them: I am glad it was your chaunce to dreame of Duke Richarde for it had bene pitty to haue ouerpassed him.
And as concerning this Lorde Cliffords which so cruelly killed his sonne, I purpose to geeue you notes: who (as he wel deserued) came shortlye after to a sodaine death, and yet too good for a cruell tyraunt. For on Palmesonday next folowing, being the 29. Daye of March, in the yeare of Christe, a Thousand foure hundreth threescore and one, this Lord Clifford with Henry Percy the thirde Earle of Northumberlande, the Earle of Westmerlande, the

the Lorde Dacres, the Lorde Welles & other were slayne at Towton in Yorkeshyre. Wherfore as you thought you sawe & heard the headlesse Duke speake thorowe his necke, so nowe suppose you see this Lord Clifford al armed saue his head, with his Breast plate all gore bloud running from his throate, wherein an headlesse Arrowe sticketh, through which wound, he ratleth out this Rhime.

Howe the Lorde Clifforde for his extreame cruelties, came to a cruel, straunge, & sodaine death. Anno. 1461.

OPen confession asketh open Penaunce,
Yet wisdome would a man his fault should hide:
But sith pardon commeth by repentaunce,
Playnesse is best when truth is plainly tryde,
Open or hid, al faultes at length be spyed.
For couer kyer neuer so close within,
Yet out it will, and so will secret synne.

As for my selfe, my faultes be out so playne,
Vsed and knowne abroade in every place,
That though I would I cannot them retayne,
All care is booteless in a cureless case,
To learne by others some haue had the grace,
Wherfore Baldwin, write thou my wretched fall,
The tricke wherof I briefly vtter shal.

Iam

Clifford I am that slue Duke Richards childe,
The louely babe that crauld lyfe with teares:
Wherby my fame, most fouly I defiled
Pore sely Lambes the Lyon neuer teares,
The feble mouse may ly among great beares
But wrath of man his rancoure to requyt,
Forgets al reason, ruth and mercy quyte.

I meane such wrath as works parental wreke
Surnamd a vertu (as these reuengers say)
But little know those people what they speak
Which kyndle vs, our ennemis kin to slay,
To punishe sinne is good, it is no nay.
They wreke not sinne, but merit wreke for sinne,
The fathers faultes that wreake vpon the kinne.

Because my father Lord John Clifforde died
Slayne at S. Albanes, in his princes ayde,
Against the Duke my hart for malice fried,
So that I could from wreke no way be stayde
But to auenge my fathers death assayd
Al means I might the Duke of Yorke tannoy:
And all his kyn and frendes to kil and stroy.

This caused me with bloudy dagger wound
His giltles sonne that neuer agaynst me stord:
The fathers corps dead lying on the ground,
The necke I cut asunder with my sword
The bleding head I pight by way of borde,
Vpon a speare, with a white paper crowne
And in great scorne I sent it to Yorke towne.

But

But cruel deedes can neuer scape the scourge
Of open shame, or of some bloudy death,
Repentance selfe that other sinnes may pourge,
Doth flie from this, so sore the soule it slayeth,
Despayre dissolues the tyrants blustring breath:
For vengeance due doth sodaynly alight,
On cruel deedes the mischiefe to requite.

This find I true, for as I lay in stale
Against Edward Duke Richards eldest sonne
My death I caught not far from Dintingale
For as I would my gorget haue vndone
To vent out heate trauelling in the sonne
An headles arrowe percyd my thyote boule
Which parted straight my body from the soule.

Was this a chance? no sure Gods iust award
Wherin his iustice playnly doth appeare:
An headles arrow payd me my reward,
For headding Richard lying on his bere,
And as I would his child in no wyse heare,
So sodayne death bereft my tongue the power
To aske mercy at my last dying houre.

Wherfore Baldwin perswade the bloudy sort.
To leaue their wrath, and rigour to refrayne:
Tel cruel iudges horror is the port
To which they saple to suffer endles payne
Hel haleth tyrants down to death amayne.
Was neuer yet nor shalbe cruel deede
Unquyted left but had as cruel meede.

FINIS

When this tragedy was ended, O Lord ſaid another, how horrible a thing is diuiſion in a Realme, to how manye miſchieues is it the mother, what vice is not thereby kindled, what vertue left vnquenched?

For what was the cauſe of the Duke of Yorkes death, and of the cruelty ſhewed to his young ſonne by this mercileſſe man, ſaue the variaunce betweene King Henry and the houſe of Yorke: which at length beſides millions of the Commons, brought to deſtruction moſt part of the nobility. For Edward the Dukes eldeſt ſonne immediatly after Richarde his father was ſlayne, through helpe of the Neuils gaue the kinge a battaile at Towton in Yorkeſhire, whereat beſydes this Clifford, were ſlayne ỹ Earles of Northumberlande, and Weſtmerland, with the Lordes Dacres and Welles, beſydes mo then 30000. men, the winning of which fyeld brought Edward to the Crowne, and the loſſe draue K. Henry and his wyfe into Scotland. But as fewe raignes beginne without bloud, ſo king Edwarde to keepe the cõmon courſe, cauſed Thomas Courtney earle of Deuonſhyre, and John Veer Earle of Orenford, and Awbrey Veer eldeſt ſonne to ỹ ſaid Earle, with diuers other of king Henries parte, to bee attainted and put to death. And ſhortly after did execution vppon the Duke of Somerſet, and the Lordes Hungerford, & Roſſe, whombee tooke priſoners at Exham fyelde. For thyther came

came thoſe Lordes with king Henry out of Scotland, with an armye of Scots, and fought a Battayle, which they loſt, wherein moſt part of theym were ſlaine. And becauſe theſe are al noble men I wil leaue them to Baldwins diſcretion.

But ſeeinge the Earle of Worceſter was the chiefe inſtrument, whom king Edward vſed aſwel in theſe mens matters, as in like bloudye aſſayzes, becauſe he ſhould not be forgotten, ye ſhal heare what may bee noted by his ende.

THE INFAMOVS ENDE of the Lord Tiptoft, Earle of VVorceſtre, for executing his princes crueltie.

Anno. 1470.

THe glozious man, is not ſo loath to lurke,
As the infamous glad to lye vnknowen:
Which maketh me Baldwin diſalow thy wurke,
Where Pzinces faultes ſo openly be blowen,
I ſpeake not this alonelye foz mine owne
Which were my Pzinces (if that they were anye)
But foz my Pieres, in number very many.

Oz might repozt vpzightly vſe her tongue,
It would leſſe greeue vs to augment the matter.
But ſure I am thou ſhalt be foyſt among,
To frayne the truth, the liuing foz to flatter:
And other whiles in pointes vnknowen to ſmatter.
Foz time neuer was, noz neuer I thinke ſhalbe
That truth vnſhent, ſhould ſpeake in al things free. This

This doth appere (I dare ſay) by my ſtorye,
Which diuers wryters diuerſly declare,
But ſtory wryters ought for neither glory,
Feare, nor fauor, truth of things to ſpare,
But ſtil it fares as alwayes it did fare,
Affections, feare, or doubtes that daply brue,
Do cauſe that ſtories alwayes be not true.

Unfruiteful Fabian followed the face
Of time and deedes, but let the cauſes ſlip,
Which Hall hath added ſome with better grace,
For feare I thinke leſt trouble might him trip:
For this or that (ſayth he) be felt the whip.
This ſtory wryters leaue the cauſes out,
Or ſhew them ſo as they were in ſome dout.

But ſeyng cauſes are the cheefeſt thinges
That ſhould be noted of the ſtory wryters,
That men may learne what endes al cauſes bringes,
They be vnworthy the name of Chronicles
That leaue them cleane out of their regiſters,
Or doubtfully report them for the fruite
Of reading ſtories ſtandeth in the ſuite.

Wherfore Baldwin either ſpeake thou bryefly
Of our affaiers, or touch them not at all
As for my ſelfe I way al thinges ſo lyght,
That naught I paſſe, how men repoꝛt my fall
The truth wherof yet playnly ſhewe I ſhal
That thou mayſt wryte and other therby reede,
What thinges I did wherof they ſhould take heede.

Thou

Thou haſt heard of Tiptoftes Earles of Worce^r
I am that Lorde that lyued in Edwardes dayes
The fowerth, and was his frend and counſailour,
And Butcher too, as common rumor ſayes.
But Peoples voyce is neither ſhame nor prayſe,
For whom they would aliue deuour to daye,
To morow dead they wil worſhip what they may.

But though the peoples verdite go by chaunce,
Yet was their cauſe to call mee as they did,
For I enforſt by meane of Gouernaunce,
Did execute what ere my king did bid,
From blame therein my ſelfe I cannot ryd:
But fye vpon the wretched ſtate that muſt,
Defame it ſelfe to ſerue the Princes luſt.

The chiefeſt cryme wherewith men do me charge,
Is death of the Earle of Deſmundes noble ſonnes,
Of which the kinges charge doth me cleare diſcharge
By ſtrait commaundement and iniunctions:
The effect whereof ſo rigorouſlye runnes
That either I muſt procure to ſee them dead,
Or for contempt as traytour looſe my head.

What would mine enemies doe in ſuch a caſe,
Obey the king or proper death procure?
They may wel ſay their fancy for a face,
But life is ſweete and loue hard to recure,
They would haue done as I did I am ſure:
For ſeeldom wil a wealthy man ateaſe,
For others cauſe his Prince in ought diſpleaſe.

How

Tiptoft Earle of Vvorceſter.

How much leſſe I which was lieutenaunt than
In the Iriſh Ile, preferred by the king:
But who for loue or dread of any man
Conſentes to accompliſh any wicked thing,
Although chiefe fault thereof from other ſpring,
Shal not eſcape Gods vengeaunce for his deede:
Who ſcuſeth none that dare do ill for dreede.

This in my king and mee may wel appeare,
Which for our faultes did not eſcape the ſcourge:
For whan we thought our ſtate moſt ſure and cleare,
The wynde of Warwicke blew vp ſuch a ſourge,
As from the realme and crowne, the king did dyge,
And me alſo from office, frendes and wyfe,
From good report, from honeſt death and life.

The Earle of Warwicke, through mallice and grudge,
Which to King Edward cauſeleſſe he did beare,
Out of his Realme by force did make him trudge,
And ſet King Henrie againe vpon his chaire,
And than al ſuch as Edwardes louers were
As traytours tane, were greuouſly oppreſt,
But chiefelye I, becauſe I loued him beſt.

And ſith my goods, and liuinges were not ſmal,
Some greedy gulles did beare the world in hand
For ten yeares ſpace, that I was cauſe of all
Murder, and miſchiefe, done within the land,
For this did ſuch as did not vnderſtand
Mine enmies dyke, thinke all reportes were true:
And ſo to hate me worſe then any Iewe.

For

For ſeldome ſhal a ruler looſe his lyfe,
Before falſe rumours openly be ſpred,
Whereby this proverbe is as true as ryfe,
That rulers rumors hunt about a head,
Frowne Fortune once all good report is fled,
For preſent ſhew doth make the mainy blinde,
And ſuch as ſee dare not diſcloſe their mynde.

Though this was I king Edwards butcher named
And bare the ſhame of all his cruel deedes:
I cleare me not I wot thely was blamed,
Though force was ſuch I muſt obaye him needes,
With hieſt rulers ſeldome wel it ſpeedes,
For they be euer nereſt to the nyp,
And fault who ſhal, for al feele they the whyp.

For whan I was by Parliament attainted,
King Edwardes cuils al were counted mine.
No truth auapled ſo lies were fait and painted,
Which made the People at my life repine,
Crying Crucifige kil that Butchers lyne,
That whan I ſhould haue gone to Blockham feaſt
I could not paſſe, ſo fore they on me preſt.

And had not bene the officers ſo ſtrong,
I thinke they would haue ſwalowed me alyue,
Howbeit hardly haled from the thyong,
I was in the Fleete faſt ſhrowded by the Shriue,
Thus one dayes lyfe their mallice did me giue:
Which when they knew, for ſpite the next day after,
They kept them calme, ſo ſuffred I the ſlaughter

Now

Now tel me Baldwin what fault doeſt thou fynde
In me, that iuſtly ſhould ſuch death deſerue?
None ſure, except deſire of honour blinde,
Which made me ſeeke in offices to ſerue:
What minde ſo good that honours make not ſwerue?
So mayſt thou ſee it onely was my ſtate
That cauſed my Death and brought me ſo in hate.

Warne therfore al men wiſely to beware,
What offices they enterpriſe to beare:
The higheſt alway moſt maligned are,
Of Peoples grudge, and princes hate in feare,
For Princes faultes his faultors al men teare.
Which to auoyde, let none ſuch office take,
Saue he that can for right his Prince forſake.

FINIS.

THis Typtoftes Tragedye was not ſo ſon finiſhed, but one of the company had prou ded for another, of a notable perſon Lord Tiptoftes chiefe Enemie, concerning whom h ſaid: Lord God what truſt is there in worldly cha ces? what ſtay in any proſperity? for ſee the Ear of Warwicke which cauſed the earle of Worceſt to be apprehended, attainted, and put to death, tr umphing with his old impriſoned & new vnpriſon ned Prince K. Hery, was by & by after & his brother with him, ſlayne at Barnet field by king Edward whom he had before time damaged diuers wayes.

Iſ

As first by his frendes at Banbury fielde, where to reuēge the death of his cosin Henry Neuil sir John Coniers, and John Clappā his seruaūtes slew 5. thousande welshmē and beheaded their captaynes, the Earle of Pembroke, & sir Richarde Harbert his brother after they were yelded prisoners, of whom sir Richard Harbert was the tallest gentlemā both of his person & hands that euer I read or hearde of. At which time also, Robin of Ridsdale, a rebell of therle of Warwicks raysing, toke the earle Riuers K. Edwards wiues father, and his sonne John, at his mannour of Grafton, & caryed them to Northhampton, and there without cause or proces beheaded them: Whiche spites to requite, king Edwarde caused the Lorde Stafford of Southwike, one of Warwickes chiefe freindes, to be taken at Brente march, and headed at Bridgewater.

This caused ẏ Earle shortlye to rayse his power, to encounter the kinge which came against him with an armye, beside Warwicke at Wolney, where he wan the field, toke the king prisoner, and kept hima while in Yorkeshyre in Middleham castel: whence (as som say) he released him again, but other think he corrupted his kepers & so escaped. Then throughe the Lords ẏ matter was taken vp betweenethem & they broughte to talke together, but because they could not agre, ẏ earle araised a new army, wherof he made Captaine the Lord Welles sonne, whyche broile king Edward minding to appease by pollicy

fouly distained his honour committing periury for he sente for the Lorde Welles and his brother Syr Thomas Dymocke, vndersafe conduite promising them vpon his fayth to keepe them harmelesse: But after, because ỳ Lord Welles sonne would not dissolue his army, beheaded theim both & went wt hys power into Lincolnshyre & there fought with Sir Robert Welles, and slew ten thousand of his souldiers (yet ran they away so fast, that casting of their clothes for ỳ more speede, caused it to be called Lose coate fielde (and toke sir Robert and other, and put them to death in the same place.

This misfortune forced the Earle of Warwicke to sayle into Fraunce where he was entertayned of ỳ kinge a while, and at last with such pore helpe as he procured there of Duke Rainer, and other, he came into England agayne, and encreased such a power in kinge Henries name, that as the Lorde Tiptoste sayd in his tragedy, kinge Edward vnable to abide him, was fayne to flie ouer the washes in Lincolnshyre to get a shyp to sayle out of his kingdom to his brother in lawe the Duke of Burgoine: So was king Henry restored againe to ỳ kingdome. All these despites, and troubles the Earle wroughte agaynst kinge Edward. But Hēry was so infortunate that ere halfe a yeare was expyred, kinge Edward came backe agayne, and emprisoned him, & gaue ỳ Earle a fielde, wherein he slewe both him, and his brother. I haue recounted thus much before hand for ỳ bet-

ter o-

ter opening of the story, which if it should haue bin spoken in his Tragedy would rather haue made a volume than a Pamphlete. For I entend onely to say in ỳ Tragedy, what I haue noted in the Earle of Warwickes person, wishinge that these other noble men, whō I haue by the way touched, should not be forgotten.

And therefore imagin that you see this Earle lyinge wᵗ his brother in Poules Church in his Coate armure, with such a Face, and Countenaunce as hee beareth in Portrayture ouer ỳ Dore in Poules at the goinge downe to Jesus Chapple from the South end of the Quier stayres, and sayinge as followeth.

***

Earle of VVarwicke.

HOW SIR RICHARD Neuill Earle of Warwicke, and his Brother Ihon, Lord Marquise Montacute, through their to mutch boldnesse were slayne at Barnet, the 14. of Aprill. Anno. 1471.

* *
*

AMonge the heaup heape of happy Knightes
UUhom Fortune stald vpon her slapelesse stage,
Oft hoyst on high, oft pight in wretched plightes,
Behold me Baldwin, A per se of my age,
Lord Richard Neuill, Earle by mariage
Of Warwicke Duchy, of Sarum by distent,
UUhich erst my father through his mariage hent.

UUouldste thou behalde false Fortune in her kinde
Note well my selfe so shalt thou see her naked:
Full fayre before, but twtw foule behinde,
Most drowsie still whan most she seemes awaked:
By fame, and shame her shift full oft hath shaked,
By enterchaunge alowe, and by aloft,
The Lyard like that chaungeth hew full oft.

For while the Duke of Yorke in like remayn'de
Mine vncle deare, I was his happy hand:
In all attempts my purpose I attayn'de,
Though Kinge, and Queene, and most Lordes of the Land
UUith all their power did often me withstand:
For God gaue Fortune, and my good behauiour
Did from their Prince steale me the peoples fauour.

So

So that through me in fields right manly fought:
By force myne vncle tooke king Henry twyse,
As for my cosin Edwarde I so wrought.
When both our syers wer slain through rash advice
That he atchieued his fathers enterpryse:
For into Scotland king and Quene we chased,
By meane wherof the kingdome he embraced.

Which after he had enioyed in quyet peace,
(For shortly after was king Henry take,
And put in prison his power to encrease,
I went to Fraunce and match him with a make
The French kings daughter, whom he did forsake:
For while with payne I brought this sute to passe,
He to a widow rashly wedded was.

This made the French king shrewdly to mistrust,
That all my treaties had but ill pretence,
And when I saw my king so bent to lust,
That with his fayth he past not to dispence,
Which is a Princes honours chiefe defence:
I could not rest til I had found a meane,
To mend his mille, or els to marre him cleane.

Wherfore I me allied with his brother George,
Enceasing him his brother to maligne
Through many a tale I did agaynst him forge:
So that through power that we from Calais bringe
And found at home we frayd so the kynge,
That he did flye to Freseland warde amayn,
Wher by king Henry had the crown agayne.

Than put we therle of Worcester to death
King Edwardes frend a man to fowle defamed
And in the whyle came Edward into breath.
For with the Duke of Burgoyne so be framed
That with the power that he to him had named,
Unloked for he came to England streight
And got to Yorke and tooke the towne by sleight.

And after through the sufferance of my brother,
Which like a beest occasion sought lost,
He came to London safe with many other
And tooke the towne to good king Henryes cost:
Who was through him from post to piller tost,
Til therle of Oxeford, I and other more,
Assembled power his freedome to restore.

Uther of king Edward warned came with spede,
And camped with his hoast in Barnet towne
Where we right fearce encountered him in deede
On Easter day right early on the downe:
There many a man was slayne and striken downe
One either side and neyther part did gayne
Til that I and my brother both were slayne.

For we to hart our overmatched men,
Forsoke our steedes, and in the thickest thronge,
Ran preacing forth on foote, and fought so then
That downe we drane them wer they neuer so strōg
But ere this lucke had lasted very long:
With number and force we were so sourly cloyed,
And rescue fayld, that quite we were distroyed.

Now

Now tell me Baldwin hast thou hard or read
Of any man that did as I haue done?
That in his tyme so many armyes led,
And victory at euery voyage won?
Hast thou euer hard of subiect vnder sonne,
That plaast and daast his soueraine so oft,
By enterchaunge now low and then aloft?

Perchaunce thou thinkst my doinges were not such
As I and other do affirme they were.
And in thy mynd I se thou musest much
What meanes I vsde, that should me so preferre:
Wherin because I wil thou shalt not erre
The truth of al I wil at large recite,
The short is this: I was no hypocrite.

I neuer did nor sayd saue what I ment.
The common weale was stil my cheefest care
To priuate gayn or glory was I neuer bent,
I neuer past vpon delicious fare.
Of needful foode my boyd was neuer bare,
No creditour did curse me day by day
I vsed playnenesse, euer pitch and pay.

I heard poore souldiers and poore workmen whyne
Because their duryes were not truely payd.
Agayne I saw how people did repyne
At those through whom their payments wer delayde
And profe did oft assure (as scripture sayd)
That god doth wreke the wretched peoples greues.
I saw the polles cut of from polling theues.

This made mee alway iustly for to deale,
Which when the people plainely vnderstoode,
Because they saw me minde the common weale.
They still endeuoured how to do me good,
Ready to spend their substaunce, life, and blood,
In any cause whereto I did them moue:
For suer they were it was for their behoue.

And so it was. For when the Realme decayed
By such as good Kinge Henry sore abused,
To mend the state I gaue his Enemies ayd:
But when Kinge Edward sinfull pranks still vsed,
And would not mend, I likewise him refused:
And holpe vp Henry, better of the twayne,
And in his Quarrell (iust I thinke) was slayne.

And therefore Baldwin teach by proofe of mee,
That such as couet peoples loue to get,
Must see their workes, and words in all agree:
Lyue liberally, and keepe them out of det,
On common weale let all their care be set:
For vpright dealinge, debts payd, poore sustayned,
Is meane whereby all harts are throughly gayned.

FINIS.

AS soone as ỹ Earle had ended this admonition, sure (said one) I thinke the Earle of Warwick although hee were a glorious man hath sayde no more of himselfe than what is true. For if hee had not had notable good vertues

vertues, or vertuous qualities, and vsed lawdable meanes in his trade of life, the people would neuer haue loued him, as they did: But God be w̄ him, & send his soule rest, for sure his body neuer had any. And although he dyed, yet ciuill warres ceased not. For immediatly after his deth came Queene Margaret with a power out of Fraunce, bringing with her, her yonguer sone Prince Edward: & with such frendes as she founde here, gaue Kinge Edward a battell at Thewkesbury, where both shee, and her sonne were taken prysoners, with Edmond Duke of Somerset her chiefe captayne: whose sonne Lord Jhon, and the Earle of Deuonshire were slayne in fight, and the Duke himselfe with diuers other immediatly beheaded. Whose infortunes are worthy to be remembred, chiefly Prince Edwards, whom the King for speaking truth, cruelly stroke with his Gauntlet, & his Brethren cruelly murthered. But seeinge ỹ time so farre spent, I will passe them ouer, and with them Fawconbridge that holy Rouer beheaded at Southampton: whose commotiō made in Kent, was cause of holy Henries destruction. And seing king Henry himself was cause of the destruction of many noble princes, beinge of all other most vnfortunate hymselfe, I will declare what I haue noted in hys vnlucky lyfe: Who wounded in Prylon with a Dagger, may lament his wretchednesse in manner following.

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HOW KINGE HENRY the sixt a vertuous Prince, was after many other miseries, cruelly murthered in the Tower of London the. 22. of May. Anno. 1471.

* *
*

IF euer wofull wight had cause to rue his state,
Or by his rufull plight to moue men moane his fate.
Pypitious plaint may preasse, my mishap to rehearce,
Whereof ẏ least most lightly hard, ẏ hardest hart may pearce.

What heart so hard can heare of Innocence opprest,
By fraude in worldly goods, but mealteth in the brest?
When guiltlesse men be spoild, imprisonned for their owne,
Who waileth not their wretched case to whō ẏ case is knowē.

The Lyon licks the sores of sely wounded Sheepe,
The dead mans Corse cause the Crocodile to weepe,
The Waues that waste the Rocks refresh the rotten Rǽdes.
Sutch ruth ẏ wrack of Innocence in cruel creatures bredes.

Whatheart is then so hard but wil for pity bleede,
To heare so cruell lucke so cleare a life succeede?
To see a sely Soule with wo, and sorrow soust.
A Kinge depriu'de, in Prison pent, to death ẇ daggers doust

WOuld God the day of Birth had brought mee to my bere,
Then had I neuer felt the chaunge of Fortunes cheere,
Would God the Graue had gript me in her greedy Mouñde,
Whā crown in cradel made me kīg ẇ Oyle of holy Thouñde.

Would

Would God the rufull Toombe had bene my royall Trone,
So should no kingly charge haue made me make my moane:
O that my Soule had flowen to Heauen with the Pope,
When one lost cried, God saue ỹ king another, Viue le Roy.

So had I not bene washt in Waues of worldly woe,
My minde to quiet bent, had not bene tossed so:
My Frendes had bene a line, my Subiectes not opprest,
But Death, or cruell Destenie, denied mee this rest.

Alas what should we count the cause of Wretches cares,
The Starres do stirre them vp, Astronomy declares:
Our humours sayth the Leach, the double true deuines
Toth'will of God, or ill of man, the doubtfull cause assignes.

Such doltish heades as dreame that al things driue by haps.
Count lacke of former care for cause of after claps,
Attributinge to man a power fro God bereft,
Abusinge vs, & robbinge him through their most wicked theft.

But God doth guide the World, and euery hap by skill,
Our Wit, and willinge power are payzed by his will:
What wit most wisely wardes, and will most deadly drikes,
Though all our power would pzelle it downe, doth dashe our (warest wurkes.

Than Destenie, our sinne, Gods will or els his wreake
Do worke our wretched woes, for humours be to weake:
Except we take them so, as they prouoke to sinne,
For through our lust by humours fed al vicious deedes begin.

So

So stone and they be one, both working like effect,
And cause the wrath of God to wreake the soule infect.
Thus wrath and wreake deuine, mans sins and humors ill
Concurre in one, though in a sort, each doth a course fulfyll.

Al like wyse such as say the welkin Fortune warks,
Take Fortune for our fate and sterres therof the markes,
Then desteny with fate and Goddes will all be one:
But if they meane it other wyse, skath causers skies be none

Thus of our heaup haps chiefe causes be but twayn,
Whereon the rest depend, and vnder put remayne.
The chiefe, the will deuine, cald destenye & fate, (hate
The other sin through humors holp, which God doth highlye

The first appoynteth payne for good mens exercise,
The second doth deserue due punishment for vice:
This witnesseth the wrath, and that the loue of God
The good for loue, & bad for sinne, God beateth with his rod.

Although my sundry synnes do place me with the worst,
My haps yet cause me hope to be among the first:
The eye that searcheth al and seeth euery thought,
Is iudge how sore I hated sinne, and after vertue soughte.

The solace of my soule my chiefest pleasure was,
Of worldly pomp, of fame, or game, I did not passe:
My kingdomes nor my crowne I pryzed not a crum,
In heauen were my riches heapt, to which I sought to com,
Yet

Yet were my sorrowes such as never man had like,
So diuers stormes at once, so often did mee strike:
But why, God knowes, not I, except it were for this
To shewe by paterne of a Prince, how brittle honour is.

Our kingdomes are but cares, our state deuoyde of staye,
Our riches ready snares, to hasten our decaye:
Our pleasures, priuy pricks, our vices to prouoke, (smoke.
Our pōps, a pumpe, our fame, a flame, our powre, a smouldring

I speake not but by proofe, and that may many rue,
My life doth cry it out, my death doth try it true:
Whereof I will in brife, rehearse the heauy hap,
That Baldwin his woful warp, my wretchednes may wrap

In Windsore borne I was: and bare my fathers name,
Who won by warre all Fraunce to his eternall fame:
And left to me the crowne, to be receiu'de in peace (decease.
Through mariage made w Charles his heyre vpon his

Which shortly did ensue, yet dyed my father furst,
And both the Realmes were mine ere I a yeare were nurst:
Which as they fell to swne, so faded they as fast (past.
For Charles, and Edward got them both or forty yeres were

This Charles was eldest sonne of Charles my father in law,
To whom as heire of Fraūce, the Frenchmen did them draw:
But Edward was the heyre of Richard Duke of Yorke,
The heyre of Roger Mortimer: slaine by the kerne of Korke.

Before

Before I came to age Charles had recouered Fraunce,
And kild my men of Warre, so lucky was his chaunce:
And through a mad cõtract I made with Raynerds daughter
I gaue and lost all Normandy, the cause of many a slaughter.

First o' mine vncle Humfrey, abhorringe sore this act,
Because I thereby brake a better precontract:
Than of the flattering Duke that first the mariage made,
The iust rewarde of such as dare their Princes ill perswade.

And I poore seely wretch above the brunt of all,
My mariage lust so sweete, was mixt with bitter Gall.
My Wyfe was wise and good, had she bin rightly sought,
But our vnlawful getting it, may make a good thing nought.

Wherefore warne men beware, how they iust promise breake
Least prowle of paynful plagues do cause them waile þ wreake
Aduise well ere they graunt, but what they graũt performe,
For God will plague al doubleues although we fele no worm.

I falsly borne in hande, beleeued I did well,
But all thinges be not true that learned men do tell:
My clergy sayd a Prince was to no promise bound,
Whose words to be no Gospell tho I to my griefe haue foũd

For after mariage found Queene Margaret and me,
For one mishap afore, I daily met with three,
Of Normandy, and Fraũce, Charles got away my Crowne,
The duke of Yorke t'other sought at home to put me downe.

Bellona

Bellona rang the bel at home and al abrode,
With whoſe miſhaps amayne fell Fortune did me lode:
In Fraunce I loſt my fortes, at home the foughten fielde,
My kynred ſlayne, my frendes oppreſt, my ſelfe enforſt to yeld

Duke Richard tooke me twiſe, and forſt me to reſine
My crowne and titles due vnto my fathers line:
And kept me as a warde did al thinges as him lift,
Til ỳ my wife through bloudy ſword had tane me frō his fift.

But though we ſlewe the Duke my ſorrowes did not ſlake,
But like to Hyders heade ſtil more and more awake:
For Edward through the ayde of Warwicke & his brother
From one field draue me to the Scots, & toke me in another

Then went my frends to wracke, for Edward ware ỳ crown
For which for nine yeares ſpace his priſon held me down:
Yet thence through Warwickes worke I was again releaſt,
And Edward driuen froỳ realme to ſeke his frends byỳ Eaſt.

But what preuaileth payne or prouidence of man,
To helpe him to good hap, whom deſteny doth ban?
Who mopleth to remoue the rocke out of the mud,
Shall mier himſelfe and hardly ſcape the ſwelling of the flud

This al my frendes haue found, and I haue felt it ſo
Ordayned to be the touch of wretchednes and woe,
For ere I had a peare poſſeſt my ſeat agayne,
I loſt both it and liberty, my helpers al were ſlaine.

For

For Edward first by stealth, and sith by gathered strength,
Arriude and got to Yorke, and London at the length:
Tooke me and tyed me vp, yet warwicke was so stout,
He came with power to Barnet field, in hope to helpe me out

And there alas was slayne, with many a worthy knight.
O Lord that euer such lucke should hap in helping right:
Last came my wife and sonne, that long lay in exile,
Defied the king, and fought a field, I may bewaile the while.

For there myne onely sonne, not thirtene yeare of age
Was tane, and murdred streight by Edward in his rage:
And shortlye I my selfe to stint al further strife,
Stabde with his brothers bloudy blade in prison lost my life

Lo here the heauy haps, which hapned me by heape.
See here the pleasaunt frutes, that many Princes reape,
The paynfull plagues of those þ breake their lawful bandes.
Their meede which may & will not saue their frends fro bloudy (handes.

God graunt my woful haps, too grieuous to rehearse,
May teach al states to know how dierely daungers pearce:
How fraple al honours are, how brittle worldly blisse,
That warned through my fearful fate they feare to do amisse.

FINIS.

THis tragedy ended, another sayd: either you or Kinge Henry are a good Philosopher so narrowly to argue ꝑ causes of misfortunes? but there is nothinge to experience which taught, or might teach the kinge this lesson.

But to proceede in our matter: I fynde mention here shortly after ꝑ death of this king, of a Duke of Excester founder deade in the sea betwene Douer & Calais, but what hee was, or by what aduenture he died, maister Fabian hath not shewed, and maister Hall hath ouerskipped him: so that excepte we be frendlier vnto him, he is like to be double drowned, both in sea, and in the gulfe of forgetfulnes. Ibout this matter was much talke, but because one tooke vpon him to seeke out that story, that charge was committed to him.

And to be occupied in ꝑ meane while I haue founde the story of one drowned likewise, and that so notable, though priuily, that all the world knew of it wherefore I sayd: because night approcheth, and ꝑ we will loose no time, yee shall heare what I haue noted concerning the Duke of Clarence, king Edwards brother, who al to be washed in Wyne, may bewayle his infortune after this maner.

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HOW GEORGE PLANtagenet thirde Sonne of the Duke of Yorke, was by his Brother. K. Edward wrongfully impryſoned, and by hys Brother Richarde miſerably murdered the. 11. of Ianuary. Anno. 1448.

The Foule is fowle men ſay, that files the Neſt,
Which makes me loth to ſpeake, now might I chuſe,
But ſeeinge time vnburdend hath her breſt,
And Fame blowne vp the blaſt of all abuſe,
Wy ſilence rather might my life accuſe
Than ſhroude our ſhame, though fayne I would it ſo:
For truth will out, although the world ſay no.

Wherefore Baldwin with teares I the beſeech
To pauſe a while vpon my heauy plaint,
And though vneth I vtter ſpeedy ſpeach,
No fault of wit nor folly makes mee faint:
No heady drincks haue geuen my tongue attaynt
Through Quaffinge craft, yet Wine my Wits confound
Not which I vrancke, but wherein I was drownd.

What Prince I am although I nerde not ſhew,
Becauſe my wyne bewrapes mee by the ſmell,
For neuer creature was ſouſt in Bacchus dew
To death, but I through Fortunes rigour fell:
Yet that thou mayſt my ſtory better tell,
I will declare as briefely as I may,
Wy wealth, my wo, and cauſers of decay.

The

The famous house surnam'de Plantagenet,
Whereat Dame Fortune frowardly did frowne,
While Bolenbroke vniustly sought to set:
His Lord King Richard quite beside the Crowne,
Though many a day it wanted due renowne,
God so preferd by prouidence, and grace,
That lawfull Heires did neuer fayle the Race.

For Lionell Kinge Edwards second child,
Both Eame, and Heyre to Richard issulesse,
Begot a Daughter Philip, whom vndefylde
The Earle of March espous'de, and God did blesse
With fruit assin'de the Kingdome to possesse:
I meane Sir Roger Mortimer, whose Heyre
The Earle of Cambridge maried Anne the Fayre.

This Earle of Cambridge Richard clepte by name,
Was sonne to Edmond Langley Duke of Yorke:
Which Edmond was fift brother to the same,
Duke Lionell that al this Line doth Korke:
Of which two houses ioyned in a Forke,
My Father Richard Prince Plantagenet
True Duke of Yorke, was lawfull Heyre beget.

Who tooke to Wyfe as yee shall vnderstand
A Mayden of a Noble house, and olde,
Raulfe Neuils Daughter, Earle of Westmerland:
Whose Sonne Earle Richard was a Baron bolde,
And had the right of Salisbury in hold,
Through mariage made with good Earle Thomas Hayre,
Whose earned prayses neuer shall appayre.

The Duke my father had by this his wyfe
Fower sonnes, of whom the eldest Edward highte,
The second Edmond who in youth did lose his life,
At Wakefield slayne by Clyfford cruell Knighte,
I George am third of Clarence Duke by right,
The fowerth borne to the mischiefe of vs all,
Was Duke of Glocester whom men did Richard call.

Whan as our Syre in sute of right was slayne,
(Whose life, and death himselfe declared earst)
My brother Edward, the Quarell styrs agayne,
And wan the Crowne as Warwicke hath rehearst:
The pryde whereof so deepe his stomacke pearst
That litle pastinge on them that brought him in,
Forgat his frendes, and set at naught his kin.

Which made the Erarle of Warwicke to maligne,
His dealinge ingrate, and to attempt away,
From prison to enlarge Henry the sely Kinge,
Him to restore to Kingdome if he may,
And knowinge me, to be the chiefest stay
My Brother had, he did me undermine
To his ill practise the sooner to encline.

Whereto I was prepared longe before,
Because the king to me was so unkinde:
No canker sure, soft fleth doth fret so sore,
As unkinde dealinge doth a louinge mynde.
Loues strongest bandes unkindnes doth unbynde,
It moueth loue to malice, zeale to hate,
Chiefe frendes to foes, and brethren to debate.

Any

And though the Earle of Warwicke subtile sire,
Perceiu'de I bare a grudge against my brother,
Yet towarde his feate to set me more on fire,
He kindled vp one fire brand with another:
For knowinge Fancy was the forcinge rather
Which stirreth youth to any kinde of strife,
Hee offred me his daughter to my Wife.

Where through, and with his crafty filed tongue,
He stale my heart that earst vnsteady was:
For I was witlesse, wanton, fond, and pongue,
Whole bent to pleasure, brittle as the glasse:
I cannot lye, In vino veritas,
I did esteeme the beauty of my Bride
Aboue my selfe, and all the world beside.

These fond affections fownd with lacke of skill,
(Which trap the heart, and blinde the eyes of youth,
And prickt the minde to practise any ill)
So tickled me that hope of kindely truth:
(Which if it want all wretchednesse ensueth)
I stinted not to persecute my brother,
Till time he left his kingdome to another.

Thus carnall loue did quench the loue of kinde,
Till lust were lost through fancy fully fed:
But when at length I came vnto my minde
I saw how lewdly lightnesse had me led,
To seeke with payne the perill of my hed:
For had Kinge Henry once bene setled, sure,
I was assuer'd my dayes could not endure.

And therfor, though I bound my selfe with'oth
To help king Henry all that euer I might,
Yet at the treaty of my Brethren both,
Which reason graunted to require but right,
I left his part whereby he perisht quite:
And reconcil'de me to my Brethren twayne,
And so came Edward to the Crowne agayne.

This made my Father in law to freat, and fume,
To stamp, and stare, and cal'de me false forsworne,
And at the length with all his power presume,
To help Kinge Henry vtterly forlorne.
Our frendly profers still he tooke in scorne,
Refused peace, and came to Barnet field,
And there was kil'de because he would not yeeld.

Hys Brother also there with him was slayne,
Whereby decay'de the Keyes of Chiualry.
For neuer liued the matches of them twayne,
In Manhood, Power, and Martiall policy,
In vertous thewes, and frendly constancy,
That would to God if it had bene his will
They might haue tourn'de to vs, and liued still.

But what shalbe, shalbe: there is no choyse,
Thinges needes must driue as desteny decreeth,
For which ought in all our haps reioyse,
Because the eye eterne, all thing foreseeth
Which to no ill at any tyme agreeth,
For ils, to ill to vs, bee good to it,
So farre his skils exceede our reach of Wit.

The

The wounded man which must abide the smart,
Of stitchinge vp, or searinge of his sore,
As thinge to bad, reproues the Surgeons art
Which notwithstandinge doth his health restore,
The childe likewise to Science plied sore,
Counts knowledge ill, his Teacher to be woode,
Yet Surgery, and Sciences be good.

But as the Patients griefe, and Scholers payne,
Cause them deeme bad suche thinges as sure be best,
So want of Wisedome causeth vs complayne,
Of euery hap, whereby wee seeme oppress:
The poore do pine for Pelfe, the rich for rest,
And whan as losse or sickenesse vs assayle,
We curse our Fate, our Fortune wee bewayle.

Yet for our good, God worketh euery thinge:
For through the death of these two noble Peeres
My Brother liued, and raygned a quiet Kinge,
Who had they liued perchaunce in course of Yeares
Would haue deliuered Henry fro the Bzeres,
Or holp his Sonne t'enioy the carefull crowne,
Whereby our Ligne should haue bene quite put downe.

A carefull Crowne it may be iustly named,
Not for the cares which thereto bene annext,
To see the Subiect well and duely framed,
With which good care few Kinges are greatly vext
But for the dread wherewith they are perplext,
Of loosinge Lordship, Liberty, or Life:
Which woefull wracks in Kingdoms hopper rise.

The which to shun while some to sore haue sought.
They haue not sparde all persons to suspect:
And to destroy sutch as they guilty thought,
Though no apparaunce proued them infect,
Take me for one of this wronge punisht sect,
Imprisoned first, accused without cause,
And done to death no processe had by lawes.

WHerein I note how vengeaunce doth acquite
Like ill, for ill, how vices vertue quell:
For as my mariage loue did mee excite
Agaynst the Kinge my Brother to rebell,
So loue to haue his children prosper well,
Prouoked him against both lawe, and right,
To murther me, his Brother, and his Knight.

For by his Queene two Princelike Sonnes he had,
Borne to bee punisht for their Parentes sinne:
Whose Fortunes kalked made the father sad,
Sutch wofull haps were found to be therein:
WHich to auouch, writ in a rotten Skin,
A prophesy was found, which sayd a G.
Of Edwards children should destruction be.

Mee to bee G. because my name was George,
My brother thought, and therefore did me hate,
But wo bee to that wicked heades that forge
Sutch doubtfull dreames to breede vnkynde debate:
For God, a Gleue, a Gibber, Grate, or Gate,
A Gray, a Griffeth, or a Gregory,
As well as George are written with a G.

Sutch

Sutch doubtfull riddles are no propheties.
For propheties, in writinge though obscure,
Are playne in sence, the darke be very lies:
What God foreshewth is evident, and pure,
Truth is no Harold, nor no Sophist sure:
Shee noteth not mens Names, their Shieldes, nor Creasts,
Though she compare them vnto Byrds, and Beasts.

But whom she doth foreshewe shall rayne by force,
She tearms a Wolfe, a Dragon, or a Beare:
A wilfull Prince a rayneffe raging horse.
A Boze, a Lyon: a Coward mutch in feare
A Hare, or Hart: a crafty, pricked Eare:
A Letcherous, a Bull, a Goate, a Foale:
An vndermyner, a Woldwarpe, or a Mole.

By knowen beasts thus truth doth playne declare
What men they be of whom she speakes before.
And who so can mens properties compare
And marke what beast they do resemble more,
Shall soone discerne who is the grieffy boze.
For God by beasts expresseth mens condicions,
And not their Badges, Harroldes, Superstitions.

And learned Merlyne, whom God gaue the spirite,
To know, and vtter Princes Actes to come,
Like to the Jewishe Prophets, did recite
In shade of Beasts their doinges all, and some,
Expressinge playne by maners of the dowe,
That Kinges, and Lords sutch properties should haue
As haue the beasts, whose name hee to them gaue.

Which while the Foolysh did not well consider,
And seeinge Princes gaue for difference
And knowledge of their Issues mixt together,
All maner beasts, for Badges of Pretence,
There took those Badges to expresse the Sence
Of Merlynes minde, and those that gaue the same,
To bee the Princes noted by their name.

And hereof Sprange the false named prophecies,
That go by Letters, Syphers, Armes, or Sygnes:
Which all be foolish, false, and crafty Lies
Deuis'de by gesse, or guiles, vntrue deuises:
For whan they saw that many of many Lygnes.
Gaue armes alyke, they wist not which was hee,
Whom Merlyne meant the noted beast to be.

For all the Broode of Warwickes gaue the Beare,
The Buckinghams do likewise geue the Swan.
But which Beare bearer, should the Lion teare
They were as wyse as Goole the ferryman:
Yet in their skill they ceased not to scan,
And to be deemed of the people wyse,
Set forth their gloses on prophecies,

And whom they doubted openly to name
They darkely tearmed, or by some letter ment,
For so they thought howeuer the world did frame,
Preserue themselues from shame, or beinge shent.
For howe soeuer contrary it went,
They might expound their meaninge other wyse,
As haps in thinges should newly still arise.

And

And thus there grew of a mistaken truth,
And Art so fals, as made the true suspect:
Whereof hath come mutch mischiefe, more the ruth
That Errours should our mynds so mutch infect.
True Prophets haue fowly bene reiect:
The false which breade both murder, warre, & strife,
Beleeued to the losse of many a good mans life.

And therefore Baldwin teach men to discerne,
Which prophecies be false, and which be true:
And for a ground this lesson let them learne,
That all be false which are deuised new
The age of thinges is iudged by the hue.
All riddels made by letters, names, or Armes,
Are yongue and false, far worse than Witches Charmes.

I know thou musest at this lore of myne,
How I no studient, should haue learned it:
And dost impute it to the fume of Wyne
That stirs the Tongue, and sharpneth vp the Wit,
But harke, a frende dio teach mee euery whit.
A man of myne in all good knowledge rife,
For which he guiltlesse lost his learned life.

This man abode my Seruant many a day,
And still in study set his whole delight:
Which taught me more then I could beare away
Of euery Arte: and by his searchinge sight
Of thinges to come he would foreshew as right,
As I rehearse the Pageants that were past:
Sutch perfectnes God gaue him at the last.

He

Hee knew my Brother Richard was the Boye,
Whose Tuskes should teare my Brothers Boyes, and Me,
And gaue mee warninge thereof longe before.
But Wit, nor warninge can in no degree
Let thinges to hap, which are ordayn'de to bee.
Whitnelle the paynted Lyonelle, which slue
A Prince imprisoned, Lions to eschew.

Hee told me eke my poke fellow should dye,
(Wherein would God hee had bin no deuine)
And after her death I should wooe earnestly
A Spouse, whereat my Brother would repine:
And find the meanes she should be none of mine.
For which such malice should amonge vs rise,
As saue my death no treaty should decise.

And as hee sayd so all thinges came to passe:
For whan K. Henry and his Sonne were slayne,
And euery broyle so throughly quenched was,
That the Kinge my Brother quietly did raygne,
I, reconsiled to his loue agayne,
In prosperous health did leade a quiet life,
For fiue yeares space with honours laden rife.

And to augment the fulnesse of my blisse,
Two louely children by my Wyfe I had:
But froward hap, whose manner euer is,
In chiefest ioy, to make the happy sad,
Vemixt my sweete with bitternes to bad:
For while I swim in ioyes on euery side,
My louinge Wyfe, my chiefest Jewell dyed.

Whose

Whose lacke whan sol I had bewayled a yeare,
The Duke of Burgoyns wife dame Margaret
My louinge sister willinge me to cheare,
To mary agayne did kindly me intreate:
And wisht me matched with a mayden neate,
A step daughter of hers, Duke Charles Heyre,
A noble damsell, yonge, discreate, and Fayre.

To whose desire because I did encline,
The Kinge my brother doubtinge my degree
Through Prophecies, agaynst vs did repine:
And at no hand would to our wils agree.
For which sutch raucour pearst both him, and mee,
That face to face we fell at flat defiaunce,
But were appeased by frendes of our aliaunce.

Howbeit my mariage vtterly was dasht:
Wherein because my seruaunt sayd his minde,
A meane was sought whereby he mought be lasht.
And for they could no crime against him finde,
They forg'de a fault, the peoples eyes to blinde,
And tolde he should by sorcerye pretend,
To bringe the Kinge vnto a speedy end.

Of all which poynctes, he was as innocent,
As is the babe that lacketh kindly breath:
And yet condemned by the Kinges assent,
Most cruelly put to a shamefull death.
This pierd my heart, as foulder doth the heath:
So that I could not but exclame, and cry,
Agaynst so great, and open Iniury.

For

For this I was commaundedd to the Tower,
The Kinge my Brother was so cruel harted:
And whan my Brother Richard saw the hower
Was come, for which his heart so sore had smarted,
Hee thought it best take the time before it parted.
For he endeuoured to attayne the Crowne,
From which my life must needes haue beld him downe.

For though the Kinge within a while had dyed,
As needes hee must, hee Surkapted so oft,
I must haue had his Children in my guide
So Richard should beside the Crowne haue eoft:
This made him ply, the while the Ware was soft,
To finde a meane to bringe mee to an ende,
For Realms Rape spareth nyther Kin, nor freende.

And whan hee saw how reason can asswage
Through length of time my Brother Edwards pyze,
With forged Tales hee set him new in rage,
Till at the last they did my death conspire,
And though my truth sore troubled their desire,
For all the worlde did know mine Innocence,
Yet they agreed to charge me with offence.

And couertly, within the Tower they cal'de
A Queft, to geue such verdite as they should:
Who what with feare, and what with fauour thral'de,
Durst not pronounce, but as my Brethren would.
And though my false accusers neuer could
Proue ought they sayd, I guiltelesse was condemned:
Such verdites passe where Justice is contemned.

This feate atchieued yet could they not for shame
Bereue my life by any common way,
But like a Wolfe the Tiraunt Richard came,
(My Brother, nay Butcher I may rightly say)
Untothe Tower, commaundinge all away,
Saue such as were prouided for the Feate,
Who, in this wise did straungely mee entreate.

His purpose was with a prepared stringe
To strangle mee: but I desired mee so,
That by no force they could mee thereto bringe,
Which caused him that purpose to forgo.
Howbeit they bound whether I would or no.
And in a Butt of Malmesy standinge by,
Mew christened me because I should not cry.

Thus drownd I was yet for no due desert,
Except the zeale of Iustice be a crime:
False Prophecies Bewitcht Kinge Edwards hart.
My Brother Richard to the Crowne would clime.
Note these three causes in thy rufull rime:
And boldly say they did procure my fall,
And Death of Deaths most straunge, and hard of all.

And warne Princes Prophecies to eschue,
That are to darke, and doubtfull to be knowen
What God hath said, that cannot but ensue,
Though all the World would haue it ouerthrowen.
When men suppose by fetches of their owne
To fly their fate, they further on the the same,
Like Blasts of Winde, which oft reuiue the flame.

Will

Will Princes therefore not to thincke by murther,
They may auoyde what Prophecies behight.
But by their meanes their mischeifes they may further,
And cause Gods vengeaunce heauier to alight:
Wo worth the wretch that striues with Gods foresight.
They are not wise, but wickedly do arre,
Which thinke ill deedes, due destenies may barre.

For if we thincke that Prophecies be true,
Wee must beleeue it cannot but betide,
Which God in them foresheweth shall ensue:
For his decrees vnchaunged do abide,
Which to be true my brethren both haue tried.
Whose wicked warks, warne Princes to detest,
That others harmes may kepe them better blest.

FINIS.

Bvt that this tragedye was ended, nighte was so nere come that we could not conueniētly tary togethe any longer, & therfore sayd mayster Ferrers: It is best my maisters to stay here. For we be now come to ỳ end of Edward the fourths raygne. For the last whō we fynde vnfortunate therin, was ỳ Duke of Clarence: in whose behalfe I commende mutche that which hath bene noted.

Let vs therfore for this tyme leaue with him, and some other day when your leasure will best serue let vs mete here altogether agayne. And you shall see that in the meane season I wil not onlye deuyse vppon this my selfe, but cause diuers other of my acquaintaunce whiche can do berye well to helpe vs forwarde with the rest. To this euery manne gladly agreed, how beit (sayd another) seyng wee shal end at Edwardes the fourth end, let him selfe make an end of our days labour with the same oration which maister Skelton made in his name, the true copy wherof as hee wrote the same I haue here readye to be red

HOVV KINGE EDVVARDE the fourth throughe his surfeting and vntēperate life sodainly dyed in the midst of his prosperity, the ninth of April Anuo, 1485

MIseremini mei ye that be my frends,
This world hath formed me down to fall:
How may I endure when that euery thing endes?
VVhat creature is borne to be eternall?
Now there is no more but pray for me all.
Thus say I Edward that late was your king,
And yeres xxii bare Scepter ryall,
Some vnto pleasure and some to no lyking:
Mercy I aske of my misdoing,
VVhat auayleth it frendes to be my foe?
Sith I cannot resist, nor amend your complayning,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I slepe now in mould as it is naturall,
As earth vnto earth hath his reuerture:
VVhat ordayned God in the world vniuersall,
VVithout recourse to the earth by nature,
VVho to liue euer may himselfe assure?
VVhat is it to trust to mutability,
Sith that in this world nothing may endure?
For now am I gone that was late in prosperity.
To presume therupon it is but vanity,
Not certayn but as a chery fayre ful of wo,
Rayned not I of late in great felicity,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio

VVhere

Where was in my lyfe such a one as I,
While Lady Fortune with me had continuance:
Graunted not she me to haue victory,
In England to raygn and to contribute Fraunce,
She toke me by the hand and led me adaunce,
And with her fagred lips on me she smyled,
But what for dissembled countenaunce,
I could not be ware til I was beguiled.
Now from this world she hath me exiled,
When I was lothest hense for to go,
And am in age who sayth but a child,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I had enough I held me not content,
Without remembraunce that I should dye:
And moreouer to encroch ready was I bent,
I knew not how long I should it occupy,
I made the tower strong I wist not why,
I knew not to whom I purchased Caterfall.
I mended Douer on the mountayne hye,
And London I prouoked to fortify the wall,
I made Notingham a place full royall.
Windsore, Eltam, and many other mo,
Yet at the last I went from them all.
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Where is now my conquest and victory?
Where is my riches and royal aray?
Wher be my coursers and my horses hye?
Where is my mirth, my solace, and my play?
As vanity to nought els is withred away:
O Lady Bes long for me may you call,

For I am departed vntil domes day:
But loue you that Lord that is souerayn of all.
Where be my Castels and buildings royal?
But Windsore alone now haue I no more,
And of Eton the prayers perpetuall,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Why should a man be proude or presume hye,
Sayng Barnarde therof nobly doth treate,
Saying a man is but a sacke of stercory,
And shal return into wormes meate:
Why what became of Alexander the great?
Or els of strong Sampson, who can tell,
Were not wormes ordayned their flesh to freate?
And of Salamon that was of wit the wel,
Absolon prefered his heere for to sel,
Yet for his bewty wormes eate him also
And I but late in honours did excell,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I haue playd my pageant, now am I past,
Ye wote wel all I was of no greate elde.
Thus al thinges concluded shal be at the last
When death approcheth then lost is the fielde:
Then seyng this world me no longer vpheldo,
For naught would conserue me here in this place,
In manus tuas domine my spirit vp I yelde,
Humbly beseching thee O God of thy grace
O you curteous commons pour hartes embrace
Beningly now to pray for me also.
For right wel ye know pour king I was.
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio

FINIS.

Whan this was red euery man for the time tooke his leaue of other, and departed (for then it wared darke) appoyntinge a newe day of metig which being com we met altogether agayn. And when we hadde saluted one an other, then one toke the booke and began to reade the story of kyng Edward the fyft (for there we left) and when he came to the apprehending of the Lord Riuers: stay there I pray you (sayd I) for here is his complaynt. For the better vnderstanding wherof you must ymagine that he was accōpanied with the Lord Richard Gray, Hawt, and Clapham, whose infortunes he bewaileth after this maner.

HOVV SIR ANTHONY *WOD* vile Lord Riuers and Scales, gouernour of Prince Edvvard was with his nephu Lord Richard Gray, and other causelesse imprisoned and cruelly murdered. An. 1483

As sely suters letted by delayes
To shew theyr prince the meaning of the mynd
That long haue bought their brokers yeas & nairs
And neuer the nyer: do dayly wayt to fynde
The princes grace from wayghty affayrs vntwynde:
Which tyme attayned by attending al the yeare,
The weried prince wil then no suters heare:

My cause was such not many dayes a goe,
For after bruite had blazed al abroade
That one Baldwin by help of other moe,
Of fame or shame fallen princes would vnloade,
Out from our graues we sterte without abode,
And preased forth among the ruful rout
That sought to haue their doings boulted out.

But when I had long tended for my turne
To tel my tale as dyuers other did:
In hope I should no lenger while soiourne
But from my sutes haue spedely bene rid,
VVhan course and place both orderly had bid
We shew my mynd, & I prepard to say
The hearers pausd arose and went their way.

These doubtful doings draue me to my dumps,
Uncertayne what shoulde moue them so to do:
I feared lest affections lothly lumps,
Or inward grudge, had moued them therto.
Whose wicked stinges al stoppes truth vndo.
Oft causing good to be reported ill,
Or drounde in suds of Lethes muddy swill.

For hitherto sly wypters wily wits
VVhich haue engrossed princes chiefe affayrs,
Haue bene like horses snaffled with the bittes
Of fancy, feare, or doubtes ful dipe dispayres,
Whose rains enchayned to the cheefest chayrs,
Haue so bene strayned of those that bare the stroke
That truth was forst to chew or els to choke.

This

This caused such as lothed lowd to lye,
To passe with silence sundry prynces liues,
Lesse fault it is to leaue then lead awrye:
And better dround then euer bound in gyues,
For fatal fraud this world so fondly dryues.
That what soeuer wryters braynes may brue
Be it neuer so false, at length is tane for true.

What harme may hap by helpe of lying pens,
How written lies may lewdly be maintaynde,
The lothly rytes, the deuilish idoll dens:
Uuith giltles bloud of vertuous men bestainde,
Is such a profe as all good hartes haue plainde.
The taly grounds of storyes throughly tryes,
The death of Martirs vengeance on it cryes.

Far better therfore not to wryte at all,
Then stayne the truth for any manner cause,
For this they meane to let my story fall:
(Thought I and ere my tyme my volume clause,
But after I knew it onely was a pause
Made purposely, most for the readers ease
Assure thee Baldwin, highly it did me please.

For freshest wits I know wil sone be weary,
In reading long what euer booke it be,
Except it be vayn matter straunge or mery,
Wel saust with lyes and glared al with glee
With which because no graue truth may agree,
The closest stile for storyes is the metest,
In rufull moads the shortest fourme is swetest,

And ſith the playntes already by thee pende,
Are briefe enough, the number alſo ſmall,
The tedioulnes I thinke doth none offend,
Saue ſuch as haue no luſt to learn at all,
Regard none ſuch: no matter what they ball.
Warne thou the wary leſt they hap to ſtumble,
As for the careleſſe, care not: what they mumble.

My ſpſe is ſuch as (if thou note it wel)
May cauſe the wiſe, and welthy to beware.
For their ſakes therfore playnly wil I tel,
How falſe and combrous worldy honours are,
How cancered foes, bring carles folke to care
How tyrantes ſuffered and not queld in tyme
Do cut their throtes that ſuffer them to clyme.

Neither wil I hyde the cheſeſt poynt of all
Which wiſeſt rulers leaſt of all regarde.
That was and wil be cauſe of many a fall.
This cannot be to earneſtly declarded
Becauſe it is ſo ſeeld and ſlackly heard.
The abuſe and ſcorning of Gods ordinaunces,
Is cheſeſt cauſe of care and woful chaunces.

Gods holy orders highly are abuſed,
When men do chaunge their ends for ſtraunge reſpectes:
They ſcorned are, when they be clean refuſed
For that they cannot ſerue our fond affectes,
The one our ſhame the other our ſinne detectes.
It is a ſhame for Chriſtians to abuſe them,
But deadly ſinne for ſcorners to refuſe them

I meane

I meane not this al onely of degrees,
Ordayned by God for peoples preseruation,
But of his law, good orders, and decrees,
Prouyded his creatures conseruation
And specially the state of procreation
Wherin we here the number of them encrease
Which shal in heauen enioy eternal peace.

The onely end why God ordained this,
Was for the encreasing of that blessed number
For whom he hath prepard eternal blisse,
They that refuse it for the care or cumber
Being apt therto are in a sinful slumber:
No fonde respect, no payne occupied, bowes
Can quit or bar what God in charge allowes.

It is not good for man to liue alone
Sayd God: and therfore made he him a make:
Sole life sayd Christ is graunted few or none,
All seede sheders are bounde like wife to take:
Yet not for lust, for landes or riches sake,
But to beget and foster so their fruite
That heauen and earth be stored with the suite.

But as this state is damnable refused
Of many apt and able thereunto,
So is it likewyse wickedly abused
Of al that vse it as they should not doe:
Wherin are guilty al the gredye who
For gayne, for frendship, land, or honours wed,
And these pollute the vndefyled bed.

And

And therfore God through Iustice cannot ceasse
To plague these faultes with sundry sorts of whips:
As disagrement healths or wealths decreasse.
Or lothing sore the neuer liked lips,
Disdayne also with rigour sometyme nyps
Presuming mates vnequally that match:
Some bitter leauen sowers the musty batch.

We worldly folke accompt him very wyse
That hath the wit most welthily to wed.
By al means therfore alwayse we deuyse
To see our issue rich in spousals sped.
We buy and sell rich orphanes: babes scant bred
Must mary ere they know what mariage meanes,
Boyes marry old trots, old fooles wed pong queans

We call this wedding which in any wyse
Can be no mariage but pollucion playne.
A new found trade of humain marchandise,
The deuils net a filthy fleshly gayne:
Of kynd and nature an vnnatural stayne:
A foule abuse of gods most holy order
And yet allowd almost in euery border.

Would god I wer the last þ shal haue cause
Agaynst this creping cankar to complayne,
That mē wold so regard their makers lawes
That al wold leaue þ lewdnes of their brain
That holy orders holy might remayne.
That our respects in wedding shuld not choke
The end & fruit of gods most holy yoke.

The

The sage king Solon after that he saw,
What mischifs folow missought mariages,
To barre al baits, established this law.
No frend nor father shal geue heritages,
Coyne, cattel, stuffe, or other cariages,
With any mayd for dowry or wedding sale
By any meane on pain of banning bale.

Had this good lawe in Englād bene in force,
My father had not so cruelly bene slayne.
My brother had not causeles lost his corps.
Our mariage had not bred vs such disdain,
My self had lackt great part of greuous pain
We wedded wyues for dignitye and lands
And left our liues in enmies bloudy handes.

My father highte Sir Richard. Wooduile he
Espousde the Duches of Bedforde, & by her
Had issue males my brother John, and mee
Called Anthony kinge Edward did preferre
Us farre aboue the state wherin we were.
For he espoused our sister Elizabeth
Whom Sir John Gray made widow by his
(death

How glad were we think you of this aliance:
So nerely coupled with so noble a king,
Who durst with any of vs bene at defiance.
Thus made of might the mightiest to wring
But fie what cares do highest honors bring,
What carelesnes our selus or frēds to know
Whot spyte and enuy both of high & lowe.

Because

Because the kinge had made our sister Quene
It was his honoure to preferre his kin.
And sith the readiest way, as wysest weene,
Was first by wedding welthy heirs to win,
He pleased the prince in like meane to begyn
To me he gaue the rych lord Scales his heire,
A vertuous mayd in myne eye very fayre.

He ioyned to my brother John, the olde
Duches of Norfolke notable of fame:
My nephue Thomas (who had in his holde
The honor and right of Marquis Dorcets name)
Espoused Cicelie a right welthy dame
Lord Bonuiles heyre: by whom he was possest
In all the ryches wher through that house was blest

The honours that my father atteind were diuers
First Chamberlayne, then constable he was,
I do omit the gaynfullest Earle Riuers,
Thus glistred we in glory cleare as glasse
Such miracles can princes vring to passe
Amonge their lieges whom they mynd to beaue
To honors false, who al their gestes deceiue

Honors are like that cruel king of Thrace,
With new com gestes that fed his hungry horses
Or lyke the tyrant Busiris whose grace
Offred his gods al straungers strangled corses.
To forreiners so hard false honors force is
That all her bourdens, strangers either greastes.
She spoyles to feede her Gods and greedy beastes

Her

Her Gods be those whom God by law or lot,
Or kynd vp byrth, doth place in highest rowmes
Her beastes be such as greedely haue got
Office or charge to gyde the sely gromes.
These officers in law or charge are bromes,
That swepe away the swete from symple wretches,
And spoyle the carpeted by their crafty se'ches.

These plucke downe those whom princes set aloft,
By wrestyng lawes, and false conspiracies
Yea kynges themselues by these are spoyled oft.
When wilful princes carlesly dessyse
To heare thoppressed peoples beany cryes.
Nor wil correct their pollinge theues then god,
Doth make those reues the retchles princes rod.

The second Richard is a proofe of this
Whom crafty Lawyers by their lawes deposed.
An other patern good king Henry is
Whose right by them haue diuersly bene glosed,
Good whyle he grew, bad when he was vnroosed,
And as the foadred these and diuers other
With like deceit they vsed the kyng my brother.

While he preuayled they sayd he owed the crown,
All lawes and rightes agreed with the same
But when by dyrtes he semed to be downe.
All lawes and right extremely did him blame
Nought saue vsurpinge traytour was his name.
So constantly the Iudges construe lawes,
That all agre stil with the stronger cause.

These

These as I sayd, and other like in charge
Are honors horses whom he feedes with gests,
For al whom princes frankly do inlarge
VVith dignityes these barke at in their breastes:
Their spight, their might, their falshode neuer rests,
Till they deuour them: sparing neither blood,
Ne limme, ne life, and al to get their good.

The Earle of warwicke was a prasunsing courser
The hauty hart of his could beare no mate:
Our welth through him wart many a tyme & woyser
So cankardly he had our kin in hate.
He troubled oft the kings vnsteady state
And that because he would not be his warde
To wed and woorke as he should list a ward.

He spyted vs because we were preferd
By mariage to dignities so great,
But craftely his malice he deferd
Till traiterously he found meanes to entreat
Our brother of Clarence to assist his feate:
VVhom when he had by mariage to him bounde,
Then wrought he straight our linage to confounde.

Through slaunderous brates he brued many a broyle
Throughout the realme, against the king my brother
And rapsed traiterours rebels thirsting spoyle
To murder men: of whom among all other
One Robin of Riddesdale many a soule did smother
His rascall rable at my father wroth
Tooke fier and sonne, and quicke beheaded both.

This

This haynous act although the king detested,
Yet was he faine to pardon for the route
Of rebelles all the realme so sore infested,
That every way assayld he stode in doubt:
And though he were of courage highe and stout,
Yet he assayd by fayre meane to asswage
His enemyes ire, reueyld by rebels rage.

But Warwicke was not pacifyed thus,
His constant rancoure causeles was extreme
No meane could serue my quarel to discus,
Til he had driuen the king out of the realme.
Neither would he then be awaked from his dreame.
For when my brother was come and placed agayne,
He stinted not til he was stoutly slayne.

Than grew the king and Realme to quiet rest,
Our stocke and frends stil stying higher and higher,
The Quene with children fruitefully was blest
I gouernd them, it was the kinges desire.
This set their vncles furiously on fyer,
That we the Quenes bloud wer assignde to gouerne
The prince, not they, ẏ kings own bloud & brethern.

This caused the Duke of Clarence so to chafe
That with the king hee braynles fel at bate:
The counsayle warely for to kepe him safe
From raysing tumultes as he did of late,
Imprisoned him: wher through his brothers hate
He was condemnde, and murdred in such sort
As he himselfe hath truely made report,

Was

Was none abhorred these mischiefs more then I
Yet could I not be therwith discontented,
Considering that his rancour touched me ny,
Els would my conscience neuer haue consented.
To wish him harme, could be haue bene contented.
But feare of hurt, for sauegard of our state
Doth cause more mischiefe then desert or hate.

Such is the state that many wish to beare,
That either we must with others bloud be stayned
Or leade our lyues continually in feare,
You mounting myndes behold here what is gayned
By combrous honour painfully attayned:
A damned soule for murdring them that hate you,
Or doubtful lyfe in daunger lest they mate you.

The cause (I thinke) why some of high degree
Do deadly hate all sekers to assend,
Is this: The clogne contented cannot be
With any state til tyme he apprehend
The highest top: for therto clymers tende.
Which seldome is attaind without the wracke
Of those betwene, that stay and bare him backe.

To saue themselues they therfore are compeld
To hate such clymers, and with wit and power
To compas means where through they may be queld
Ere they assend their honours to deuour.
This cause the Duke of Clarence frowne and lowre
Ac me and other, whom the king promoted
To dignityes: wherin he madly doted.

For see

For seeinge we were his dere allied frendes,
Our furderaunce should rather haue made him glad
Than Eomy like to wyshe our wofull endes.
We were the nearest Kinsfolke that he had.
We ioyed with him his sorrow made vs sad:
But he esteemed so mutch his paynted sheath
That he disdayn'de the loue of all beneath.

But see how sharply God reuengeth sinne:
As hee maligned mee, and many other
His faythfull Frendes, and kindest of his kin,
So Richard Duke of Glocester, his very Brother,
Maligned him, and beastly did him Smouther.
A Deuilish deede, a most vnkindly part,
Yet iust reuenge for his vnnaturall hart.

Although this Brother Queller, Tyrant fell
Enuied our State, as mutch, and more than he:
Yet did his cloakinge Flattery so excell
To all our Frendes ward chiefly vnto me,
That he appeard, our trusty stay to bee:
For outwardly he wrought, our State to furder,
Where inwardly he minded nought saue murder.

Thus in appearaunce who but I was blest?
The chiefest honours heaped on my head:
Beloued of all, enioying quiet rest,
The froward Prince by me alone was led,
A Noble Impe, to all good vertues bred:
The Kinge my Liege without my counsayle knowne,
Agreed nought: though wisest were his owne.

But quiet blisse in no state lasteth longe
Assayled still by mischiefe many wayes:
Whose spoylinge battry glowinge hote, and stronge,
No flowinge wealth, no force nor Wisedome staies
Her smoakelesse Poulder beaten Souldiers slaies.
By open force, foule mischiefe oft prevayls,
By secret sleight, she seeld her purpose fayls.

The Kinge was bent to much to foolish pleasure,
In banquetinge he had so great delight:
This made him grow in grosnesse out of measure,
Which, as it kindleth carnall appetite,
So quencheth it the livelynesse of the spirite.
Whereof ensue such Sicknesse, and diseases
As none can cure saue death that all displeases.

Through this fault murdered by his Brothers fraud
(Now God forgeue mee if I Judge amisse)
Or through that beast his ribald or his Baud
That larded still these sinfull lusts of his,
He sodaynly forsooke all worldly blisse.
That loathed leach, that neuer welcome death,
Through Spasmous humours stopped vp his breath.

That tyme lay I at Ludlow, Wales his border,
For with the Prince the Kinge had sent me thyther
To stay the Robberies, Spoyle, and foule disorder,
Of diuers Outlawes gathered there together:
Whose bandinge tended no man wist well whither
When these by wisedome safly were suppressed,
Came woful newes, our Soueraigne was deceassed.

The griefe

The griefe wherof when reason was asswaged,
Because the Prince remayned in my guide,
For his defence great store of men I waged,
Doubtinge the stormes which at sutch tyme betide.
But while I there thus warely did prouide,
Commaundement came to send them home agayne
And bringe the Kinge thence with his household trayne.

This charge sent from the Counsayle, and the Queene,
Though much agaynst my minde I least obayed:
The deuill himselfe wrought all the drift I weene,
Because he would haue Innocentes betrayed:
For ere the Kinge were halfe his way conueyed,
A sort of Traytours falsely him betrapt
I caught afore, and close in Prison clapt.

The Duke of Glocester that incarnate deuill
Confederd with the Duke of Buckingham,
With eke Lord Hastings, hasty both to euill
To meete the Kinge in mourninge habite came,
(A cruell Wolfe though clothed like a Lambe)
And at Northampton, where as than I bayted
They tooke their Inne as they one mee had wayted.

The Kinge that night at Stonystratford lay,
A towne to small to harbour all his Trayne:
This was the cause why he was gone away
While I with other did behinde remayne.
But will you see how falsely frends can fayne?
Not Sinon sly, whose fraude best Fame rebukes,
Was halfe so subtle as these double Dukes.

Firſt to myne Iuue, commeth in my brother falſe
Embraceth mee: well met good Brother Scales,
And weepes withall: the other me enhalſe
With welcome Coosin, now welcome out of Wales
O happy day, for now all ſtormy gales
Of ſtrife, and Rancour vtterly are ſwaged,
And wee our own to liue, or dye vnwaged.

This proferd ſeruice, Sauſt with Salutacions
Immoderate, might cauſe mee to ſuſpect:
For commonly in all Diſſimulacions
Th'excesse of glaueringe doth the guile detect:
Reaſon refuſeth falſehoode to dyrect,
The will therefore for feare of beinge ſpyde,
Exceedeth meane, becauſe it wanteth guyde.

This is the cauſe why ſuch as fayne to weepe
Do howle outright, or waylinge cry ah.
Teringe them ſelues, & ſtraynинge Sighes moſt deepe.
Why ſuch Diſſemblers as would ſeeme to laugh
Breath not tihhee, but bray out, hah, hah, hah.
Why Beggers fayninge Brauery are the proud'ſt?
Why Cowards braggинge boldneſſe wrangle loud'ſt?

For commonly all that do counterfayte
In any thinge, exceede the naturall meane,
And that for feare of faylinge in their feate.
But theſe Conſpirers couched all ſo cleane,
Through cloſe demeanour, that their wiles did weane
My heart from doubtes, ſo many a falſe deuice
They forged freſh, to hyde their enterpriſe.

They

They Supt with me propounding freendly talke
Of our Affaires. still geuinge mee the praise.
And euer amonge the Cups to mee ward walke:
I drincke to you good Cuz, ech Traytour sayes,
Our banquet done when they should go their wayes
They tooke their leaue, oft wishinge mee good Night
As heartely as any Creature might.

A noble heart they say is Lyon like,
It cannot couche, dissemble, crouch, nor sayne,
How Villanous were these, and how vnlike?
Of noble Stocke the most Ignoble stayne.
Their Wolvish hearts. their Trayterous Forky brayne
Eyther proue them base, of rascall race engendred
Or from hault Lynage Bastardlike degenered.

Sutch polling heads as prayse for prudent pollicy
False Practises. I wishe were pact on Poales.
I meane the Bastard law broode, which can molify
All kinde of causes in their crafty nolles.
These vndermine all vertue, blynde as molles,
They bolster wronge, they racke, and straine the right
And prayse for Law, both Malice, Fraud, and Might.

These quench the worthy Flames of noble kinde,
Prouokinge best borne to the basest vices,
Through crafts they make the bouldest Courage blinde,
Dislikinge highly valiant enterprises:
And praysinge vily, villanous deuices.
These make the Boye a Hog, the Bull an Oxe,
The Swan a Goose, the Lyon a Wolfe, or Foxe.

The Lawyer Catesby and his crafty feers
A rout that neuer did good in any Realme,
Are they that had transformed these noble Peers:
They turn'de their bloud to melancholicke streame.
Their courage hault to cowardise extreame
Their Force, and Manhoode, into Fraud, and Malice,
Their Wit to wiles: stout Hector into Paris.

These Glauerers gone, my selfe to rest I layde,
And doubtinge nothinge, soundly fell a sleepe:
But sodainly my seruants sore afraide
Awaked me: and drawinge sighes full deepe,
Alas (quoth one) my Lord we are betraide.
How so (quoth I) the Dukes are gone their waies,
They haue barred the Gates, and borne away the Keyes.

Whyle he thus spake, there came into my mynde
This fearefull dreame, whereout I waked was:
I sawe a Riuer stopt with stormes of winde
Where through a Swan, a Bull, & Bore did passe.
Fraunchinge the fish, and fry, with teath of brasse,
The Riuer dried by saue a litle streame
Which at the last did water all the Realme.

Me thought this streame did drowne the cruell Bore,
In little space, it grew so deepe, and broade:
But he had kil'de the Bull, and Swan before.
Besides all this I sawe an oughly Tode
Crall toward me, on which me thought I rode:
But what became of her, or what of me
My sodayne wakinge would not let me see.

These

These dreames considered with this sodayne newes
So diuers from their doings euer night,
Did cause me not a litle for to muse.
I blest me, and ryse in all the hast I might,
By this, Aurora spred abroade the light.
Which fro the endes of Phœbus beams she tooke
Who than the Bulls chiefe Gallery forsooke.

When I had opened the windowe to looke out
There might I see the streates ech where beset,
My Inne on ech side compassed about
With armed watchmen, all escapes to let
Thus had these Neroes caught me in their Net.
But to what ende, I could not throughly gesse,
Such was my playnnesse, such their doublenesse.

My Conscience was so clere I could not doubt
Their deadly drift, which lesse apparant lay,
Because they cauſde their men retourne the rout
That pode toward Stonistratford as they say,
Because the Dukes will first be there to day:
For this (thought I) they hinder me in hast,
For guiltlesse mindes do easely deeme the best.

By this the Dukes were come into mine Inne
For they were lodged in an other by,
I got me to them thinking it a sinne
Within my Chamber cowardly to lye.
And merely I asked my brother why
He vsed me so? he sterne in cruell sadnesse
Cried out: I arrest the Traytour for thy badnesse,

How ſo (quoth I) whence riſeth your ſuſpition?
Thou art a Traitour (quoth he) I the arreſt
Arreſt (quoth I) why? where is your Commiſſion?
He drew his Weapon, ſo did all the reſt
Cryinge: pelde thee Traytour. I ſo ſore diſtreſt
Made no reſiſtaunce: but was ſent to warde:
None ſaue their ſeruauntes aſſigned to my garde.

This done they ſped them to the Kinge in poſte,
And after their humble reuerence to him done,
They traiterouſly began to rule the roſte,
They picked a quarel to my ſiſters ſonne
Lord Richard Gray: the Kinge would not be wonne
To agree to them, yet they againſt all reaſon,
Arreſted him they ſayd for haynous Treaſon.

Sir Thomas Vaughan, and Sir Richard Hault
Two worthy Knightes were likewiſe apprehended,
Theſe all were guilty in one kinde of fault,
They would not like the practiſe then pretended:
And ſeeinge the Kinge was herewith ſore offended,
Backe to Northampton they brought him againe
And thence diſcharged moſt part of his Traine.

Then lo! Duke Richard made himſelfe Protector
Of Kinge, and Realme by open Proclamation.
Though neyther Kinge nor Queene were his Electors,
Thus he preſumed by lawleſſe uſurpation.
But will you ſee his deepe diſſimulation?
Hee ſent me a diſh of Orinties from his Boorde
That day, and with it this falſe frendly woord.

Commend

Commend wee to him all things shalbe well,
I am his frend, bid him be of good cheare:
These newes I prayed the Messenger go tell
My Nephue Richard, whom I loued full deare.
But what he ment by well, now shall you heare:
He thought it well to haue vs quickly murdered,
Which not long after thorowly he furdered.

For strait from thence we closely were conuayed
From Iayle to Iayle Northwar. we will not whither:
Where after we had a while in sunder strayed,
At last we met at Pomfret all together.
Syr Richard Ratcliffe bad vs welcome thyther,
Who openly, all law, and right contemned
Beheaded vs before we were condemned.

My Cosin Richard could not be content
To leaue his life, because he will not why,
Good Gentleman that neuer harme had ment,
Therefore hee asked wherefore hee shou'd dye:
The Priest his ghostly Father did replye
With weepinge eyes: I know one wofull cause,
The Realme hath neyther righteous Lordes, nor lawes.

Sir Thomas Vaughan chasinge cryed still:
This Tyrannt Gloceſter is the graceleſſe G.
That will his Brothers Children beastly kill.
And least the people thorough his talke might see
The mischiefs toward, and thereto not agree
Our Tormentour that false periured Knight
Bad stop our mouthes, with wordes of high dispight.

Thus

Thus dyed we guiltlesse proceſſe heard we none,
No cauſe alleagde, no Iudge, nor yet accuſer,
No queſt empaneld palled vs vppon.
That murdrer Ratcliffe, Law, and Rights refuſer,
Did all to flatter Richard his abuſer.
Unhappy both that euer they were borne,
Thrꝛough guiltleſſe bloud that haue their ſoules forlorne.

In part I graunt, I well deſerued this,
Becauſe I cauſed not ſpeedy execution
Be done on Richard for that murder of his,
When firſt he wrought Kinge Henries cloſe confuſion.
Not for his Brothers hatefull perſecution.
Theſe cruell murders paynefull death deſerued
Which had he ſuffred, many had bin preſerued.

Warne therefore all that charge, or office beare
To ſee all murdrers ſpeedely executed:
And ſpare them not for fauour or for feare:
By guiltleſſe bloud the earth remaynes polluted.
For lacke of Iuſtice kingdomes are tranſmuted.
They that ſaue murdrers from deſerued payne,
Shall thrꝛough thoſe murdrers, miſerably be ſlayne.

FINIS.

How

When I had read this, they liked it very wel, one wished ꝑ the combat which hee fought with the Bastard of Burgoyne, and the honour which he wan wᵗ both speare & Axe should not be forgotten. Another moued a question about a great matter, and ꝑ is the variaunce of the Chronicles about the Lord Thomas Graye Marquise Dorcet: whō Fabian euery wher calleth ꝑ queenes brother: sir Thomas Moore and Hal, call him the Queenes sonne as hee was in very deede. Fabian saith he was gouernour of ꝑ Prince, and had ꝑ conueiaunce of him frō Ludlo towards Londō. The other (whom we follow) say he was than at London wᵗ the Queene prouiding for the kinges coronation, and toke Sanctuary with her as sone as hee heard of the apprehending of his vncle. This disagreing of writers is a great hindraunce of ꝑ truth, and no smal combraunce to such as be diligent readers, besides the harme that may happen in successions of heritages. It were therefore a worthye and good deede for the nobility, to cause all the recordes to be sought, and a true and perfect Chronicle there out to be written. Unto which we refer ꝑ deciding of this & of all other like controuersies, geuinge this to vnderstand in the meane time, that no man shall thincke his title eyther better or worse by anything that is written in any part of this treatise. For the onely thing which is purposed herein, is by example of others miseries, to disswade al men frō al sinnes and vices

and vices. If by the way we touch any thinge concerninge titles, we follow therein Halles Chronicle. And were wee seeme to swarue from hys reasons and causes of diuers doinges, there wee gather vpon cõiecture such things as seeme most probable, or at the least most conuenient for the furderaunce of our purpose. When the reader would haue proceeded in the Chronicle which straighte intreateth of the villanous destruction of the Lord Hastings, I willed him to surceas, because I had there hys Tragedy very learnedly penned. For the better vnderstandinge whereof, you must imagine ỹ you see him newly crept out of his graue, and speakinge to me as followeth.

HOW THE LORD HAstings was Betrayed by trustinge to much to his euill Counsaylour Catesby, and Vilanously murdered in the Tower of London by Richard Duke of Gloceſter, the. 13. of Iune Anno. 1483.

I Am that Hastings whose to hasty death.
They blame that know wherefore I lost my breath,
Vpth others fearinge least my headlesse name
Wee wrong'de, by partiall Bruite of flatteringe Fame.
Hearinge O Baldwin that thou mean'st to penne,
The Lyues, and Fals of English Noblemen.
My selfe here present, do Present to thee
My Life, my Fall, and Forced destenye.

He stare

Ne feare to ſtayne thy credite by my tale.
In Lethes flood, longe ſince, in Stigian vale.
Selfe loue I drown'd, what time hath fined for true,
And ceaſſeth not, (though ſtale) ſtill to renue:
Recount I will: whereof take this for proofe.
That blale I will my prayſe, and my reproofe.
Wee naked ghoſts are but the very man
Nor of our ſelues more than we ought, we ſcan.

The Heauens high, and Earthly vale belowe,
Yet ring his Fame, whoſe deedes ſo great did grow.
Edward the fourth ye know vnnamed I meane.
Whoſe noble nature ſo to mee did leane,
That I his ſtaffe was, I his onely ioy,
And euen what Pandare was to him of Troy.
Which moued him firſt, to create mee Chamberlayne,
To ſerue his tweetes, to my moſt ſower payne.

Wherein, to fully prayſed for ſecretneſſe
(For now my guilt with ſhrikinge I confeſſe)
To him to true, to vntrue to the Queene,
Such hate I wan, as laſted long betweene
Our families: Shores wife was my Nice cheat,
The holy hore, and eke the wily peat.
I Fed his luſt with louely Peeces ſo,
That Gods ſharp wrath I purchaſt, my ſuſt wo.

See here of Nobles newe the diuers courſe.
Some vertue rayſeth, ſome clime by ſluttiſh corſe.
The firſt, though onely of themſelues begon,
Yet circle wiſe into themſelues do ron.

With

Within themselues their force vnited so,
Both endlesse is, and stronger gainst their foe.
For, when endth bit that neuer hath begon?
Or how may that, that hath no ende, be vndone?

Th'other as by wicked meanes they grue,
And raygned by flattery, or violence: so soone rue.
First tombling step fro honours old, is vice.
Which once stept downe, some Linger, none arise
To former type: But they catch vertues sway,
Which rayseth them that climbe by lawfull way.
Beware to rise by seruinge Princely lust.
Surely to stand, one meane is rising iust.

Which learne by mee, whom let it helpe to excuse,
Th at ruthfull now my selfe I do accuse
And that my Prince I euer pleased with such,
As harmed none, and him contented much.
In vice some fauour, or lesse hate let win,
That I ne wyped to worser ende my sin.
But vsed my fauour to the safety of such,
As fury of later Warre to liue did grutch.

For as on durt (though durty) shineth the Sunn:
So, euen amids my vice, my vertue shoane.
My selfe I spared with any his cheate to stayne,
For loue or reuerence so I could refrayne.
Gisippus Wyfe erst Titus would desire
With frendships breach. I quenche that brutish fire.
Manly bit is, to lote the pleasinge lust.
Small vaunt to flye, that of constreint thou must.

Thele

These faults except, if so my life thou skan,
Lo! none I hurt but furdred every man.
My Chamber England was, my staffe the law:
Where by saunce rigour, all I held in awe.
So lounge to all, so beloued of all,
As, (what ensued upon my bloudy fall
Though I ne felt) yet suerly this I thincke.
Full many a trickinge teare their mouths did drincke.

Disdayne not Princes easie accesse, meeke theare.
We know then Aungels stately port yee beare
Of God himselfe: to massy a charge for spritz.
But then, my Lords, consider, he delights
To daple his grace to vs poore earthly wants,
To simplest Shrubs, and to the Dunghill plants.
Expresse him then, in might, and mercies meane.
So shall yee winne, as now yee rule the realme.

But all to longe I feare I do delaye
The many meanes, whereby I did bewray
My Zealous will, to earne my Princes grace.
Least thou differ, to thincke me kinde percase.
As nought may last, so Fortunes chaunginge cheare
With poutinge lookes gan lower on my fire,
And on her Wheele, aduaunst high in his roume
The Warwicke Earle, Vale of Christendome.

Besides the temptinge prowesse of the foe,
My Princes Brother did him then forgo.
The cause was liked, I was his linked allye.
Yet nor the cause, nor Brothers treachery,

Nor en-

The Lord Hastings.

Nor Enmies force, nor bande of mingled blood:
Made Hastings beare his Prince other minde then good.
But taste, and scaped from Warwicks gripinge Pawes,
With me hee fled through fortunes frowardst Flawes.

To London come, at large we might haue seemed,
Had not we then the Realme a prison deemed.
Eche Bushe, a Barre, eche Spray, a Banner splayed,
Eche House, a Fort, our Passage to haue stayed.
To Linne we leape, where while we awayte the Tide,
Vp secrete frendes in secret I supplide,
In Mouth to mayntayne Henry first their King,
By deede to deuoyde, Coward to bringe in.

The restlesse Tyde, to barre the empty Bay,
With walteringe Waues roames wamblinge forth. Away
The merry Mariner hales. The braggінge Boy,
To Masts high top vp hies. In signe of Joy
The wauеringe Flag is daunst. The surginge Seas
Their swellinge cealle: to calmest euen peace
Sinketh downe their pride. With dronkēnesse gapast all care
The Seamen armed, awayt their noble Fare.

On boyd we come. The Wally Anchors wayde,
One English Ship, two Hulkes of Holland, ayde
In sutch a pinch. So small tho was the Trayne,
Sutch his constraynt, that now, that one with payne
Commaund he might, who late might many moe:
Then ghastly Greekes erst brought to Tenedo.
So nought is ours that we by hap may lose,
What nearest seemes, is farthest of in woes.

As bani-

As baniſhed wights, ſuch ioyes we mought haue made.
Eaſd of aye threatning death that late we dradde.
But once our countries ſight (not care) exempt,
No harbour ſhewing, that mpght our feare relent,
No couert caue, no ſhrub to ſhowde our liues.
No hollow wood, no flight that oft depriues.
The mighty his pray, no ſanctuary left
For exiled prince, that ſhrouds ech ſlaue for theft:

In priſon pent whoſe woody walles to paſſe
Of no leſſe peril then the dying was:
With the Ocean moated battred with the waues,
(As chaind at oares the wretched galley ſlaues,
At mercy fit of ſea and enmies ſhot,
And ſhonne with death that they wit flight may not)
But greniſh waues, and heauy lowring ſkies
Al comfort eks forcloſed our exiled eyes:

Loe loe from higheſt top the ſlauiſh boy
Sent vp, with ſight of lande our bartes to toy:
Deſcries at hand whole fleete of Eaſterlings
As then whot enmies of the Britiſh Kinges.
The mouſe may ſomtyme helpe the Lion in neede
The bittle Bee once ſpil the Aegles breede.
O princes ſeke no foes. In pour diſtreſſe,
The earth, the ſeas, conſpyre pour brauineſſe.

Our foe deſcried by flyght we ſhon in haſt
And lade with Canuas now the beading maſt
The ſhip was racke to try her ſapling then,
As Squirels clime the troupes of truſty men.

The ſtereſman ſeekes a redier courſe to runne,
The Souldier ſtirs, the Gunner hies to Gunne.
The Fleammings ſweate, the Engliſh Ship diſdayns
To wayte behinde to beare the Fleammings Trayns.

Forth ſlyeth the Barke, as from the violent Goonne
The Pellet pearſeth all Stayes, and ſtops eſtſoone.
And ſwift the Swyndgeth, as oft in Sunny day,
The Dolphin fleetes in Seas, in merry Pay.
As we for liues, ſo Th'eaſterlinges for gayne,
Thwack on the Sayles, and after make amayne.
Though beguy they were, and of burthen great:
A Kynge to mayſter yet, what Swyne nold ſweat?

So mid the vale the Greyhound ſeinge ſtart
The fearfull Hare, purſueth before the ſterteth.
And where ſhe turn'th her there to beare.
The one pray pricketh, the other ſakties feare.
So were we chaſed, ſo fled we afore our Foes.
Bet flight then fight in ſo euen cloſe.
Iead. Some thincke perhaps, to long he ſtaieth
In perill preſent ſhe winge his fired faith.

This dentred I, this dread I did ſuſtaine,
To try my truth, my lyfe I old diſdayne.
Bat, loe! like trayll againſt his ciuill foe,
Fayths worſt is trayll, which is reſerued to woe.
I paſſe our ſcape, and ſharpe returninge home,
Where wee were welcom'd by our wonted ſone.
To Battayle mayne diſcends the Empyres right,
At Barnet ioyne the Hoaſtes in bloudy fight.

There

There ioyn'd three Battayles ranged in ſutch array,
As mought for terrour, Alexander fray.
What should I ſtay to tell the longe diſcourſe?
Who wan the Palme? who bare away the worſe?
Sufficeth to ſay by my reſerued band,
Our enemies fled, we had the vpper hand.
My iron army held her ſteady place,
My Prince to shield, his feared foe to chaſe.

The like ſucceſſe befell mee in Tewkeſbury field.
My furious force, there forſ'de perforce to yeeld
My Princes foe: and render to my Kinge
Her onely ſonne, leaſt he more bate might bringe.
Thus haſt thou a mirrour of a Subiectes minde,
Sutch as perhaps is rare agayne to finde:
The caruinge cuts, that cleaue the truſty ſteele,
My fayth, and du allegiaunce, could not feele.

But out alas, what praiſe may I recount,
That is not ſtain'de with ſpot, that doth ſurmount
My greateſt vaunt? bloudy for Warre to feete
A Tiger was I, all for peace vnmeete,
A ſouldiers hands muſt oft be dyed with goare,
Leaſt ſtarke with reſt, they ſhewd ware and hoare.
Peace could I winne by Warre, but peace not vſe.
Few dayes enioy he, who Warlike peace doth chuſe.

When Crofts a Knight preſented Henries Heire
To this our Prince, in furious moode enquere
Of him he gaa, what folly or phrenſy vayne,
With Arms forſt him to inuade his Realme?

Whom aunſweringe that hee clayin'd his fathers right:
With Gauntlet ſmit, commaunded from his ſight:
Clarence, Gloceſter, Dorcet, and I Haſtinge ſlue.
The guilt whereof we ſhortly all did rue.

Clarence, as Cirus, drown'd in bloud like Wine,
Dorcet I furthered to his ſpeedy pyne.
Of mee, my ſelfe am ſpeakinge preſident,
Nor eaſier fate the brittled Boare is lent.
Our bloods haue payd the vengeaunce of our guilt,
His fryed bones, ſhall brople for bloud hee hath ſpilt.
O waliſome murther, that attaynteth our fame,
O horrible Traytours wantinge worthy name.

Who as miſchieuouſly of all men deſerue,
As they merite well, who do mens liues preſerue.
If thoſe, therefore we recken heauenly wights,
Theſe may we well deeme Feendes, and damned Spyrits.
And while on Earth they walke, diſguiſed deuils,
Sworne foes of vertue, factours for all euils.
Whoſe bloudy hands torment their goared harts,
Through bloudſheds horrour, in ſoundeſt ſleepe bee ſtarts.

O happy World were the Lions men,
All Lions ſhould at leaſt be ſpared then.
No ſuerty now, no laſting leage is bloud.
A meacocke is he, who dreadth to ſee bloud ſhed.
Did is the Practiſe of ſatch bloudy ſtrife,
While ij. weare Armies. ij. the Iſſues of firſt Wyfe,
With armed hart and hand, the one bloudy brother,
With cruell chaſe purſueth, and murdreth th'other.

Which

Which who abhorreth not? yet who ceaseth to sue?
The bloudye Capnes their bloudye spye renue.
The horror yet is like in common traies.
For in ech murther, brother brother slayes.
Traitours to nature, countrey kin and kinde,
Whom no band serueth in brothers loue to bynde.
O simple age, when slaunder slaughter was.
The tonges smal euil, how doth this mischiefe passe?

Hopest thou to cloake thy couert mischiefe wrought?
Thy conscience, Captif, shal proclaime thy thought.
A vision, Chaucer sheweth, disclosde thy crime.
The Fox descrie the crowes and chattring pyen,
And shal thy fellow felons, not bewray
The guiltlesse death, whom guiltye handes do slaye?
Unpunished scapes for hayuous crime some one,
But vnauenged, in mynde or bodye none.

Uengeaunce on minde, the kreating furies take,
The sinful corps, like earthquake agues shake.
Their frowning lokes, their troubled minds bewray,
In hast they runne, and mids their race they staye,
As gioded Roe. Amids their speach they whist,
At meate they muse. No where they may persist
But some feare netleth them. Ay hang they so.
So neuer wanteth the wicked murtherer wo.

An infant rent with Lions ramping pawes?
Why slaunder I Lions? They feare the sacred lawes
Of royal bloud. Ay me moze hyute than beast.
With enfants fydes, (Licaons ppe) to feast.

O tyrannt Tygers, O inſatiate wolues,
O Engliſh curteſie, monſtrous mawes and gulfes.
Onely becauſe our Prince diſpleaſde we ſawe
With him, we ſlue him ſtraight before all lawe.

Before our Prince commaunded once his death,
Our bloudy ſwordes on him we did vnſheath.
Preuenting law, and euen our Princes heſt,
We bid our weapons in the younglings breſt.
Whom not deſire o freigne did driue to field,
But mothers prize, who longd the Realme to weld.
But ſtraight my death ſhal ſhew my worthy meede,
If firſt to one other murther I proceede.

While Edward liued, diſſembled diſcord lurked:
In double harted pet ſo his reuerence worked.
But when ſucceeding tender feeble age,
Gaue open gap to tyrannts ruſhing rage:
I holpe the Boye, and Bucke, to captiuate
Lord Riuers, Grap, ſir Thomas Vaughan & Hawte.
If land wouldo helpe the ſea, wel earnde that ground
Hir ſelfe, to be with conquering waues ſurround.

Their ſpeedy death by priuy dome procured,
At Pomfret: thō my life ſhort while endured.
My ſelfe I ſlue, when them I damned to death,
At once my throate I riued, and reft them breath.
For that ſelfe daye, before or neare the bower
That withred Atropos nipt the ſpringing flower
With violent hand, of their forth running like:
My head and body, in Tower twinde like knife.

Ty

By this my patterne al ye peres beware.
Oft hangeth he himſelfe who others weeneth to ſnare
Spare to be eche others butcher. Feare the Kite.
Who ſoareth aloft, (while frog and mouſe do fight
In cruil combat, grappling boyde of feare
Of forreine foe) at once al both to beare.
Which playner by my pitied plaint to ſee,
A while a new your liſtning lend to me.

Too true it is two ſundrye aſſemblies kept,
At Croſbies place, and Baynardes caſtle ſek.
The Dukes at Croſbies, but at Baynardes wee.
The one to crowne a king the other to bee.
Suſpicious is ſeceſſion of foule frendes,
When either drift to thoters miſchiefe tendes,
I feared the end, my Cateſbies being there
Diſcharged al doubts. Him held I moſt entyre.

Whoſe great preferment by my meanes, I thought
Some ſpurre, to pay the thankefulneſſe he ought.
The truſt he ought me, made me truſt him ſo,
That priuie he was both to my weale and wo.
My hartes one halfe, my cheſt of confidence,
Myne only truſt, my hope dwelt in his preſence.
I loued him Baldwin, as the apple of mine eye.
I loathed my life when Cateſby would me dye.

Flye from thy chanel Thames forſake thy ſtreames,
Leaue the Adamant Iron. Phœbus lay thy beames:
Ceaſe heauenly Spheares at laſt your weary warke,
Betray your charge, retourne to Chaos darke.

At leſt, ſome ruthleſſe Tiger hang her whelp,
My Cateſby ſo with ſome excuſe to help.
And mee to comfort, that I alone, ne ſeeme
Of all dame natures wrokes left in extreeme.

A Golden traſure is the tryed freend.
But who may Gold from Countes ſayts defend?
Truſt not to ſoone, nor yet to ſoone miſtruſt.
With th'one thy ſelfe, with th'other thy freend thou hurt'ſt.
Who twyneth bet wirt, and ſteareth the golden meane,
Nor raſhly loueth, nor miſtrusteth in vayne.
In freendſhip ſoueraigne it is as Mithridate
Thy freend to loue as one whom thou mayſt hate.

Of tickle credit ne had ben the miſchiefe,
What needen Virbius miracle doubled like?
Credulity ſurnamed firſt the Ægean Seas.
Miſtruſt, doth treaſon in the truſtieſt rayſe.
Suſpicious Romulus, ſtayn'd his Walls firſt reard
With Brothers bloud, whom for light leape he feard.
So not in Brotherhoode ielouſie may be borne,
The Ielons Cuckold weares the Infamous Horne.

A beaſt may Preach by triall, not fore ſight.
Could I haue ſhond light credit, nere had light
The dreaded death, vpon my guilty head.
But Fooles aye wont to learne by after read.
Had Cateſby kept vnſtayned the truth he plight,
Yet had yet enioyed mee, and I yet the light
All Derbies doubts I cleared with his name.
I knew, no harme could hap mee without his blame.

But

But see the fruictes of tickle light beleefe.
The ambitious Dukes corrupt the Traytour theefe,
To groape mee, if allured I would assent,
To bin a Partner of their corsed entent.
Whereto, when as by no meanes friendship vail'de,
By Tyraunt force behold they mee assail'de.
And summond shortly a Counsaile in the Tower,
Of June the fifteenth, at apointed hower.

Alas, are counsels wryed to catch the good?
No place is now exempt from sheading bloud,
Sith counsels, that werk carefull to preserue
The guiltlesse good, are meanes to make thē starue.
What may not mischiefe of Madman abuse?
Religious Cloake some one to vice doth chuse,
And maketh God Protectour of his Crime.
O monstrous world, well ought we wish thy tyme.

The fatall Skies, roll on the blackest day,
When doubled bloodshed, my bloud must repay.
Others none forceth. To me sir Thomas Hayward
As Spurre is buckled, to prouoke me froward.
Derbie who feared the parted sittings poze.
Whether, mutch moze be knew by experience boare,
Or better minded, clearlyer truth could see:
At Midnight darke this message sends to mee.

Hastings away, in sleepe the Gods forshow
By dreadfull dreame. fell fates vnto vs two.
Me thought a Boare with Tuske so rased our Throate,
That both our Shoulders of the bloud did Smoake.

Aryſe to horſe, ſtraight homeward let vs hye.
And ſith our foe we cannot match, O flye.
Of Chaunteclere you learne dreames ſooth to know
Thence wiſemen cõſter, more then þ cock doth crow.

While thus he ſpake, I held within myne arme
Shores Wyfe, the tender peece, to kepe me warme.
Fye on Adultery, fye on Lecherous luſt.
Marke in me yẽ Nobles al, Gods Iudgements iuſt,
A Pandare, Partherer, and Adulterer thus,
Onely ſutch death I dye, as I ne bluſhe.
Now leaſt my dame mought think appall'd my hart
Wyth Eger moode vp in my Bed I ſtart.

And, is thy Lord (quoth I) a Sorcerer?
A wiſe man now become? a dreame reader?
What though ſo Chaunteclere crowed? I reck it not?
On my part pleadeth as well Dame Partelot.
Iniudge hangth yet the caſe betwixt them twap.
Ne was his dreame cauſe of his hap I ſay.
Shal dreaminge doats from prince my ſeruing ſtack?
Nay, then mought Haſtings life and liuinge lack.

He parteth. I ſléepe, my minde ſurcharged wt ſlome,
As Phœbus beames by miſty Cloud kept in,
Ne could miſgeue, ne dreame of my miſhap.
As blocke, I tumbled to myne Enemies trap.
Security cauſleſſe through my tayned frende,
Reft mee foreſight of my approchinge ende.
So Tateſby clawed mee, as when the Cat doth play.
Dalyinge with Poule whom ſtraight ſhe meanes to ſlay.

The morow

The morow come, the laſt light to mee,
On Pallray mounted, to the Tower I hye.
Accompanied with that Hayward my mortall Foe,
To ſlaughter led, thou God diddſt ſuffer ſo.
(O deepe Diſſemblers, honouringe with your cheare,
Whom in his heart yee trayterouſly teare)
Neuer had Realme ſo open Signes of wracke.
As I had ſhewed me of my heauy hap.

The viſion firſt of Stanley late deſcryed.
Then mirth ſo extreme, that neare for ioy I dyed.
Were hit, that Swanlike I foreſong my death,
Or mery minde foreſaw the loſſe of breath
That longe it coueyted, from this earths annoy,
But euen as liker as th'ende of woe is ioye,
And glorious light to obſcure night doth tend:
So extreame mirth, in extreame moane doth end.

For why, extreames are hapſ rackt out of courſe.
By violent Might far ſwinged forth perforce.
Which as they are pearcingſt while they violentſt moue,
For that they are neare to cauſe that doth them choue:
So ſooneſt fall from that their higheſt extreame,
To th'other contrary that doth want of meane.
So lawghed hee erſt, who lawghd out his breath.
So lawghd I, when I lawghd my ſelfe to death.

The pleaſingſt meanes boade not the luckieſt ends.
Not aye, ſound treaſure to like pleaſure tends.
Mirth meanes not mirth all time, thoſe happy hire
Of wit, to ſhun the exceſſe that all deſire.

But this

But this I passe. I hie to other like.
My palfrey in the playnest paued streete,
Thrise bowed his bones, thrise kneeled on the flower
Thrise shund (as Balams asse) the dreaded tower.

What? should I thinke he had sence of after haps?
As beastes foreshow the drought or rayny drops,
As humours in them want or els abound,
By influence from the heauens, or change of grou̅d?
Or do we interprete by successe ech signe?
And as we fancye of ech hap deuine?
And make that cause, that kinne is to theffect?
Not hauing ought of consequence respect?

Bucephalus kneeling onely to his Lord,
Shewed onely he was, monarche of the world.
Why may not then the steede foreshew by fall,
What casual hap the sitter happen shall?
Darius horse by braysinge brought a realme.
And what letteth, why he ne is (as ẏ asse) Gods mean
By speaking signe, to shew his hap to come,
Who is deafe hearer of his speaking domme?

But forward yet. In tower streete I stayd,
Where (could I haue seene) foe Haward al bewrayd
For as I commond with a priest I met:
Away my Lord quoth he. your time is ne yet
To take a priest. Lo, Synon might be seene,
Had not the Troians hares foolish forthright eyen,
But since the time was come that I should dye,
Some grace it was to dye with wimpled eye.

Ne

Ne was this all. For euen at Towerwharfe,
Neare to those Walles within the which I starke,
Where erst, in sorrow sonke, and deepe distresse,
I emparted all my pyninge pensifnesse
With Hastings: (so my pursenant men call)
Euen there, the same to meete it did me fall.
Who gan to me most dolefully renew,
The wofull conference had erst in that Lieu.

Hastings (quoth I) accordinge now they fare,
At Pomfret this day dyinge, who can de that care.
My selfe haue all the worlo at my will,
With pleasures cloyed, engorged with the fill.
God graunt it so quoth he, why doubtest thou tho
Quoth I? and all in chafe, to him gan shewe
In ample wise, our drift with tedious talc.
And entred so the Tower to my bale.

What should we think of signes? They are but baps
How may they then, be signes of afterclaps?
Doth euery chaunce foreshew or cause some other?
Or endinge at it selfe, extendth no farder?
As th'ouerflowinge flouds some mount doth choake,
But to his ayde some other flond it poake:
So, if with signes thy sinnes once copne, beware.
Els wherefo chaunces tend, doe neuer care.

Had not my sinne deserued my death as wreake,
What might my myzth haue hurt? or hozses becke?
Or Hawardes bitter scoffe? or Hastings talke?
What meane then foole Astrologers to talke?

That

That twincklíng ſterres ſling down the fixed fate?
And all is guyded by the ſterry ſtate?
Perdye a certayne charge aſſigned they haue
To ſhyne, and tymes ordyde, not fate to graue.

But graunt they ſomwhat geue it at one inſtant
Of euery babe the byrth in heauen ſo ſtand,
That they that reckles roll, and neuer ſtaye,
Should in his ſpite beare yet ſo violent ſwaye:
That, not his actions onely next to byrth,
But all his life and death be ſwayed therwith?
How may one motion make ſo ſundry affectes?
Or one impreſſion tend to ſuch reſpectes?

Some rule there is yet. Els, why were deferd
Til now, theſe plagues, ſo lōg ere now deſerude?
If for they are trifles, they ne ſeme of care:
But copes with god the ſtateſieſt ſcepters are.
Yet in them to playne doth appeare foreſet,
The certayne rule and fatal limittes ſet,
Yet thinke we not, this ſure foreſeeing fate.
But gods faſt prouidence for euery princely ſtate.

And hath he erſt reſtraind his prouidence?
Or is he nigard of his ſre diſpence?
Or is he vncertayne foreſet drifte to dryue?
That not dame Chaunce but he al goodes may giue?
A heathen God they hold whom fortune kepe,
To deale them haps while god they wene aſleepe
Mocke Gods they are and many Gods induce,
Who fortune layne to father their abuſe.

How

How ſo it be, it mought haue warned me
But, wha I could not that in me ſee ye,
Who runne in race, the honour like to win
Whoſe faireſt forme nought may deforme but ſin
Alas, when moſt I dio deſye all dread,
By ſingle heare deaths ſword hong ouer my head.
For herke the end and liſten now my fall.
This is the laſt, and this the fruit of all.

To counſayle chamber come, a while we ſtayd
For him without whom nought was done or ſayde.
At laſt he came, and courteouſly excuſed,
That he ſo long our patience had abuſed.
And pleaſauntly began to paint his cheare,
And ſaid. My lord of Elye, would we had here
Some of the Strawberies, wherof you haue ſtore.
The laſt deligbted me ſo as nothing more.

Would, what ſo you wiſh, I mought aſwel commaund,
My Lord (quoth he) as thoſe. And out of hand.
His ſeruaunt ſendeth to Ely place for them.
Out goeth from vs the reſtleſſe deuil againe.
Belike (I thinke) ſcarſe yet perſwaded ful.
To worke the miſchiefe that dio mad is ſcul.
At laſt determind, of his bloudy thought
And force ordayned, to worke the wyle he ſought:

Frowning he enters, with ſo chaunged cheare,
As for myne died had chopped foule Fanuere.
And lowring on me with the goggle eye,
The whetted tuſke, and furrowed forehead hye,

His

His Crooked shoulder bristellike set vp,
With frothy Jawes, whose foame he chawde and supd,
With angry lookes that flamed as the fyer:
Thus gan at last to grunt the grymest syre.

What meryte they, whomme, the kingdomes stay,
Contryued haue counsayle traiterously to slay?
Abashed all sate. I thought I mought be bold,
For conscience clearnesse and aquaintance old,
Their hire ia playne quoth I. Be death the least
To who so seketh your grace so to molest
Withouten stay: the Quene & the whore Shores wyfe,
By witchcraft (quoth he) seke to wast my life.

Loe here the wythered and bewytched arme,
That thus is spent by those two Sorceresse charme.
And bared his arme and shewed his swynish skinne.
Such cloaks they vse, that seke to clowd their sinne.
But out alas, it serueth not for the rayne.
To al the house the colour was to playne
Nature had giuen him many a maymed marke
And it amonges to note her monstruous warke.

My doubtlull harte distracted this replye.
For thone I cared not, Thother nipt so nye
That whyst I cold not: but forthwith brake forth.
If so it be, of death they are doubtlesse worth.
If, traitour quoth he? playst thou with yfs and ands?
Ile on thy body auowe it with these hands.
And therwithal he mightlye bounced the borde.
In rushd his byl men one himselfe bestird.

Laying

Laying at Lord Stanley, whoſe brain be had ſurely cleft
Had he not downe beneathe the table crept.
But Elye, Yorke, and I were taken ſtraight.
Impriſoned they: I ſhould no longer wait,
But charged was to ſhrive me, and ſhift with haſt.
My Lorde muſt dine, and now middaye was paſt.
The Boyes firſt diſh, not the boyes head ſhould be.
But Haſtinges head the boariſh beaſt would ſee.

Why ſtay I his dinner? vnto the chappel ioyneth
A greeniſh hil, that body and ſoule eke twineth.
There on a blocke my head was ſtriken of.
As Baptiſtes head, for Herode bloudy gnoffe.
Thus liued I Baldwin, thus dyed I, thus I fel.
This is the ſumme, which al at large to tel
Would volumes fil. whence yet theſe leſſons note
Ye noble Lordes, to learne and ken by rote.

By ſpithy riſing feare your names to ſtayne.
If not for vertues loue, for dread of payne.
Whom ſo the mindes vnquiet ſtate vpheaues,
Be it for loue or feare: when fancye reaues
Reaſon her right, by mocking of the wyt:
If once the cauſe of this affection flit,
Reaſon preuayling on the vnbridled thought:
Downe falleth he who by fancye clymbe aloft.

So hath the ryſer fowle no ſtay from fal,
No not of thoſe that raiſde him firſt of al.
His ſuretie ſtands in maintayning the cauſe
That heaued him firſt, which reft by reaſons lawes,

Not onely faith he to his former state,
But liueth for euer in his princes hate.
And marke my Lordes, God for adultery sleath
Though ye it thinke too sweete a sinne for death.

Serue truly your Prince and feare not rebels might,
On Princes halues the mightie God doth fight.
O much more then forsweare a forrein foe,
Who seeketh your realme and countrei to vndo.
Murther detest, haue handes vnstaind with bloud.
Aye with your succour do protect the good.
Chace treason where trust should be wed to your frend
Your hart and power, to your liues last end.

Flie tickle credite, shunne alike distrust.
To true it is, and credite it you must:
The Ialous nature wanteth no stormy strife,
The simple soule aye leadeth a sower life.
Beware of flatterers, frendes in outward show.
Best is of such to make your open foe.
What al men seeke, that al men seeke to fayne.
Some such to bee, some such to seeme, them payne.

Marke Gods iust iudgemēts, punishing sinne by sinn
And slipperie state wherein aloft we swimme.
The prouerbe, al day vp if we ne fall,
Agreeth wel to vs hie heaued worldlinges al.
From common sort vpraisde, in honours weede
We shine: while fortune false (whom none erst feede
To stand with stape and forsweare tickleneesse:
Sowleth vs in myre of ourtie brittleneesse.

And

And learne ye princes by my wronged ſpite,
Not to miſconſter what is ment aright,
The whinged wordes to oft preuent the wyt,
When ſilence ceſſeth afore the lips to ſit.
Alas, what may the wordes yeld worthy death?
The wordes worſt is, the ſpeakers ſtinking breath.
Wordes are but winde, why coſt they then ſo much
The guiltye kycke, when they ſo ſmartly touche.

Forth irreturnable flyeth the ſpoken word,
Be hit in ſcoffe, in earneſt, or in bourd.
Without retourne, and vnreceiued, hit hangs.
And at the takers mercie, or rigour ſtands.
Which if he ſowerly wreſt with wrathful cheare,
The chiuering word turnes to the ſpeakers feare.
If frendly curteſie do the word expound,
To the ſpeakers comfort ſwetely it doth redound.

Euen as the vapour which the fier repels,
Turnes not to earth, but in myd aer dwels.
Where while it hangth, if Boreas froſty flawes
With rigour rattle it: not to rayne it thawes,
But thunder, lightninges, ratling hayle or ſnowe
Sendes downe to earth, whence firſt it roſe below,
But if fayre Phœbus with his countenaunce ſwete
Reſolue it, downe the dew, or Manna fleete.

(The Manna dew, that in the eaſterne landes,
Excelth the labour of the bees ſmall handes.)
Els for her Memnon gray Auroras teares,
On the earth it ſtilleth, the partener of her feares.

Or ſendeth ſweete ſhowers to glad their mother earth,
Whence firſt they tooke their firſt inconſtant birth.
To ſo great griefes, ill taken woꝛdes do grow.
Of woꝛdes wel taken, ſuch delightes do flow.

This learned, thus be here at length an end,
What ſince enſued, to thee I wil commend.
Now farewel Baldwin, ſhield my toꝛne name,
From ſclaunderous trompe of blaſting blacke defame.
But ere I part, hereof thou recoꝛd beare.
I claime no parte of vertues reckned here.
My vice my ſelfe, but God my vertues take.
So hence depart I, as I entred naked.

Thus ended Haſtinges both his life and tale,
Containing al his woꝛldly bliſſe and bale.
Happye he liued, to happie but foꝛ ſinne,
Happie hee dyed whom right his death did bꝛing.
Thus euer happie. Foꝛ there is no meane
Twixt bliſſeful liues and moꝛtal deathes extreame.
Yet feared not his foes to ſtaine his name.
And by theſe ſclaunders to pꝛocure his ſhame.

In roufty armure as in extreame ſhifte,
They clad themſelues, to cloake their diueliſh dꝛifte.
And forthwith foꝛ ſubſtancial citezens ſent,
Declaring to them, Haſtinges foꝛged entent
Was to haue ſlaine the Duke: and to haue ſeiſed,
The kinges young perſon, ſlaying whom he had pleaſde.
But God of Juſtice had withſtoode that fate,
Which where it ought, light on his pꝛoper pate.

Then

Then practiſed they by proclamation ſpred,
Nought to forget that nought deſame him dead.
Which was ſo curious and ſo clerkely pend,
So long withal: that when ſome did attend
His death ſo young: they ſaw that long before
The ſhroude was ſhaped, then babe to dye was borne.
So wonteth God to blinde the worldly wiſe,
That not to ſee, that al the world eſpies.

One hearing it cried out. A goodly caſt,
And wel contriued. fowle caſt away for haſt.
Whereto another gan in ſcoffe replie,
Firſt pend it was by enſpiring prophecie.
So can God reape vp ſecret miſchiefes wrought,
To the confuſion of the workers thought.
My Lords, the tub, that dround the Clarence Duke,
Dround not his death, nor yet his deathes rebuke.

Your politique ſecretes gard with truſty loyalty.
So ſhal they lurke in moſt aſſured ſecretie.
By Haſtinges death, and after fame ye learne,
The earth for murther crieth out vengeance ſterne.
Flye from his faultes, and ſpare to hurt his fame.
The rager hounde ſorbeare their ſlayne game.
Dead, dead, auaunt Curres frō the conquered chaſe.
Il mought he liue who loueth the dead to race.

Thus liued this Lorde, thus died he, thus he ſlept.
Hids forward race when firſt to reſt he kept,
Enuious death that bounceth aſwel with mace
At Keyſars courtes, as at the pooreſt gates:

When Nature ſeemde to ſlow, by this ſleape meane,
Conueighed him ſooner to his liues extreame.
Happie in preuenting woes that after happe,
And ſlomber ſweete his liuing lights he lappe.

Whoſe haſtye death, if it do anye greeue:
Know hee, he lyued to dye, and dyed to lyue.
Untimelye neuer comes the liues laſt mette.
In cradle death may rightly clapme his det.
Straight after birth due is the fatal beere.
By deathes permiſſion the aged linger here.
Euen in the ſwathebandes out commiſſion goeth
To looſe thy breath, that yet but younglye bloweth.

Happy, thryſe happie, who ſo looſeth his breath,
That like he gayneth by his godly death.
As Haſtinges here. Whom time and truth agree,
To engraue by fame in ſtrong eternitie.
Who ſpareth not ſpeaking, with daunger of his bloud:
Yet loe this noble Lord did thinke it good
To cleare the innocent not to ſpare to ſpeake,
Although his ſhoulders with his bloud ſhould reake.

Worthy to liue, who liued not for himſelfe
But priſed his fame more then this worldly pelfe.
Whoſe name and line, if any yet preſerue,
We wiſh they liue like honour to deſerue.
Whether thou ſeeke by martiall prowelle prayſe,
Or Pallas politcy high thy name to raiſe,
Or truſty ſeruice honour to attaine:
Haſtinges loyeleo. Tracke here his bloudy trayne.

FINIS. Maiſter D.

When I had read this, one ſayd the admonition geuen in the hiſtory was profitable for the auoyding of the vices conteyned in ỳ ſayde hiſtorie, and for the imitating of the vertues in the ſame mentioned and commended. Then ſayd the reader: The next here whome I fynde miſerable, are king Edwardes two ſonnes, cruelly murdred in the Tower of London: Haue you their tragedy? No ſurely (ſaide I) The Lord Vaulx vndertoke to penne it, but what hee hath done therein I am not certayne, & therfore I let it paſſe, til I knowe further.

I haue heare the Duke of Buckingham, kinge Richards chiefe inſtrument, written by maiſter Thomas Sackuile. Reade it we praye you, ſayde they: with a good wil (quoth I) But firſt you ſhal heare his preface or induction. Hath hee made a preface (ſaide one) what meaneth he therby, ſeing none other hath vſed the like order? I wil tel you the cauſe thereof (ſaide I) which is this: After that hee vnderſtoode that ſome of the counſail would not ſuffer the booke to be printed in ſuche order as we had agreed and determined, he purpoſed to haue gotten at my hands, all the tragedies that were before the Duke of Buckinghams, which he would haue preſerued in one volume. And from ỳ time backwarde euen to the time of William the Conquerour, hee determined to continue and perfecte all the ſtorye

himselfe, in such order as Lydgate (following Bocchas) had already vsed. And therefore to make a meete Induction into the matter, hee deuised this posie: which in my iudgement is so well penned, that I woulde not haue anye Verse thereof, left out of our volume. Nowe that you knowe the cause and meaning of his doing, you shall heare also what hee hath done His Induction beginneth thus.

THE INDVCTION,

THe wrathful winter proching on apace,
With blustring blastes had al ybard the trees,
And old Saturnus with his frostie face,
With chilling cold had pearst the tender greene:
The mantles rent, wherein enwrapped beene
The gladsome groues that now lay ouerthrowne,
The tapets torne and euery tree downe blowne.

The soyle that earst so seemely was to seene
Was al despoyled of her beauties hewe:
And soote fresh flowers (wherewith the Somers queene
Had clad the earth) now Boreas blastes downe blewe.
And smal foules flocking in their songes did rue
The winters wrath, wherewith eche thing defast
In wofal wise bewayld the Somer past.

Haw-

Hawthorne had lost his motley liuerye,
The naked twigs were shiuering all for cold:
And dropping downe the teares abundauntly,
Ech thing (me thought) with weeping eye me told
The cruel season, bidding me withhold
My selfe within for I was gotten out
Into the fieldes whereas I walkt about.

When lo the night with mistie mantles spred
Gan darke the day, and dim the azure skies,
And Venus in her message Hermes sped
To bloudy Mars, to wil him not to rise,
While she her selfe approacht in speedy wise:
And Virgo hyding her disdainful brest
With Thetis now had layd her downe to rest.

Whiles Scorpio dreading Sagittarius dart,
Whose bow prest bent in fight, the string had slipt,
Downe slyd into the Occean flud apart,
The Beare that in the Irish seas had dipt
His grieslye feete, with speede from thence he whipt:
For Thetis hasting from the Virgins bed.
Pursued the Beare, that ere she came was fled.

And Phaëton now nere reaching to his race
With glistring beames, gold streaming where they bent,
Was prest to enter in his resting place.
Erithius that in the cart first went
Had euen nowe attaind his iourneis stent.
And fast declining hid awaye his head,
While Titan coucht him in his purple bed.

And

And pale Cinthea with her borowed light
Beginning to ſupplie her brothers place,
Was paſt the Moone ſteede ſixe degrees in ſight
When ſparkling ſtarres amid the heauens face
With twinckling light ſhone on the earth apace,
That while they brought about the nights chare,
The darke had dimde the day ere I was ware.

And ſorrowing I to ſee the Sommer flowers,
The liuely greene, the luſty leaſe forlorne,
The ſtarope trees ſo chattred with the ſhowers,
The fieldes ſo fade that flouriſht ſo beforne,
It caught me wel al earthly thinges be borne
To dye the death, for nought long time may laſt,
The Sommers beautie yeldes to winters blaſt.

Then looking vpward to the heauens leames
With nights ſtars thicke powdred euery where,
Which earſt ſo gliſtred with the golden ſtreames
That chearful Phœbus ſpred downe from his Sphere,
Beholding darke oppreſſing day ſo neare:
The ſodaine light reduced to my minde,
The ſundrie chaunges that in earth we finde.

That muſing on this worldly wealth in thought,
Which comes and goes more faſter then we ſee
The flickring flame that with the fyre is wrought,
My buſie minde preſented vnto mee
Such fal of Peeres as in the realme had be:
That oft I wiſht ſome would their woes deſcriue,
To warne the reſt whom Fortune left aliue.

And

And ſtrait foorth ſtalking with redoubled pace
For that I ſaw the night drew on ſo faſt,
In blacke al clad there fel before my face
A piteous wight, whom wo had al forewaſt,
Forth on her eyes the chriſtal teares foorth braſt,
And ſighing ſore her handes ſhe wrong and fold,
Tare al her hayre, that ruth was to behold.

Her body ſmal forewithred and forelent,
As is the ſtalke that Sommers drought oppreſt,
Her wealked face with woful teares beſprent,
Her colour pale, (as it ſeemed her beſt)
In woe and plaint repoſed was her reſt.
And as the ſtone that drops of water weares,
So dented were her cheekes with fall of teares.

Her eyes ſwollen with flowing ſtreames a flote,
Where with her lookes throwne vp ful piteouſlye,
Her forceleſſe handes together oft ſhe ſmote,
With doleful ſhrikes, that eckoed in the ſkie:
Whoſe plaint ſuch ſighes did ſtrait accompanie,
That in my doome was neuer man did ſe
A wight but halfe ſo wo begone as ſhee.

I ſtoode agaſt beholding all her plight,
Twene dread and dolour ſo diſtreinde in hart,
That while my heares vpſtarted with the ſight,
The teares out ſtreamde for ſorow of her ſmart:
But when I ſaw no ende that could appart
The deadly dewle, which ſhe ſo ſore did make,
With doleful voyce then thus to her I ſpake.

Unwrap

Unwrap thy woes what euer wight thou bee
And stint in time to spil thy selfe with plaint,
Tel what thou art, and whence: for wel I see
Thou canst not dure with sorow thus attaint.
And with that word of sorow al forfaint
She loooked vp, and prostrate as she lay
With piteous sound to thus she gan to say.

Alas, I wretch whom thus thou seest distreined
With wasting woes, that neuer shal aslake,
Sorrow I am, in endlesse tormentes payned,
Among the furies in the infernal lake:
Where Pluto God of Hel so griesly blacke
Doth hold his throne, and Lætheus deadly tast
Doth rieue remembraunce of euery thing forepast.

Whence come I am, the dyery destenie
And luckelesse lot for to bemoane al those
Whom Fortune in this mazie of miserie
Of wretched chaunce most wofull myrrours chose
That thou seest how lightly they did lose
Their pompe, their power, and that they thought most sure,
Thou maiest sone deeme no earthly ioy may dure.

Whose rufal voice no sooner had outbrayed
Those woful words, wherewith she sorowed so,
But out alas she shrikt and neuer stayed,
Fel downe, and all to dasht her selfe for wo.
The cold pale dread my lims gan ouer goe,
And I so sorowed at her sorowes eft,
That what with griefe and feare my wits were reft.

I stretcht

I stretche my selfe, and straitmy hart reuiues,
That dread and dolour erst did so appale,
Like him that with the feruent fever strives
When sickenesse seekes his castle health to skale:
With gathred spirites so forst I feare to avale.
And rearing her with anguish al foredone,
My spirites returnde, and then I thus begone.

O Sorow alas sith sorow is thy name.
And that to thee this dreere doth wel pertaine.
In vayne it were to seeke to cease the same:
But as a man himselfe with sorow slaine,
So I alas do comfort thee in payne,
That here in sorow art forsoncke so deepe
That at thy sight I can but sighe and weepe.

I had no sooner spoken of a like
But that the storme so rumbled in her breast,
As Eolus could neuer roare the like,
And showers downe rayned from her eyes so fast.
That al bedreint the place, til at the last
Well eased they the dolour of her minde.
As rage of rayne doth swage the stormie winde.

Forforth she paced in her feareful tale:
Come, come, (quoth shee) and see what I shall showe,
Come beare the playning and the bitter bale
Of worthy men, by Fortune ouerthrow.
Come thou and see them rewing al in rowe.
They were but shades that earst in mynde thou rolv.
Come, come with me, thyne eyes shal them behold.

What could these wordes but make me more agast?
To heare her tel whereon I musde while ere,
So was I mazde therewith: til at the last,
Musing vpon her wordes, and what they were,
Al sodenlye wel iessened was my feare:
For to my minde retourned how she teld
Both what she was, and where her won she held.

Whereby I knew that shes a Goddesse was,
And therewithal resorted to my minde
My thought, that late presented me the glas
Of brittle state, of cares that here we finde,
Of thousand woes, to seely men assinde:
And how she now bid me come and behold e
To see with eye that earst in thought I solde.

Flat downe I fel, and with al reuerence
Adored her, perceiuing now that shee
A Goddesse sent by godlye prouidence,
In earthly shape thus shewd her selfe to me,
To waile and rue this worlds certaintye:
And while I honoured thus her Godheads might,
With playning voyce these wordes to me she thight

I shal the guide first to the griesly lake,
And thence vnto the blissful place of rest.
Where thou shalt see and heare ꝑ plaint they make.
That whilom here bare swinge among the best.
This shalt thou see, but greate is the vnrest
That thou must byde before thou canst attaine
Vnto the ioyeful place where these remaine.

And with

And with these wordes as I vprapsed stode,
And gan to solow her, that straight forth passe.
Ere I was ware, into a desert woode
We now were come: where hand in hand embrasse,
She led the way, and through the thicke so trasse.
As but I had bene guided by her might,
It was no way for any mortal wight.

But loe, while thus amid the desert darke,
We passed on with steps and pace vnmete:
A rumbling roare confusde with howle and barke
Of Dogs, shoke al the ground vnder our feete,
And stroke the din within our eares so diepe,
As halfe distraught vnto the ground I fel,
Besought returne, and not to visite Hel.

But she forthwith vplifting me a pace
Remoued my dread, and with a stedfast mynde
Bid me come on, for here now was the place,
The place where we our trauaile end should finde.
Wherewith I rose, and to the place assinde
Assoinde I stalke, when straight we approached nere
The dreadful place, that you wil dread to here.

An hydeous hole al hasse, withouten shape,
Of endelesse depth, orewhelmde with ragged stone,
With ougly mouth, and grieslye iawes doth gape,
And to our sight confounds it selfe in one.
Here entred wee, and yeding forth, anone
An horrible lothly lake we might discerne
As blacke as pitch, that cleped is Auern:

A dead-

A deadly gulfe where nought but rubbiſh grows,
With fowle blacke ſwelth in thickned lumps ẏ lies,
Which vp in thayre ſuch ſtinking vapors throwes
That ouer there, may flie no foule but dyes,
Choakt with the peſtlent ſauours that ariſe.
Hyther we come, whence foorth we ſtil did pace,
In dreadful feare amid the dreadful place.

And firſt within the porch and iawes of Hel
Sate diepe Remorſe of conſcience, al beſprent
With teares: And to her ſelfe oft would ſhe tell
Her wretchednesse, and curſing neuer ſtent
To ſob and ſighe: but euer thus lament,
With thoughtful care, as ſhe that al in vayne
Would weare and waſt continually in paine.

Ier eyes vnſtedfaſt rolling here and there,
Whurld on ech place, as place ẏ vengeance brought,
So was her minde continually in feare,
Toſſed and tormented with tedious thought
Of thoſe deteſted crimes which ſhe had wrought:
With dreadful cheare and lookes throwne to ẏ ſkie
Wiſhing for death, and yet ſhe could not dye.

Next ſaw we Dread al trembling how ſhe ſhooke,
With foote vncertaine profered here and there,
Benumbd of ſpeach, and with a gaſtly looke
Searcht euery place al pale and dead for feare,
His cap borne vp with ſtaring of his heare,
Stoynd and amazde at his owne ſhade for dread,
And fearing greater daungers then was neede.

And

And next within the entry of this lake
Sate fell Reuenge gnashinge her teeth for ire,
Deuisinge meanes how shee may vengeaunce take,
Neuer in rest till she haue her desire:
But frets within so farforth with the fier
Of wreakinge flames, that now determines she,
To dye by death, or vengde by death to bee.

When fell Reuenge with bloudy foule pretence
Had showd her selfe as next in order set,
With tremblinge Limmes wee softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight wee met:
When fro my hart a sigh forthwith I fet
Rewing alas vpon the wofull plight
Of Misery, that next appeard in sight.

His face was leaue, and somedeale pyned away,
And eke his hands consumed to the bone,
But what his body was I cannot say,
For on his Carkas rayment had he none
Saue Clouts, and Patches pieced one by one.
With staffe in hand, and Scrip on shoulder cast,
His chiefe defence against the Winters blast.

His foode for most, was wild fruictes of the Tree,
Vnlesse sometime some Crūmes fel to his share:
Which in his Wallet longe God wot kept hee,
As on the which full daintely wonld fare
His drincke the running streame: his Cup, the bare
Of his Palme clos'de, his Bed, the hard cold ground.
To this Poore life was Misery ybound.

Whose wretched state when wee had well beheld
With tender ruth on him, and on his feres,
In thoughtfull cares, forth then our pace wee held.
And by and by, another shape apperes
Of greedy care, still byrhinge vp the byres,
His Knuckles knobbe, his Flesh deepe dented in,
With tawed hands, and hard ytanned Skin.

The morrow gray no sooner hath begon
To spreade his light euen peepinge in our eyes,
When he is vp, and to his worke yrun,
But let the nights blacke mistye Mantles rise,
And with soule darke neuer so much disguise
The Fayre bright day, yet craftely he no while,
But hath his candels to prolonge his toyle.

By him lay heauy sleepe the Cosin of death
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very Corps, saue yealdinge forth a breath.
Small kepe take he whom Fortune frowned on
Or whom she lifted vp into the Trone
Of high renowne, but as a lyuinge death,
So dead alyue, of life bee drew the breath.

The bodies rest, the quiet of the heart,
The trauayles ease, the still nights feare was hee,
And of our life in earth the better part,
Reuer of sight, and yet in whom wee see
Things oft that tyde, and oft that neuer bee.
Without respect esteeminge equally
Kinge Cresus pompe, and Irus Pouerty.

And next

And next in order sad Olde age wee founde
His Beard all hoare, his eyes hollow, and blind.
With droupinge cheare still poringe on the ground,
As on the place where nature him assind
To rest, when that the sisters had vntwind
His vitall thred, and ended with their Knife
The fleetinge course of fast declyninge lyfe.

There heard wee him with broke, and hollow playnt
Rewe with himselfe his ende approchinge fast,
And all for nought his wretched minde torment.
With sweete remembraunce of his pleasures past,
And freshe delightes of lusty youth forewaste.
Recountinge which, how would hee sob and shrike:
And to be ponge agayne of loue beseeke.

But and the cruell fates so fixed bee
That time forepast cannot retourne agayne,
This one requeste of loue yet prayed hee:
That in such withred plight, and wretched payne,
As elde (accompanied with his lothsome traine)
Had brought on him, all were it woe, and griefe.
Hee might a while yet linger forth his liefe.

And not so soone descend into the pit:
Where death, when hee the mortall corps hath slayne,
With ruthlesse hand in graue doth couer it,
Thereafter neuer to enioy agayne
The gladsome light, but in the ground plaine,
In depth of darknesse wast, and weare to nought,
As he had neuer into the world biu brought.

But who had seene him sobbinge, how he stoode
Unto himselfe, and how he would beemone
His youth forepast, as thought it wrought him good
To talke of youth, all were his youth foregone,
He would haue mused, and maruayled much whereon
This wretched age should life desire so fayne,
And knowes full well life doth but lengthe his payne.

Crokebackt hee was, toothshaken, and blere Eyed,
Went on three feete, and somtime crept on foure,
With olde lame Bones, that ratled by his syde,
His scalpe all pild, and he with eld forlore:
His withred fist still knockinge at deathes doore,
Fumblinge, and driuelinge as hee drawes his breath,
For briefe the shape, and Messenger of death.

And fast by him pale malady was plaste,
Sore sicke in Bed, her colour all foregone,
Bereft of Stomacke, Sauour, and of Taste,
Ne could she Brooke no meate but Broths alone,
Her Breath corrupt, her Keepers euery one
Abhorringe her, her Sicknesse past recure,
Detestinge Phisicke, and all Phisicks Cure.

But oh the dolefull sight that than wee see,
Wee tourn'de our look, and on the other side
A griesly shape of Famine mought wee see,
With greedy lookes, and gapinge mouth that cryed,
And roared for meate, as she should there haue dyed,
Her body thinne, and bare as any Bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that

And that alas was gnawen on euery where,
All full of Holes, that I ne mought refraine
From teares to see how shee her armes could teare
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vayne:
When all for nought shee vayne would so sustayne
Her starued Corps, that rather seemde a shade,
Then any substaunce of a creature made.

Great was her force whom Stonewall could not stay,
Her tearinge nayles snatchinge at all shee sawe:
With gapinge Jawes that by ne meanes ymay
Bee satisfyed from hunger of her Mawe,
But eates herselfe as shee that hath no Lawe:
Gnawinge alas her Carkas all in vayne,
Where you may count eth Sinow, Bone, and Vaine.

On her while wee thus firmely fixt our Eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a dyery sight,
Loe! sodainly shee shright in so huge wise,
As made Hell gates to shiver with the might.
Wherewith a Dart wee sawe how it did light.
Right on her brest, and therewithall pale death
Enthrillinge it to reue her of her breath.

And by and by a dumme dead Corps wee sawe,
Heavy and cold, the shape of death a right,
That dsuntes all earthly creatures to his lawe:
Agaynst whose force in vayne it is to fight
Ne Peeres, ne Princes, nor no Mortall Wight,
No Townes, ne Realmes, Cities, ne strongest Tower,
But all perforce must yelde vnto his Power.

His dart anon out of his corps he toke,
And in his hand (a dreadful ſight to ſee)
With great triumphe eftſones the ſame he ſhoke,
That moſt of al my feares affrayed mee:
His body dight with nought but Bones perdye
The naked ſhape of man there ſawe I plaine,
All ſaue the Fleſh, the Sinow, and the Vayne.

Laſtly ſtoode Warre in glitteringe armes pclad.
Vpon Vpſage grim, Sterne lookes, and Blackly hewed
In his right Hand a naked Sword hee had,
That to the Hilts was all with bloud embrued:
And in his left (that Kinge, and Kingdomes rewed)
Famine, and Fyer hee held, and therewithall
Hee razed Townes, and threw downe Towers, and all.

Cities hee Sackt, and Realmes that whilome flowred,
In Honour, Glory, and rule aboue the beſt,
Hee ouerwhelm'de, and all their Fame deuoured,
Conſum'de, deſtroy'de, waſted, and neuer ceaſt,
Till hee their wealth, their name and all oppreſt.
His Face forehewed with Woundes, and by his ſyde,
There hunge his Targe with gaſhes deepe, and wide.

In mids of which, depaynted there wee founde
Deadly debate, all full of fraky feare,
That with a bloudy fillet was ybounde,
Out breathinge nought but diſcord euery where.
And round about were portrayde here and there
The hugy Hoaſtes, Darius and his power,
His Kinges, Princes, his Peeres, and and all his flower.

Whom

Whom great Macedo banquiſht there in fight,
With deepe ſlaughter, deſpoylinge all his pride,
Pearſt through his Realmes, and daunted all his might.
Duke Hannibal beheld I there beſide,
In Cannas fielde, victor how hee did ride,
And wofull Romaynes that in vayne withſtoode
And Conſull Paulvs couered all in bloode.

Yet ſawe I more the fight at Traſimene.
And Treberie fielde, and eke whan Hanniball
And worthy Scipio laſt in arms were ſeene
Before Carthago gate, to try for all
The Worlds Empyre, to whom it ſhould befall.
There ſaw I Pompey, and Cæſar clad in Arms,
Their hoalls allyed, and all their ciuill harms.

With Conquerers handes forbathde in their owne bloud,
And Cæſar weepinge ouer Pompeis head.
Yet ſaw I Scilla, and Marius where they ſtoode,
Their great cruelty, and the deepe bloudſhed
Of freendes: Cyrus I ſawe, and his hoaſt dead,
And how the Queene with great deſpight hath ſlonge
His head in bloude of them hee ouercome.

Xerxes the Percian Kinge yet ſawe I there
With his huge hoaſt that dranke the Riuers dry,
Diſmounted Hilles, and made the Vales ryſe,
His hoaſt, and all yet ſawe I ſlayne perdye.
Thebes I ſawe all razde how it did lye
In heapes of Stones, and Tyrus put to Spoyle,
With Walles, and Towers flat Euened with the Soyle.

But Troy alas (me thought) aboue the all,
It made myne eyes in very teares consume:
When I behelde the woefull werd befall,
That by the wrathfull will of God was come:
And Ioues inmoued sentence and foredoome
On Priam King, and on his towne so bent.
I could not lin, but I must there lament.

And that the more sith destenye was so sterne
As force perforce, there might no force auayle,
But thee must fall: and by her fall wee learne,
That Cities, Towers, Wealth, World, and all shall quayle.
No Manhoode, Might, nor nothinge mought preuayle,
All were there Preest, full many a Prince, and Peere
And many a Knight that lolde his death full deere.

Nor worthy Hector worthiest of them all,
Her Hope, her Ioy, his Force is now for naught.
O Troy, Troy, there is no boote but bale,
The hugy Horse within thy Walles is brought:
Thy Turrets fall, thy Knights that whilome fought
In Armes amid the Field, are slayne in Bed,
Thy Gods defilde, and all thy honour dead.

The flames vprising, and cruelly they creepe
From Wale to Roofe, till all to Cinders waste,
Some fire the Houses where the Wretches sleepe,
Some rush in heere, some run in there as fast.
In euery where, or Sworde, or Fyre they caste.
The Walles are towne, the Towers whurld to the ground,
There is no mischiefe, but may there bee found.

Cassandra

Cassandra yet there sawe I how they haled
From Pallas House, with sparcled tresse vndone,
Her Wrists fast bound, and with Greeks Rout empaled:
And Priam eke in vayne how hee did ronne
To Arms, whom Pyrrhus with dispight hath done
To cruell Death, and Bath'de him in the Vayne
Of his Sonnes blood before the Aulter slayne.

But how can I describe the dolefull sight,
That in the shield so liuely fayre did shyne?
Sith in this world I thinke was neuer wight
Could haue set forth the halfe, not halfe so fine.
I can no more but tel how there is seene
Faire Ilium fall, in burninge red gledes downe,
And from the sople great Troy Neptunus Towne.

Here from when scarce I could my eyes withdrawe
That filde with teares as doth the springinge Well,
Wee passed on so farre forth till wee sawe
Rude Acheron, a lothsome Lake to tell
That Boyles and Bubs vp swelth as blacke as Hell.
Where grisly Charon at their fixed tyde
Still ferries Ghosts vnto the farder side.

The aged God no sooner Sorrow spied,
But hasting strait vnto the banke apace
With hollow call vnto the Rout hee cried,
To swarue apart and geue the Goddesse place,
Strait it was done, when to the shoare we pace,
Where hand in hand as we than linked fast,
Within the Boote wee are together plaste.

And

And forth wee launch, full fraughted to the Brincke,
Whan with the vnwonted waight, the ruſty Keele
Began to cracke as if the ſame ſhould ſinke.
Wee hoyſe vp Maſt and Sayle, that in a while
Wee fet the ſhore, were ſcarcely wee had while
For to arriue, but that wee hearde anone
A three ſound barke confounded all in one.

Wee had not longe forth paſt, but that wee ſawe,
Blacke Cerberus the hideous Hound of Hell,
With Briſtles reard, and with a three mouthed Jawe,
Foredinninge the Ayre with his horrible yelle.
Out of the deepe darke Caue where hee did dwell,
The Goddeſſe ſtraite hee knewe, and by and by
Hee peaſt, and couched, whils that wee paſſed by.

Thence come wee to the horrour, and the Hell,
The large great Kingdomes, and the dreadfull raygne
Of Pluto in his Trone where hee did dwell,
The wide waſte places, and the hugy Playne:
The Waylinges, ſhrikes, and ſundry ſortes of payne,
The Sighes, the Sobs, the deepe, and deadly groane,
Earth, Ayre, and all reſoundinge playnt, and moane.

Here pewed the Babes, and heere the Maydes Unwed
With folded hands their ſory chaunce bewayl'd,
Here wept the guiltleſſe ſlayne, and Louers dead,
That ſlew themſelues when nothinge els auayl'd,
A thouſand ſortes of Sorrowes here that wayl'd
With Sighes, and Teares, Sobs, Shrikes, and all yfere,
That (oh alas) it was a Hell to heare.

Wee

Wee ſtoyed vs ſtrait, and wyth a rufull feare,
Behelde this heauy ſight, while from mine eyes,
The vapoyed teares downe ſtilled here, and there.
And Sorrow eke infarre more wofull wiſe.
Tooke on with plaint, vpbeatinge to the Skies
Her wretched hands, that with her cry the Rout
Gan all in heapes to ſwarme vs rounde about.

Loe! here (quoth Sorrowe) Princes of Renowne,
That whilom late on top of Fortunes wheele
Nowe lapde full low, like wretches whurled downe,
Euen with one frowne that ſtayed but with a ſmile,
And nowe beholde the thinge that thou erewhile,
Saw only in thought, and what thou now ſhalt heare
Recompt the ſame to Kezar, Kinge, and Peere.

Then firſt came Henry Duke of Buckingham,
His Cloake of blacke, al pilde, and quite forworne,
Wringinge his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a Duke hath made him now her ſcorne,
With gaſtly lookes as one in maner lorne,
Oft ſpred his Armes, ſtretcht hands hee ioynes as faſt,
Wyth rufull cheare, and vapoyed eyes vpcaſt.

His Cloake hee rent, his manly breaſt hee beat,
His heare all Torne about the place it lay,
My heart ſo molte to ſee his greefe ſo great,
As feelingly mee thought it dropt away:
His eyes they whurlde about withouten ſtaye,
Which ſtormy Sighes the place did ſo complayne,
As if his heart at ech had burſt in twayne.

Thyſe

Thyſe hee began to tell his dolefull Tale,
And thyſe the Sighes did ſwallow vp his Voyce,
At ech of which hee ſhyked ſo withall
As though the Heauens riued with the noyſe:
Till at the laſt recoueringe his Voyce,
Suppinge the teares that all his breſt berayde
On cruell Fortune weepinge thus hee prayde.

FINIS.

The Complaynt of Henry Duke of Buckingham.

WHo truſts to mutch to honours higheſt throne
And warely watch not ſlye Dame Fortunes ſnare:
Or who in court will beare the ſwinge alone,
And wiſely weigh not how to wield the care,
Beholde hee mee, and by my death beware:
Whom flatteringe Fortune falſely ſo begil'de
That lo! ſhee ſlewe, where erſt full ſmoth ſhee ſmyl'de.

And Backuile ſith in purpoſe now thou haſt
The wofull fall of Princes to deſcriue,
Whom Fortune both vpliſt and eke downe caſt,
To ſhewe thereby the vnſuerty in this life,
Marke well my fall, which I ſhall ſhew beliue.
And paint it forth that all Eſtates may knowe:
Haue they the warninge, and bemine the woe,

For

For Noble bloud made mee both Prince, and Peere
Yea Pearles too, had season purchast place,
And God with gifts endowed mee largely heare.
But what auayles his giftes where fayles his grace?
My Mothers sire Sponge of a Kingly Race
And cald was Edmond Duke of Somerset,
Bereft of lyfe ere time by nature set.

Whose faythfull heart to Henry first so wrought
That neuer hee him in weale, or woe forsooke,
Till lastly hee at Tewkesbury field was cought
Where with an Axe his violent death hee tooke:
Hee neuer could Kinge Edwards party brooke,
Till by his death hee voucht that Quarrell good,
In which his Sire, and Graundsire spilt their bloud.

And such was erst my Fathers cruell chaunce,
Of Stafford Earle by name that Humfrey hight
Who euer prest did Henryes part Auaunce,
And neuer ceast till at Saynct Albones fight
Hee lost his lyfe, as than did many a Knight:
Where eke my Graundsire, Duke of Buckingham
Was wounded sore, and hardly scapt vntane.

But what may boote to stay the Sisters three?
When Atropos perforce will cut the Threed:
The dolefull day was come when you might see
Northampton Field, with Armed men Orespred,
Where Fate would algates haue my Graundsire dead:
So rushinge forth amids the fiercest fight,
Hee liued, and died there in his Maisters right.

An place

In place of whom as it befell my lot,
Like on a stage, so stept I in straite way,
Entoynge there but wofully God wot,
As hee that had a slender part to play:
To teach thereby, in earth no state may stay,
But as our partes abridge or lengthe our age
So passe wee all while others fill the stage.

For of my selfe the drery fate to plaine,
I was sometime a Prince withouten peere,
When Edward fift began his rufull rayne,
Ay mee, than I began that hatefull yeare,
To compasse that which I haue bought so deare:
I bare the swinge, and that wretched wight,
The Duke of Glocester that Richard hight.

For when the fates had reft that Royall Prince
Edward the fourth, chiefe mirrour of that name,
The Duke, and I fast toynes euer since,
In kyndfull loue, our secret drifte to frame:
What hee thought best, to mee so seem'de the same,
My selfe not bent so much for to aspire,
As to fulfill that greedy Dukes desire.

Whose restlesse minde sore thirstinge after rule,
When that hee sawe his nephewes both to bene
Through tender yeares as yet vnfit to rule,
And rather ruled by their Mothers Kin,
There sought hee first his mischiefe to begin,
To plucke from them their Mothers frends allinde,
For well he wist they would withstand his myndе.

To follow

To follow which hee ran so headlonge swift,
Wyth eigre thirst of his desired draught,
To seeke their deaths that sought to dash his drift,
Of whom the chiefe the Queenes allies he thought,
That bent thereto with mounts of mischiefe fraught
Hee knew their liues would be so soze his let,
That in their deaths his onely help hee set.

And I most cursed caitiffe that I was,
Seeinge the state vnstedfast howe it stoode,
His chiefe complice to dzinge the same to passe,
Unhappy wzetch consented to their blood:
Yea Kinges, and Peeres that swim in wozldly good,
In seekinge bloud the ende aduert you playne,
And see if bloud ey aske not bloud agayne.

Consider Cyrus in pour cruell thought,
A makelesse Pzince in riches, and in might,
And weigh in minde the bloudy decdes hee wzought,
In sheadinge which hee set his whole delight:
But see the guerdon lotted to this wight,
Hee whose huge power no man might ouerthzowe,
Tomyris Queene with great dispite hath slowe.

His head dismembzed from his mangled coyps,
Her selfe shee cast into a vessell fraught
Wyth clottred bloud of them that felt her soze.
And with these wozds a iust reward she taught:
Dzinke now thy fill of thy desired dzaught.
Lo! Marke the fine that did this Pzince befall:
Marke not this one, but marke the ende of all.

Beholde

Beholde Cambiſes, and his Fatall day,
Where murders miſchiefe mirrour like is left:
While hee his Brother Mergus caſt to ſlay,
A dreadfull thinge his wits were him bereft.
A Sword hee caught where with hee pearced eft
His body gored, which he of lyfe benooms:
So iuſt is God in all his dredfull dooms.

O bloudy Brutus rightly diddſt thou rewe,
And thou Caſſius iuſtly came thy fall,
That with the Sword where with thou Cæſar ſlewe
Murdreſt thy ſelfe, and reft thy life withall.
A mirrour let them be vnto you all
That murderers be of murder to your meede:
For murder crieth out Vengeaunce on your ſeede.

Loe! Beſſus he that arm'de with murderers Knife,
And traytours heart againſt his royal King,
With bloudy hands bereft his maiſters Lyfe,
Advert the fine his foule offence did bring:
And lo (thinge murder as moſt lothly thing
Beholde in him the iuſt deſerued fall,
That euer hath, and ſhall betide them all.

What booted him his falſe vſurped raygne?
Whereto by murder he did ſo aſcend?
When like a wretch led in an yron chayne
Hee was preſented by his chiefeſt frend
Vnto the Foes of him whom he had ſlayne:
That euen they ſhould venge ſo fowle a gilt,
That rather ſought to haue his bloud ſpilt:

Take

Take hede ye Princes, and ye prelates al
Of this outrage, which though it sleepe a while
And not disclosue, as it doth seeld be fal,
Yet God that suffereth silence to beguile
Such giltes, wherewith both earth and ayre ye file,
At last discries them to your foule deface,
You see thexamples set before your face.

And diepely graue within your stony hartes,
The drery dewle that mighty Macedo,
With teares vnfolded wrapt in deadly smartes,
When he the Death of Clitus sorowed so,
Whom earst he murdered with the deadly blow
Raught in his rage vpon his frend so deare,
For which behold lo how his pangues appeare,

The launced speare he writhes out of the wound,
From which the purple bloud spins in his face:
His heynous gilt when he returned found,
He throwes himselfe vpon the corps alas.
And in his armes how oft doth he embrace
His murdred frend: and kissing him in vayne,
Forth flowe the fluds of salt repentaunt rayne.

His frendes amazde at such a murder done,
In feareful flockes begin to shrinke away.
And he thereat with heapes of griefe fordone.
Hateth him selfe, wishing his later daye.
Now he likewise perceiued in like staye,
As is the wilde beast in the desert bred.
Both dreading others and himselfe adred.

Hee calles for death, and loathinge lenger life,
Bent to his Bane, refuseth kindely Foode:
And plung'de in depth of death, and dolours strife,
Had quelde him selfe, had not his freendes withstoode.
Loe! he that thus hath shed the guiltlesse bloud,
Though hee were Kinge, and Kezar ouer all
Yet chose he death to guerdon death withall.

This Prince whose Peere was neuer vnder sunne
Whose glitteringe Fame the Earth dio ouerglyde.
Which with his power welnigh the Worlo had won.
His bloudy handes himselfe could not abyde,
But fully bent with famine to haue died:
The worthy Prince deemed in his regarde,
That death for death could be but iust rewarde:

Yet wee that were so drowned in the depth
Of deepe desire to drinke the guiltlesse bloud,
Like to the Wolfe, with greedy lookes that lepth
Into the Snare, to feede on deadly Foode,
So wee delighted in the State wee stoode,
Blinded so farre in all our blinded Trayne
That blinde wee sawe not our destruction playne.

Wee sparde none whose life could ought forlet
Our wicked purpose to his passe to come.
Fower worthy Kingftes wee Headed at Pomfret
Guiltlesse (God wote) withouten lawe or dome.
My heart euen bleedes to tell you all and some,
And how Lord Hastings when hee feared least,
Dispiteously was murdred, and oppreft.

These

Theſe rocks vpraught, that threatned moſt our wracke
Wee ſeem'de to ſayle mutch ſurer in the Streame:
And fortune facinge as ſhee were at becke
Lay'de in our lap the rule of all the Realme.
The Nephewes ſtratt depoſ'de were by the Came.
And wee adnaunſt to that wee bought full deere,
Yee Crowned Kinge, and I his chiefeſt Peere.

Thus haninge wonne our longe deſired Pray,
To make him Kinge that bee might make mee chiefe,
Downe thrawe wee ſtratt his ſely Nephewes tway,
From Princes Pompe, to wofull Priſoners lyfe:
In hope that nowe ſtint was all furder ſtrife.
Sith hee was Kinge, and I chiefe ſtroke did beare.
Who loved but wee, yet who more cauſe to feare?

The guiltleſſe bloud which wee vniuſtly ſhed,
The Ropall Babes deueſted from their Trons,
And wee like Traytours raigninge in their ſted,
Theſe heaup Burdens paſſed vs vpon,
Tormentinge vs ſo by our ſelues alone,
Mutch like the Felon that purſued by night,
Starts at ech Buſh, as his Foe were in ſight.

Nowe doubtinge State, now dreadinge loſſe of lyfe,
In feare of wracke at euery blaſt of Winde,
Now ſtart in Dreames through dread of murderers knyfe,
As though euen then reuengement were aſſinde.
With reſtleſſe thought ſo is the guilty minde
Turmoyled, and neuer feeleth eaſe, or ſtay,
But liues in feare of that which followes aye.

Well gaue that Iudge his dome vpon the death
Of Titus Glelius that in Bed was slayne:
When euery wight the cruell murder leyth
To his two Sonnes that in his Chamber layne,
That Iudge that by the proofe perceiueth playne,
That they were founde fast sleepinge in their Bed,
Hath deem'de them guiltlesse of this bloud yshed.

He thought it could not be, that they which brake
The lawes of God and man in suche outrage
Could so forthwith themselues to sleepe betake:
He rather thought the horrour, and the rage
Of suche an hainous gilt, could neuer swage.
Nor neuer suffer them to sleepe, or rest,
Or vexables breath one breath out of their brest.

So gnawes the greife of conscience euermore
And in the heart it is so deepely graue,
That they may neyther sleepe nor rest therefore,
Me thinke one thought, but on the dread they haue.
Still to the death forrolled with the waue
Of restlesse woe, in terrour, and dispeire.
They leade a life continually in feare.

Lyke to the Deare that striken with the Dart,
With drawes himselfe into some secrete place,
And feelinge greene the wounde about his hart,
Startlesse with pangs till hee fall on the grasse,
And in great feare lies gaspinge there a space,
Forth drapinge Sighes as though ech pange had brought
The present death which hee doth dread so oft:

So wee

So wee depe wounded with the bloody thought,
And gnawing worme that grieued our conscience so,
Neuer tooke ease, but as our hart ourbrought
The stayned sighes in witnesse of our woe,
Such restlesse cares our fault did wel beknowe
Wherewith of our deserued fal the feares
In euery place rang death within our eares.

And as il grayne is neuer wel ykept,
So fared it by vs within a while:
That which so long with such vnrest we reapt,
In dread and danger by al wit and wyle,
Loe see the fyne, when once it felt the wheele
Of slipper fortune, stay it mought no stowne,
The wheele whurls by, but strait it whurleth down.

For hauing rule and ritches in our hand,
Who durst gainsay the thing that we auerde?
Will was wisedome, our lust for lawe did stand,
In sort so straunge that who was not afeard
When de the sound but of king Richard heard?
So hateful wayt the bearing of his name
That you may deeme the residue of the same.

But what auailo the terrour and the feare,
Wherewith he kept his leges vnder awe?
Ie rather wan him hatred euery where.
And fayned faces forst by feare of lawe:
That but while Fortune doth with fauour blawe
Flatter through feare: for in their harte lurkes aye
A secrete hate that hopeth for a daye.

Recoyded Dionysius the Kynge,
That with his Rigour so his Realme oppress,
As that he thought by cruel feare to bringe
His Subiects vnder, as him liked best:
But loe: the dread wherewith himselfe was stress,
And you shall see the fine of forced feare,
Most myrrour like in this proude Prince appeare.

All were his Head with Crowne of Golde ypyzad,
And in his Hand the Royall Scepter set:
And hee with Princely Purple richly clad,
Yet was his heart with wretched cares ozefret:
And inwardly with deadly feare defet,
Of those whom hee by Rigour kept in awe,
And sore oppress with might of Tyzaunts Lawe.

Agaynst whose feare, no heapes of Golde, and glie,
No strength of garo, noz all his hired power,
Ne proude high Towers that pearced to the Skie,
His cruell heart of safety could assure:
But dreadinge them whom hee should deeme most sure,
Himselfe his Beard with burninge Brand would feare,
Of death deseruede so vexed him the feare.

This might suffise to represent the fine
Of Tyzaunts force, their feares, and their vnrest,
But heare this one, although my heart repine
To let the sound once sincke within my brest:
Of fell Pherews, that aboue the rest,
Such lothsome cruelty on his people wrought,
As (oh alas) I tremble with the thought.

Some

Some hee encased in the Coates of Bears,
Amonge Wilde beasts deuoured so to bee:
And some for Pray vnto the Hunters Speares,
Like Sauage Beasts withouten ruth to dye.
Sometime to encrease his horrible cruelty,
The quicke with face to face engraued hee,
Ech others death that ech mought liuinge see

Loe! what more cruell horrour mought bee found,
To purchase feare, if feare could stay his raygne?
It booted not, it rather strake the wounde
Of feare in him to feare the like agayne.
And so he did full oft, and not in vayne:
And in his life his cares could witnesse well
But most of all his wretched ende doth tell.

His owne deare Wyfe whom as his life hee loued,
Hee durst not trust, nor proch vnto her Bed,
But causinge first his Slaue with naked Sworde
To go before, himselfe with tremblinge dread
Strayt followeth fast, and whurlinge in his head
His rollinge eyen, hee searcheth heere, and there
The deepe daunger that hee so sore did feare.

For not in vayne it ran still in his Breast,
Same wretched hap should hale him to his ende.
And therefore alway by his pillow prest
Had hee a Sword, and with that Sword hee wende,
In vayne (God wote) all perils to defende.
For loe! his Wife foreyrked of his Raygne,
Sleepinge in Bed this cruell Wretch hath Slayne.

What should I more now seeke to say in this
Or one iote farder linger forth my Tale?
With cruell Nero, or with Phalaris,
Caligula, Domitian, and all
The cruell Rout? or of their wretched fall?
I can no more, but in my name auerr
All earthly powers beware of Tyrants heart.

And as our State endured but a throw,
So best in vs the Map of such a State
May best appeare to hange on ouer throw,
And better teach Tyrants deserued hate
Than any Tyrants death to fore, or late.
So cruell seem'de this Richard third to mee,
That loe! my selfe now loath'de his cruelte.

For when alas, I sawe the Tyraunt Kinge
Content not onely from his Nephues twayne
To riue Worlds blisse, but also al Worlds beinge,
Saunce earthly guilt peaulinge both beslyne,
My hart agriek'de that such a wretch should raygne,
Whose bloudy brest so saluaged out of kinde,
That Phalaris had neuer so bloudy a minde.

Ne could I brooke him once within my breast,
But with the thought my Teeth would gnashe wal:
For though I earst were his by sworne behest,
Yet when I sawe mischiefe on mischiefe fall,
So deepe in bloud to murther Prince, and all
Ay then thought I, alas, and weale away,
And to my selfe thus mourninge would I say.

If nep-

If neyther Loue, Kinred, ne knot of Blonde,
His owne alleageaunce to his Prince of due,
Nor yet the State of trust wherein hee stoode,
The Worlds defame, nor nought could forme him true
Those guiltlesse Babes, could they not make him rue?
Nor could their youth, nor innocence withall
Moue him from reuinge them their lile, and all?

Alas it could not moue him any iote,
Ne make him once, to rue or wet his eye,
Stird him no more, than that that stirreth not:
But as the rocke or stone that wil not plye,
So was his hart made hard with crueltye,
To murther them, alas I weepe in thought,
To thincke on that which this fell wreth, hath wrought.

That now when he had done the thing he sought,
And as he would, complisht and compast all,
And sawe and knewe the treason he had wrought
To God and man, to flay his Prince and all,
Then seemde he first to doubt and dread vs all,
And me in chief, whose death all meanes he might
He sought to worke by malice and by might.

Such heapes of harmes vpharbard in his brest
With enuious hart my honour to deface.
And knowing he that I which woted best
His wretched drifts, and all his wretched case,
If euer sprang within me sparke of grace,
Must needes abhorre him and his hateful race:
Now more and more can cast me out of grace.

Which

Which sodaine chaunge when I by secret chaunce
Had wel perceiued by proofe of enuious frowne,
And saw the lot that ofred me to aduaunce
Him to a king that sought to cast me downe,
To late it was to linger any stownde:
Sith present choise lay cast before myne eye,
To worke his death, or I my selfe to dye.

And as the knight in field among his foes,
Beset with swordes, must slaye or there be slayne:
So I alas layd in a thousand woes,
Beholding death on euery syde so playne,
I rather chose by some slye secret traine
To worke his death, and I to liue therebye,
Than he to liue and I of force to dye.

With brauy choise so hastned me to choose,
That I in part agrieued at his disdaine,
In part to wreake the doleful death of those
Two tender Babes, his seely Nephues twayne,
By him alas commaunded to be slayne,
With painted cheare humblye before his face,
Straight toke my leaue & rode to Brecknocke place

And there as close and couert as I might,
My purposed practise to his passe to bring,
In secret drifte I lingered day and night:
At how I might depose this cruel king,
That seemde to all so much a desperate thing,
As there to trustinge I empaisde the same:
But too much trusting brought me to my bane.

For

For while I now had Fortune at my becke
Mistrusting I no earthly thing at all,
Unwares alas least looking for a checke,
She mated me in tourning of a ball:
When least I feared, the nearest was my fall.
And when whole hostes were prest to strop my foen,
She chaunge her cheare, and left me post alone.

I had prayside a mighty band of men,
And marched forth in order of arrap,
Leading my power amid the forest Dene,
Against the tyraunt banner to displaye:
But lo my Souldiers cowardly shranke awaye.
For such is Fortune when she list to frowne,
Who seemes most sure, him soonest whurls she down

O let no Prince put trust in commontie,
Nor hope in faith of giddie peoples minde,
But let al noble men take heede by mee,
That by the proofe to wel the payne do fynde:
Lo, where is truth or trust: or what could binde
The payne people, but they will swerue and swaye,
As chaunce byinges chaunge, to byue & draw y way.

Rome thou that once advaunced by so hye,
Thy stay, patron, and flower of excellence,
Hast now throwne him to depth of misserie,
Exiled him that was thy whole defence.
Ne compteste it not an horrible offence,
To reaven him of honour and of fame,
That wan it thee when thou hadst lost the same.

Behold

Behold Camillus, he that earst reuiued
The state of Rome, that dying he did fynde,
Of his owne state is now alas depriued,
Banisht by them whom he did thus defynde:
That cruel folke vnthankeful and vnkinde,
Declared wel their false inconstancie,
And fortune eke her mutabilitie.

And thou Scipio, a mirrour maiest thou be
To al nobles, that they learne not to late,
How they once trust the vnstable commontie.
That thou recouredst the forne dismembred state,
Euen when the conqueror was at the gate,
Art now exilde, as though thou not deserued
To rest in her, whom thou hadst so preserued.

Ingrateful Rome hast shewed thy cruelte,
Na him, by whom thou liuest yet in fame.
But not thy deede, nor his desert shal dye,
But his owne wordes shal witnesse aye the same:
For lo his graue doth thee most iustlye blame.
And with disdayne in Marble sayes to thee:
Unkinde countrey my bones shalt thou not see.

What more vnworthye than this his exile?
Wone iust than this the woful plaint he wrote?
Or who could shew a playner proofe the while,
Of most false faith, than they thus forgot
His great desertes? that so deserued not?
His cinders yet loe, doth he them denye,
That him denied amongst them for to dye.

Milciades

Melciades, O happy hadſt thou bee,
And well rewarded of thy Country men,
If in the Field when thou hadſt foyſt to flye
By thy prowesse, three hundred thousand men,
Content they had bin to Exile thee then:
And not to call thee into Prison so,
Laden with Gyues to ende thy life in woe.

Alas how hard, and Steely hearts had they
That not contented there to haue thee dye,
Wyth fettred Gyues in Prison where thou lay,
Increaſt so farre in hatefull Cruelty,
That burial to thy Corps, they thee deny:
Ne will they graunt the same, till thy Sonne haue
Put on thy Gyues, to purchase thee a Graue.

Loe! Hannibal as longe as fixed fate,
And brittle Fortune had ordayned so,
Who euermore auaunst his Countrey state
Then thou that liuedst for her, and for no moe?
But when the stormy Waues began to growe,
Without respect of thy deserts ere while,
Art by thy Countrey thrown into Exile.

Unkendly Fortune shall I thee now blame?
Or shall I fault the fates that so ordayne?
Or art thou loue the causer of the same?
Or cruelty her selfe doth thee constrayne?
Or on whom els alas shall I complayne?
O trustlesse world I can accuſen none,
But fickle fayth of Commonty alone.

The Poli-

The Polipus nor the Chamelion straunge,
That tourne themselues to euery hue they se
Are not so ful of vayne and fickle chaunge
As is this false vnstedfast commontie.
Loe I alas with mine aduersitie
Haue tried it true, for they are fled and gone
And of an hoast, there is not left me one.

That I alas in this calamitie
Alone was left, and to my selfe mought plaine
This treason, and this wretched cowardye,
And eke with teares bewepen and complaine
My hateful hap, still looking to be slaine.
Wandring in woe, and to the Gods on hye
Cleaping for vengeaunce of this treachery.

And as the Turtle that hath lost her mate,
Whom griping sorow doth so sore attaint,
With doleful voyce and sound that she doth make
Mourning her losse filles al the groue with plaint,
So I alas forsaken and forfaint,
With restlesse foote the wood rome vp and downe,
Which of my dole al shiuering doth resownd.

And being thus alone and al forsake,
Amid the thick forewandred in despaire,
As one dismaid ne wist what way to take,
Until at last gan to my minde repayre,
A man of mine called Humfrey Banastaier:
Wherewith me feeling much recomforted,
In hope of succour to his house I fled.

Who

Who beeing one whom erſt I had vp brought
Euen from his youth, and loued and liked beſt,
To gentry ſtate aduaunting him from nought,
And had in ſecret truſt aboue the reſt.
Of ſpecial truſt now beeing thus diſtreſt
Ful ſecretely to him I me conueyed
Not doubting there but I ſhould fynde ſome ayde.

But out alas on cruel trecherie,
When that this captife once an inkling hard,
How that King Richard had proclaimde that hee
Which me deſcried ſhould haue for his reward
A thouſand poundes and farther be preferde,
His truth ſo turnde to treaſon, al diſdainde
That fayth quite fled, and I by truſt was trainde.

For bythis wretch I beeing ſtrait betraied,
To one Iohn Mitton ſhryffe of Shropſhire then,
Al ſodenlye was taken and couayed
To Saliſburie, with rout of harneſt men,
Unto King Richard there encamped then:
Fait by the cittie with a mighty hoaſt
Withouten dome where head and life I loſt:

And with theſe wordes as if the axe euen there
Diſmembred had his head and corps apart,
Dead fel he downe and wee in woful feare
Stoode mazed when he would to life reuert:
But deadly griefe ſtil grew about his hart,
That ſtil he cry, ſomtime reuiued with payne,
And with a ſighe becomming dead againe.

Mydnight

Midnight was come, when euery vital thing
With sweete sound sleepe their weary lims did rest,
The beastes were stil, the little birdes that sing.
Now sweetely slept besides their mothers brest:
The old and al were shrouded in their nest.
The waters calme, the cruel seas did cease,
The woods, the fieldes, & al thinges held their peace

The golden stars were whirld amid their race,
And on the earth did laugh with twinckling light,
When ech thing nestled in his resting place,
Forgat dayes payne with pleasure of the night:
The hare had not the greedy houndes in sight,
The fearful Deare of death stoode not in doubt,
The Partridge drept not of the Falcons foote.

The ouglye Beare now minded not the stake,
Nor how the cruel mastines do him teare,
The stag lay stil vnroused from the brake,
The fompe bore fearde not the hunters speate:
Al thing was stil in desert hush and breare.
With quiet hart now from their trauayles rest.
Soundly they slept in midst of al their rest.

When Buckingham amid this plaint opprest,
With surging sorowes and with pinching paines
In sort thus sowned, and with a sigh he ceast,
To tellen forth the trecherie and traines,
Of Banastar, which him so sore distreines.
That from a sighe he falles into a sound,
And from a sound lyeth raging on the ground.

So twy-

So twitching were the panges that he assaied,
And he so sore with ruful rage distraught.
To thinke vpon the wretch that him betraied
Whom earst he made a Gentleman of nought
That more and more agreened was his thought,
He stormes out sighes, and with redoubled sore,
Stroke with the furies rageth more and more.

Who so hath seene the Bull chased with dartes,
And with deepe wounds sore galde and gored so.
Til he oppressed with the deadly smartes,
Fal in a rage and runne vpon his foe,
Let him I say behold the raging woe
Of Buckingham that in these gripes of griefe
Rageth gainst him that hath betraied his life.

With bloud red eyen he stareth here and there,
Frothing at mouth, with face as pale as clout:
When loe my limbs were trembling all for feare,
And I amazde stoode stil in dreadn ad doubt.
While I mought see him throwe his armes about:
And gainst the ground himselfe plundge so such force
As if the life forthwith should leaue the corps.

With smoake of sighes some time I might beholde
The place al dimde, like to the morning mist:
And straite againe the teares how they downe rolde
Alongste his cheekes, as if the riuers hist:
Whose flowinge streames ne were no sooner whist,
But to the starres such dreadful shoutes he sent,
As if the trone of mighty Ioue should rent,

And I the while with ſpites welny bereft,
Beheld the plight and pangues that did him ſtraine.
And how the bloud his deadly colour left,
And ſtraight returne with flaming red againe:
When ſodenlye amid his raging payne,
He gaue a ſighe and with that ſighe he ſaied,
Oh Panaſtar, and ſtraight againe he ſtaied.

Dead laye his corps as dead as any ſtone,
Til ſwelling ſighes ſtorming within his breſt
Vpraiſde his head, that downeward fel anone,
With lookes vpcaſt, and ſighes that neuer ceaſt:
Forth ſtreamde the teares recordes of his vnreſt,
When he with ſhrikes thus groueling on the grounde
Vbraied theſe wordes with ſhril and doleful ſounde.

Heauen and earth and ye eternal lampes
That in the heauens wrapt, wil vs to reſt,
Thou bright Phœbe, that cleareſt the nighes damps
Witneſſe the plaintes that in theſe panges oppreſt
I woful wretch vnlade out of my breaſt.
And let me peelde my laſt wordes ere I part,
Pou, pou, I call to record of my ſmart.

And thou Alecto feede mee with thy foode
Let fal thy ſerpentes from thy ſnakie hayre,
For ſuch reliefe wel ſittes mee in this moode,
To feede my plaint with horror and with feare,
While rage afreſh thy venomde worme areare.
And thou Sibilla when thou ſeeſt me faint,
Addreſſe thy ſelfe the guide of my complaint.

And

And thou O Ioue, that with thy diepe lordome
Doeſt rule the earth, and raigne aboue the ſkies,
That wreakeſt wronges, & geueſt the dreadful dome
Againſt the wretch that doth thy name diſpiſe,
Receiue theſe wordes and wreake them in ſuch wiſe,
As heauen and earth may witneſſe and beholde,
Thy heapes of wrath vpon this wretch vnfolde.

Thou Banaſter gainſt thee I clepe and call
Unto the Gods, that they iuſt vengeaunce take
On thee, thy bloud, thy ſtapned ſtocke and all:
O Ioue to thee aboue the reſt I make
My humble plaint, graue me that what I ſpeake,
May be thy wyl vpon thys wretch to fall,
On thee Banaſtar, wretch of wretches all.

O would to God the cruel diſmal day,
That gaue me light fyrſt to beholde thy face,
With fowle Eclipſe had reft my ſight away:
The vnhappie houre, the time, and eke the day:
The Sunne and Moone, the ſterres, and al that was
In their aſpectes helping in ought to thee,
The earth and ayre, and all accurſed bee.

And thou caytife, that like a monſter ſwarued,
From kinde and kindeneſſe, haſt they maiſter ſworne,
Whom neither truth, nor truſt wherein thou ſerued,
Ne his deſertes, could moue, nor thy fayth ſworne,
How ſhall I curſe, but wiſh that thou vnborne
Had bene, or that the earth had rent in twayne,
And ſwallowed thee in Cradle as thou layne.

To this did I euen from thy tender youth
With saue to bring the vp, did I therefore
Beleeue the oath of thy vndoubted troth?
Aduaunce thee vp, and trust thee euermore?
By trusting thee that I should dye therefore?
O wretch, and worse than wretch, what shal I say?
But cleape and curse gainst thee and thine for aye.

Hated be thou, disdainde of euery wight,
And pointed at where euer that thou goe.
A traiterous wretch, vnworthy of the light,
Be thou esteemed: and to encrease thy woe,
The sound be hateful of thy name also:
And in this sort with shame and sharpe reproach,
Leade thou thy life til greater griefe approach.

Dole and dispayre, let those be thy delight,
With rapped in woes that cannot be vnfolde,
To waple the day, and weepe the weary night,
With raynieeien and sighes cannot be told,
And let no wight thy woe seeke to withhold:
But count thee worthy (wretch) of sorowes store,
That suffring much, oughtest stil to suffer more.

Deserue thou death, yea be thou deemde to dye
A shameful death, to end thy shameful life:
A sight louged for, ioyful to euery eye,
With hen thou shalt be arraigned as a thiefe,
Standing at Barre and pleading for thy life,
With trembling tongue in dread and dolours rage,
Lade with white lockes, and fourscore yeares of age.

Yet

Yet shal not death deliuer thee so sone
Out of thy woes, so happye shalt thou not bee:
But to the eternal Joue this is my boone,
That thou maiest liue thine eldest sonne to see,
Reft of his wyts, and in a fowle Bores Stye
To end his dayes in rage and death distrest,
A worthy tombe where one of thine should rest.

Yet after this, yet pray I more thou may
Thy second sonne see drowned in a dyke,
And in such sort to cloase his later daye,
As hearde or seene erst hath not beene the like:
Ystrangled in a puddle not halfe so diepe
As halfe a foote, that such hard losse of lyfe,
So cruelly chaunst, may be the greater griefe.

And not yet shal thy huge sorowes ceasse,
Joue shall not so withhold his wrath fro thee,
But that thy plagues may more and more encrease,
Thou shalt stil liue that thou thy selfe shalt see
Thy deare daughter stroken with leprosye:
That shee that earst was al thy whole delight,
That now maist loathe to haue her come in sight.

And after that let shame and sorowes grief
Feede foorth thy yeares continuallye in woe,
That thou maist liue in death, and dye in life,
And in this sort forewaild and weried so,
At length thy ghost to part thy body fro:
This pray I Joue, and with this later breath,
Vengeaunce I aske vpon my cruel death.

This sayd he flong his reeples armes abroade,
And groueling flat vpon the ground he lay.
Which with his teeth he al to gnasht and gnawde:
Deepe groanes he fet, as he that would away.
But loe in vayne he did the death assaye:
Although I thinke was neuer man that knew,
Such deadly paynes, where death did not ensue.

So stroue he thus awhile as with the death,
Now pale as lead and cold as any stone.
Now stil as calme, now stormyng forth a breath.
Of smoakie sighes, as breath and al were gone:
But euery thing hath end: so he anone
Came to himselfe when with a sigh outbrayed,
With woful cheare, these woful wordes he sayd.

Ah, where am I, what thing, or whence is this?
Who reft my wits? or how do I thus lye?
My limbs do quake, my thought agasted is,
Why sigh I so? or wherevnto do I
Thus grawle on the ground? and vp and vp
Vpraised he stoode, and with a sighe hath staide,
When to himselfe returned thus he sayde.

Suffiseth now this plaint and this regreete,
Wherof my hart his bottome hath vnfraught:
And of my death let Peeres and princes weete
The cause vntrust, that they therevpon be taught.
And in her wealth, sith that such chaunge is wrought,
Hope not too much, but in the midst of al
Thinke on my death, and what may them befall.

So

So long as Fortune would permit the same,
I liued in rule and riches with the best:
And past my time in honour and in fame.
That of Mishap no feare was in my breast:
But false Fortune when I suspected least,
Did tourne the wheele, and with a doleful fall
Hath me bereft of honour life and all.

Loe what auayles in ryches flouds that flowes?
Though he so simple as al the world were his?
Euen kinges and Kesars biden Fortunes throwes,
And simple sort must beare it as it is.
Take heede by me that blithde in baleful blisse:
My rule, my ryches, royal blood and al,
When Fortune frouned, the feller made my fall.

For hard mishaps that happens vnto such,
Whose wretched state erst neuer fell no chaunge,
Agrieue them not in any part so much,
As their distresse to whom it is so straunge,
That al their liues nay passed pleasures raunge:
Their sodein woe that aye wield wealth at will,
Algates their hartes more pearcinglye must thrill.

For of my byrth, my bloud was of the best,
First borne an Earle, then Duke by due discent:
To swing the sway in Court among the rest,
Dame Fortune me her rule most largely lent:
And kinde courage so my corps had blent,
That loe on whom but me did she most smyle?
And whom but me loe, did she most beguile?

Now hast thou hard the whole of my mishap
My chaunce, my chaunge, the cause of al my care:
In wealth and woe, how fortune old me wrap,
With world at wil to winne me to her snare,
Bid kinges, bid Kesars, bid al states be ware,
And tel them this from mee that tryed it true.
Who reckelesse rules, right soone may hap to rue.

FINIS. T. S.

HOw like you this my maisters (quoth I) very wel sayd one: the tragedy excelleth: ꝑ inuention also of the Induction, and ꝑ descriptions, are notable. But whereas he fayneth to talke with the Princes in Hel, that I am sure wyl be misliked, because it is most certaine, that some of their soules be in heauen. And although he herein, do folow allowed Poets, in their description of hel, yet it sauoreth so much of Purgatorie, whiche the Papistes haue digged thereout, that the ignoraunt may thereby bee deceiued. Not a whit I warrant you sayd one: for hee meaneth not by his hel ꝑ place either of damned soules, or of suche as lye for their fees, but rather the graue, wherin ꝑ dead bodies of al sortes of people do rest til time of the resurrectiō. And in this sence is Hell taken often in the Scriptures, and in the writinges of learned Christians, as so wold haue it taken. Tush (quoth another) what stand we hereupon? it is a Poesy and no deuinitye.

and

and it is lawful for Poetes to fayne what they lyst so it be appertinent to the matter: And therfore let it passe euen in such sort as you haue read it. Quoth a good wil (quoth I) But whereas you say a Poet may fayne what he list: in deede me thinke it should be so, & ought to be wel taken of the hearers: But it hath not at all times bene so allowed: ye say troth quoth the Reader: For here followeth in the storye that after the death of this duke, one called Collingbourne, was cruelly put to death for making of a ryme. I haue his tragedie here (said I) For the better perceiuing whereof, you must imagin that you see him a meruelous wel fauoured man, holdinge in his hand his owne hart, newlie ripped out of his breast, & smoaking out the lyuely spirite: & with his hand, beckning too and fro, as it were to warne vs to auoyd: and with his faynt tongue, & voyce saying as couragiouslye as he may these wordes that follow.

How Collingbourn was cruelly executed, for making a foolish Ryme.

BEware, take heede, take heede, beware, beware
You Poetes you, that purpose to rehearse
By any arte what tyrannes doinges are,
Erinnis rage is growen so fel and fearce
That vicious actes may not be touche in verse,
The Muses freedome, graunted them of elde,
Is bard, lest reasons treasons hit, are holde.

Be rough

Be rough in ryme, and then they say you rayle,
As Iuuenal was, but that makes no matter:
With Ieremie you shalbe had to iayle,
Or forst with Martial, Cæsars faultes to flatter,
Clarkes must be taught to clawe and not to clatter:
Free Hellicon, and francke Parnassus hylls,
Are hellye haunts, and rancke pernicious ills.

Touch couertlye in termes, and then you taunt
Though praysed Poetes, alway did the like,
Controll vs not, els traytour vile auaunt,
What passe we what the learned do mislike?
Our sinnes we see, wherein to swarme we seeke.
We passe not what the people say or thinke,
Their shittle hate maketh none but cowardes shrinke.

We know (say they) the course of Fortunes wheele,
How constantly it whirleth still about,
Arrearing now, while elder headlong reele.
How al the ryders alway hang in doubt.
But what for that we count him but a loute
That sticks to mount, and basely like a beast
Liues temperately for feare of Blockham feast.

Ja deede we would of al bee deemed Gods
What euer we doe: and therfore partelye hate
Rude preachers that dare threaten vs plagues and rods,
And blase the blots whereby we staine our state:
But nought we passe what any such do prate.
Of course and office they must say their pleasure,
And wee of course must heare and mend at leysure.

But

But when these pelting Pottes in their rimes
Shal taunt, or iest, or paint our wicked workes,
And cause the people know and curse our crimes,
This ougly fault, no tyraunt liues but lykes.
Wherfore we loath such taunters worse than Turkes,
Whose meaning is to make vs know our misse,
And so to mend, but they but doate in this.

We know our faultes as wel as any other,
We also doubt the daungers for them due.
Yet stil we trust so right to guyde the rother,
That scape we shal the sourges that ensue.
We thinke we know mo shiftes than other knew.
In vaine therfore for vs are counsailes writ:
We know our faultes and wil not mend a whit.

These are the feates of the vnhappye sort,
That preace for honours, wealth, and pleasure vaine,
Ceasse therfore Baldwin, ceasse I thee exhort,
Withdraw thy pen, for nothing shalt thou gaine
Saue hate, with losse of paper, ynke and paine.
Few hate their faultes, al hate of them to heare
And fautles, from fault would seme most cleare.

Thy entent I know is honest, plaine, and good,
To warne the wise, to frap the fond fro ill:
But wicked worldlings are so witlesse wood.
That to the worst they all thinges construe stil.
With rigour oft they recompence good will:
They racke the wordes til time their sinowes burst,
In doubtful sences, straining stil the worst.

A painful

A painful proofe taught me the truth of this,
Through tyrauntes rage, and Fortunes cruel tourne:
They murdred me, for meetring thinges' amisse.
For wotst thou what? I am that Collingbourne
Which made the ryme, whereof I wel may mourne.
The Cat, the Rat, and Louel our Dog,
Do rule al England vnder a Hog,

Whereof the meaning was so plaine and true,
That euery foole perceiued it at furst:
Most liked it, for most that most thinges knewe,
In hugger mugger, muttred what they durst.
The tyraunt prince of most was held accurst,
Both for his owne and for his counsels faultes,
Of whom was three the naughtiest of al naughts.

Catesbye was one whome I called a Cat,
A craftie lawyer catching all he could.
The second Ratcliffe, whom I named a Rat,
A cruel beast to gnaw on whom he should.
Lord Louel barckt and byt whom Richard would,
Whom I therfore did rightly terme our Dog,
Wherewith to ryme, I cald the king a Hog.

Til he the crowne had caught he gaue the Bore,
In which estate would God he had deceased,
Then had the realme not ruined so sore.
His Nephues raigne should not so sone haue ceassed,
The noble blond had not bene so decreased.
His Rat his Cat, and Bloudhound had not noyed
Such liegemen true, as after they destroyed.

Their

Their lawleſſe actes, good ſubiectes did lament,
And ſo did I, and therfore made the rimes
To ſhow my wit how wel I could inuent,
To warne withal the careleſſe of their crimes,
I thought the freedome of the auncient times
Stoode ſtil in force. Ridentem dicere verum
Quis vetat? Nay nay, Veritas eſt peſſima rerum.

Belike no tyrauntes were in Horace dayes,
And therefore Poets freely blamed vice,
Witneſſe their Satyres sharpe, and tragicke plaies,
With chiefeſt Princes chiefly had in price.
They name no man they mixe their gall with ſpice,
No more doe I. I name no man outright,
But riddle wise, I meane them as I might.

When brute had brought this to their guiltie eares,
Whoſe right ſurnames were noted in the ryme,
They al conſpyred like moſt greedy beares,
To charge me straight with this moſt greuous crime:
And dampned me the Galow tree to clime,
And then strangled, in quarters to be cut,
Which ſhoud on high ouer London Gates be put.

This iudgement greuen ſo behement and ſo ſore
Made me exclaime againſt their tyrannye.
Wherewith enrenſt, to make my payne the more,
They practiſed a ſhameful dylanie:
They cut me downe alyue and cruelly,
Ript vp my paunch and bulke to make me ſmart,
And lingered long ere they tooke out my hart.

Here

Collingbourne.

Here tyraunt Richard plaied the eager Hog,
His grashing tuskes my tender grisles shore:
His bloudhound Louel playde the rauening Dog,
His wulfish teeth, my guiltelesse carkasse tore:
The Rat, and Cat, did what they might, and more,
The Cat for clawed my guts to make me smart,
The Rat Ratcliffe gnawed mee to the hart.

If Iewes had kild the iustest king alyue,
If Turkes had burnt vp Churches, Gods, and al,
What greater payne could cruel hartes contriue,
Than that I suffred, for this trespasse small?
I was no Prince nor Pier, but yet my tal
Is worthy to be thought vpon for this,
To see how rankard tyrantes mallice is.

To teach also al subiectes to take heede
They meddle not with magistrates affaires,
But pray to God to mend them if they neede:
To warne also al Poetes that be straers,
To keepe them close in compasse of their chayres,
And when they touch that they would wish amended,
To sause them so, that fewe neede be offended.

And so to wire their sharpe rebukes with mirth,
That they may pearce, not causing any paine,
Saue such as folowth euerye kindely birth,
Requited straight, with gladnesse of the gayne.
A Poet must be pleasaunt, not to plaine,
Faultes to control, ne yet to flatter vice
But sound and sweete, in al thinges ware and wise.

The Grekes do paint a Poetes office whole
In Pegasus, their fayned horse with winges,
Whom shaped so Medusaes bloud did foale,
Who with his feete strake out the Muses springes
Fro flintie rockes to Hellicon that clinges.
And then flew vp into the starrie skie,
And there abides among the Gods on hye.

For hee that shal a perfect Poet be,
Must first be bred out of Medusaes bloud:
He must be chast and vertuous as was shee,
Who to her power the Occean God withstoode,
To thend also his doome be iust and good,
He must (as shee) looke rightlye with one eye
Truth to regard and write nothing awrie,

In courage eke he must bee like a horse,
He may not feare to register the right.
What though some frowne, thereof he may not force,
No bit nor reine his tender iawes may twight.
He must be armde with strength of wit and spite,
To dash the rockes, darke causes and obscure,
Til he attaine the springes of truth most pure.

His hooves also must pliaunt be and strong,
To riue the rockes of lust and errors blinde,
In brainlesse heades, that alway wander wrong:
These must be hirle with reasons plaine and kinde,
Til springes of grace do gush out of the minde,
For til affections from the fond be driuen,
In vayne is truth told, or good counsel geuen.

Like

Collingbourne.

Like Pegasus a Poet must haue winges.
To flie to heauen or where him liketh best:
He must haue knowledge of eternal thinges,
Almighty Ioue must harbour in his breast,
With worldly cares he may not be oppress.
The winges of wit and skil must beaue him hier.
With great delight to satisfye desier.

He must also be lusty, free, and swift
To trauail far to view the traues of men.
Great knowledge often is gotten by the shift:
Thinges that impart he must be quicke to pen,
Reproouing vices sharpely now and then.
He must be swift when touched tyrauntes chafe,
To gallop thence to keepe his carkas safe.

If I had wel these qualities considered,
Especially that which I touched last,
With speedy flight my feete should haue deliuered
My feeble boope from a most hopstrous blast,
They should haue caught me ere I had bene cast,
But too much trust vnto a tyrauntes grace,
I neuer shronke, nor chaunged post or place.

I thought the Poets auncient liberties
For pleas had bene allowed at the barre,
I had forgot how new found tyrannies
With truth and freedome were at open warre,
That lust was lawe, that might did make and mar,
That among tyrauntes this is, and euer was
Sic volo, sic iubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas.

Vther:

Where luſt is lawe it booteth not to pleade,
No Priuiledge nor liberties auaple.
But with the learn'de whom Lawe and Wiſedome leade,
Although through raſhneſſe Poets hap to raple,
A plea of dotage may all Quarels quaple:
Their olde licence their Writinges to expounde,
Doth quit them clere from faults by Momus ſounde.

This freedome olde ought not to be debard
From any wight that ſpeaketh ought or writeth.
The authors meaninge ſhould of right bee herd,
Hee knoweth beſt to what ende hee enditeth:
Wordes ſometime beare more then the heart behiteth.
Admit therefore the authors expoſition,
If playne for truth: if forſt, for his ſubmiſſion.

In caſe of ſclaunder the lawes require no more
Saue to amende that ſeemed not well ſayde:
Or to vnſay the ſlaunders ſayd afore,
And aſke forgeueneſſe for the haſty brayde:
To Heretickes no greater payne is layde
Then to recant their errours or retract:
And worſe than theſe can bee no writers acte.

Yes (quoth the Cat) thy raylinge wordes bee treaſon,
And treaſon is farre worſe then Hereſy.
Then muſt it follow by this auckwarde reaſon,
That Kinges bee more than God in maieſty,
And ſoules be leſſe then bodies in degree.
For Heretikes both ſoules and God offend,
Traytours but ſeeke to bring mans life to end.

I speake not this to abase the haynous fault,
Of trayterous Acts abhorde by God, and man,
But to make playne their iudgement to bee naught
That Hereſie for leſſer ſinne do ban,
I curſe them both as deepe as any can,
And alway did: yet through my fooliſh rime,
They ſtayned mee with that moſt hatefull crime.

I neuer ment the Kinge, or counſayle harme,
Unleſſe to wiſhe them ſafety were offence,
Againſt their power I neuer lifted Arme,
Neyther Pen, nor Tongue for any ill Pretence.
The Rime I made, though Rude, was ſound in Sence,
For they therein whom I ſo fondly named,
So ruled all that they were fowle defamed.

This was no Treaſon but the very troth,
They ruled all, none could deny the ſame:
What was the cauſe then, why they were ſo wroth?
What? is it treaſon in a riminge frame
To clip, to ſtretch, to adde or chaunge a name?
And this reſerued, there is no rime nor reaſon.
That any craft can clout to ſteme a treaſon.

For where I ment the Kinge by name of Hog,
I onely alluded to his Badge the Bore:
To Louels name I added more our Dog,
Becauſe moſt Dogs haue borne that name of yore:
Theſe Metaphors I vſe with other more,
As Cat, and Rat, the halfe names of the reſt,
To hyde the Sence which they ſo wrongly wreſt.

I praye

I maye you nowe what treason finde you heere
Enough: you rubbed the guilty on the Gaule,
Both Sence, and names do note them very neere.
I graunt that was the chiefe cause of my faule,
Yet can you finde therein no treason at all:
There is no worde against the Prince, or State,
No harme to them whom all the Realme did hate.

But sith the guilty alwaies are suspicious,
And dread the ruine that must sue by reason,
They cannot chose but count their counsayle vicious
That note their faults, and therefore call it treason:
All grace, and goodnesse with the lewde is geason.
This is the cause why they good thinges do wrest
Where as the good take ill thinges to the best.

And therefore Baldwin boldly to the good
Rebuke their fault, so shalt thou purchase thankes
As for the bad, thou shalt but moue their moode,
Thoughe pleasauntly thou touch their naughty prankes:
Warne Poets all, no wise to passe the bankes
Of Hellicon, but keepe within the bound:
So shall their Freedome, vnto no harme redounde.

FINIS.

GOds blessinge on his heart that made this (sayd one) specially for reuiuinge our auncient Liberties. And I praye God it may take such place with the Magistrates, ꝑ they may ratify our olde freedome, Amen sayd another, for that shalbee a meane both to stay and vphold themselues from fallinge: and also to preserue many kinde true, zealous, & well meaninge mindes from slaughter, and infamy. If kinge Richard, and his Counsaylours had allowed, or at the least but wynked at some such wits, what great commodities might they haue take thereby. First, they should haue knowen what the people misliked, and grudged at, (which no one of their flatterers either wold or durst haue tolde them) and so mought haue found meane, either by amendement (which is best) or by some other pollicy to haue staied ꝑ peoples grudge: the forerunner commonly of Rulers destructions. Vox populi, vox dei, in this case is not so Famous a prouerbe as true: The experience of al times do approue it. They should also haue bin warned of their owne sinnes, which call continually for Gods vengeaunce, which neuer fayleth to fall one their neckes sodaynly and horribly, vnles it be staied with harty repentaunce. These weighty commodities mought they haue taken by Collingbornes vayne ryme. But as all things worke to the best in the that be good, so best things heape vp mischiefe in the wicked, & al

to haste

to haſte their vtter deſtruction. For after this poore wretches lamentable perſecution, (the common reward of beſt endeuours) ſtraite followed the fatal deſtruction both of this Tyrant, and of his tormentours. Which I wiſhe might bee ſo ſet foorth that they might be a warninge forever, to all in authority to beware how they vſurpe, or abuſe their offices. I haue heere (quoth I) Kinge Richards tragedy. Reade it wee praye you (quoth they) with a good will (quoth I) For better vnderſtandinge whereof, I imagine that you ſee him tormented with Diues in the deepe Pit of Hell, and thence howlinge thys which followeth.

HOW RICHARD PLANtagenet Duke of Gloceſter, murdered his Brothers Children vſurpinge the Crowne, and in the. iij. yeare of his Raygne, was moſt worthely depriued of life, & Kingdome in Boſworth Playne, by Henry Earle of Richmond, after called Kinge Henry the ſeuenth, the. 22. of Auguſt. 1485.

WHat heart ſo hard, but doth abhorre to heare
The rufull raygne of late the third Richard?
Kinge vnkindly called though I ſ Crowne did weare.
Who entred by rigour, but right did not regard,
By tyranny proceedinge in killinge Kinge Edward,
Firſt of that name, right heyre vnto the Crowne,
With Richard his Brother, Princes of Renowne,

Of trust they were committed vnto my Gouernaunce,
But trust turned to treason to truly it was tried,
Both agayust Nature, Duety, and Allegiaunce,
For through my procurement most shamefully they dyed
Desire of a Kingdome forgetteth all Kinred,
As after by discourse it shalbe shewed here,
Howe cruelly these Innocents in Prison murdred were.

The Lords, and Commons all with one assent,
Protectour made mee both of Land, and Kinge,
But I therewith alas was not content:
For mindinge mischiefe I ment another thinge,
Which to confusion in short time did mee bringe,
For I desirous to Rule, and Raigne alone,
Sought Crowne, and Kingdome, yet title had I none.

To all Peeres, and Princes, a President I may bee.
The like to beware how they do enterprise,
And learne their wretched falles by my Facte to foresee,
Which ruful stand bewaylinge my chaunce before their eyes,
As one cleane bereft of all felicities:
For right through might, I cruelly defaced,
But might, helped right, and mee agayne displaced.

Alas that euer Prince should thus his honour stayne
With the bloud of Innocents most shamefull to bee tolde
For therse two Noble Imps I caused to bee slayne,
Of yeares not full ripe as yet to rule, and raygne.
For which I was abhorred both of yongue, and olde,
So ut as the deede was Odious in Sight of God, and man,
So shame, and Destruction in the ende I wan.

Both

Both God, Nature, Duty, Allegiaunce all forgot,
This vile, and haynous Acte vnnaturally conspired:
Which horrible deede done, alas, alas, God wot
Such Terrours mee tormented, and so my Spyites tired,
As vnto such a murder, and shamefull deede required,
Such broyle daply felt I, breedinge in my brest,
Whereby more, and more, increased myne vnrest.

My Brothers Children were right Heyres to the Crowne
Whom Nature rather bound to defend than destroy,
But I not regardinge their Right, nor my Renowne
My whole care, and study to this ende did employ,
The Crowne to obtayne, and them both to put downe:
Wherein I God offended, prouokinge iust his ire,
For this my attempt, and most wicked desire.

To cursed Cain compare my carefull case,
Which did vniustly slay his Brother iust Abell,
And did not I in rage make run that rufull race
My Brother Duke of Clarence, whose death I shame to tell
For that so straunge it was, as it was horrible?
For sure bee drenched was, and yet no Water neare,
Which straunge is to bee tolde to all that shall it heare.

The But bee was not whereat I did shoote,
But yet bee stoode betweene the Marke, and mee,
For had bee liued, for mee it was no boote
To attempt the thinge that by no meanes could bee,
For I third was then of my Brethren three:
But yet I thought the Elder beinge gone,
Then needes must I beare the stroke alone.

Deſire of Rule made mee alas to rewe,
Wy fatall fall I could it not foreſee,
Puft vp in Pride, to Hauty then I grewe,
That none my Peere I thought now could bee.
Diſdayninge ſuch as were of high degree:
Thus dayly ryſinge, and pullinge other downe,
At laſt I ſhot how to win the Crowne.

And dayly deuiſinge which was the beſt way
And meane how I might my Nephues both deuour
I ſecretely then ſent without further delay
To Brackinbury then Lieutenaunt of the Tower,
Requeſtinge him by letters to helpe vnto his power,
For to accompliſhe this my deſyre, and will.
And that hee would ſecretly my Brothers Children kill.

Hee aunſwered playnely with a flat nay,
Sayinge that to dye hee would not do that deede:
But findinge then a proffer to my pray,
Well worth a freende (quoth I) yet in time of neede.
James Tyrrill highte his name, whom with all ſpeede,
I ſent agayne to Brackinbury, as you heard before,
Commaundinge him deliuer the Keyes of euery Doore.

The Keyes hee rendered but Partaker would not bee
Of that flagitious Fact. O happy man I ſay!
As you haue heard before, hee rather chose to dye
Then on thoſe ſeely Lambes his violent handes to lay.
His Conſcience him pricked, his Prince to betray:
O conſtant minde! that wouldeſt not conſiſtend
Thee may I prayſe, and my ſelfe diſcommend.

What

What though beee refuſed, yet bee ſure you may,
That other were as ready to take in hand that thinge,
Which watched, and wayted as duly for their Pray,
As euer dio the Cat for the Mouſe takinge,
And how they might their purpoſe beſt to paſſe bringe:
Where Tyrrell bee thought good to haue no bloud ſhed,
Becauſe them to kill by Smotheringe in their Bed.

The Wolues at hande were ready to deuour
The ſeely Lambes in Bed whereas they laye
Abidinge death, and lookinge for the Hower,
For well they wiſt, they could not ſcape away,
Ah woe is mee, that did them thus betray,
In aſſigninge this vile deede to bee done,
By Pyles Forreſt, and wicked Iohn Dighton.

Who priuely into their Chamber ſtale,
In ſecret wiſe somewhat before Midnight,
And gan the Bed together Tug, and hale,
Bewrappinge them alas in wofull plight,
Keepinge them downe, by force, by power, and might,
With Halinge, Tugginge, Turmoilinge, Turnde, & Toſt,
Till they of force were Forced perforce the Ghoſt.

Which when I heard, my hart I felt was raſed
Of grudge, of greefe, of inward deadly payne,
But with this deede the Nobles were diſpleaſed,
And ſayd: O God, ſhall ſuch a Tyraunt raygne,
That hath ſo cruelly his Brothers Children ſlayne?
Which Brute once blowen in the Peoples Eares,
Their colour was ſuch, that they braſt out in Teares.

But what thinge may ſuffiſe vnto the greedy man,
The more hee bathes in bloud, the bloudier hee is alway:
By proofe I do this ſpeake, which beſt declare it can,
Which onely was the cauſe of this Princes decaye.
The Wolfe was neuer greedier than I was of my Pray,
But who ſo vſeth murther full well affirme I dare,
With murther ſhall be quit, ere hee thereof beware.

And marke the ſequell of this begon miſchiefe
Which ſhortly after was cauſe of my decay,
For high, and lowe conceyued ſuch a griefe
And hate againſt mee, which ſought day by day,
All wayes, and meanes that poſſiblye they may,
On mee to bee reuenged for this ſinne,
For cruell murderinge vnnaturally my kinne.

Not onely kin, but Kinge the truth to ſaye
Whom vnkindly of Kingdome I bereft,
His life from him I alſo raught awaye,
With his Brothers, which to my charge was left.
Of ambicion behold the worke, and weft,
Prouokinge mee to do this haynous Treaſon,
And murther them againſt all right and reaſon.

After whoſe death thus wrought by violence,
The Lords not lykinge this vnnaturall deede,
Began on mee to haue greate diffidence,
Such hyunninge hate gan in their hearts to breede,
Which made me doubt, and ſore my daunger dreede:
Which doubt, and dreade proued not in vayne,
By that enſued alas vnto my payne.

For I

For I supposinge all thinges were as I wished,
When I had brought these seely Babes to bane,
But yet in that my purpose far I missed:
For as the Moone doth chaunge after the Wane,
So chaunged the hearts of such as I had tane
To bee most true, to Troubles did mee turne,
Such rage, and rancour in boylinge Breasts do burne.

And sodaynly a brute abroade was blowen,
That Buckingham the Duke both sterne, and stout,
In field was ready, with diuers to mee knowen,
To geue mee Battayle if I durst come out:
Which daunted mee, and put mee in great doubt,
For that I had no Army then prepared,
But after that I little for it cared.

But yet remembringe, that oft a little sparke
Suffered doth grow vnto a great flame,
I thought it wisedome wisely for to warke,
Musters then men in euery place I came.
And marchinge forward daply with the same,
Directly towardes the Towne of Salisbury,
Where I gat knowledge of the Dukes Army.

And as I passed ouer Salisbury downe,
The Rumour ran the Duke was fled, and gone,
His Hoast dispersed beside Shrewesbury Towne,
And hee dismayed was left there post alone,
Bewaylinge his chaunce, and makinge great moane:
Towards whom I hasted withall expedition,
Makinge due search, and diligent inquisition.

But at

But at the firſt I could not of him heare,
For hee was ſcaped by ſecret Bywaies,
Unto the Houſe of Humfrey Banaſtar,
Whom hee had much preferred in his Dayes,
And was good Lord to him in all aſſayes:
Which hee full euill requitted in the ende,
When hee was driuen to ſeeke a truſty freende.

For it ſo happened to his miſhap, alas,
When I no knowledge of the Duke could heare
A Proclamation by my Commaundement was
Publiſhed, and Cryed throughout euery Shyre,
That who ſo could tell where the Duke were,
A Thouſand marke ſhould haue for his payne,
What thinge ſo hard but Money can obtayne?

But were it for Money, Meede, or Dreede,
That Banaſtar thus Betrayed his Gheſt,
Diuers haue diuerſly demined of this deede,
Some deeme the worſt, and ſome Iudge the beſt,
The doubt not diſſolued, nor playnely expreſt,
But of the Dukes death hee doubtleſſe was cauſe,
Which ouer without Iudgement or order of Lawes.

Loe! this Noble Duke I brought thus vnto bane,
Whoſe doinges I doubted, and had in great dred,
At Banaſtars houſe I made him to bee taue,
And without Iudgement hee ſhortned by the head,
By the Shrike of Shropſhire to Saliſbury led.
In the Market place vpon the Scaffolde newe,
Where all the Beholders did much his death rewe.

And after

And after this done I brake vp the hoaste,
Greatly applauded with this beauy hap,
And forthwith I sent to euery Sea coaste
To fore see all mischieues, and stop euery gap,
Before they should chaunce, or light in my lap,
Geuinge them in charge to haue good regarde,
The Sea coast to keepe with good watch and warde,

Directinge my letters vnto euery Shriue,
With strait Commaundement vnder our name,
To suffer no man in their partes to arriue
Nor to passe forth out of the same,
As they tendered our fauour, and boyde would our blame,
Doinge therein their payne, and industry,
With dilligent care, and vigilant Eye.

And thus settinge thinges in order as you heare:
To preuent mischieues that might then betide,
I thought my selfe sure, and out of all feare,
And for other thinges began to prouide:
To Notingham Castle strait did I ride,
Where I was not very longe space,
Straunge tydinges came which did me fore amaze.

Reported it was, and that for certaynty,
Th'Earle of Richmonde landed was in Wales
At Milforde Haven with an huge Army,
Dismissinge his Nauy which were many Sayles:
Which at the first I thought fayning Tales.
But in the ende did otherwise proue,
Which not a little did me here, and moue.

Thus

Thus fawninge Fortune gan on mee to frowne,
And cast on mee her scornefull lowringe looke:
Then gan I feare the fall of my Renowne.
My heart it fainted, my Sinowes sore they shooke,
This heauy hap a scourge for sinne I tooke,
Yet did I not then vtterly dispayre,
Hopinge Stormes past the wherher should bee fayre.

And then with all speede possible I might,
I caused them muster throughout euery Shyre,
Determininge with the Earle spredely to fight,
Before that his power mutch encreased were,
By such as to him great fauour did beare:
Which were no smal number by true report made,
Daily repayringe him for to ayde.

Directinge my letters to diuers Noble men,
Which earnest requist their power to prepare,
To Nottingham Castle whereas I lay then.
To ayde and assist mee in this waighty affayre:
Where strayt to my presence did then repayre,
Iohn Duke of Norfolke, his Eldest Sonne also,
Wyth th'Earle of Northumberland, and many other mo.

And thus beinge furnisht with men, and munition,
Forward wee marched in order of Battayle ray,
Makinge by Scouts euery way inquisition,
In what place the Earle with his Campe lay:
Towards whom directly wee tooke then our way,
Euermore minding to seeke our most auayle,
In place conuenient to geue to him Battayle.

So longe wee laboured, at last our Armies met
On Bosworth playne besides Leycester towne,
Where sure I thought the Garland for to get,
And purchase peace, or else to lose my Crowne.
But fickle Fortune alas on me did frowne,
For when I was Encamped in the Fielde,
Where most I trusted, I soonest was beguilde.

The Brand of malice thus kindlinge in my brest
Of deadly hate which I to him did beare,
Pricked mee forwarde, and bad mee not desist,
But boldly fight, and take at all no feare,
To win the field, and the Earle to conquere:
Thus hopinge glory great to gayne, and get,
Mine Army then in order did I set.

Betyde mee life or death I desperately ran,
And joyned me in Battayle with this Earle so stoute,
But Fortune so him favoured that hee the Battayle wan
With force and great power I was beset about.
Which when I did behold, in mids of the whole route
With dent of Sword I call mee on him to be revenged,
Where in the midst of them my wretched life I ended.

My body was hurried, and Tugged like a Dog,
On horsebacke all naked, and bare as I was borne.
My head, hands, and feete, downe hanginge like a Hog,
Wyth Dirt, and bloud besprent, my Corps all to torne,
Cursinge the day that euer I was borne,
With greeuous wounds bee mangled most horrible to see,
So sore they did abhorre this my vile cruelty.

Loe! heere

Loe! heere you may behold the due, and iuſt reward
Of tyrannye, and treaſon which God doth moſt deteſt.
For if vnto my duety I had taken regarde,
I might haue liued ſtill in honour with the beſt,
And had I not attempt the thinge that I ought leſte.
But deſire to rule alas did mee ſo blinde,
Which cauſed mee to do againſt nature, and kinde.

Ah cruſed Captiue, why did I climbe ſo hye,
Which was the cauſe of this my balefull thrall.
For ſtill I thirſted for the Regall Dignity,
But haſty ryſinge threatneth ſodayne fall,
Content your ſelues with your Eſtates all,
And ſeeke not right by wronge to ſuppreſſe,
For God hath promiſt eche wronge to redreſſe.

See here the fine, and fall of mee,
And guerdon due for this my wretched deede,
Which to all Princes a mirrour now may bee
That ſhall this Tragicall Storye after reede,
Which chinge them all by mee to take heede,
And ſuffer right to rule as it is reaſon,
For time tryeth out both truth, and alſo treaſon.

FINIS. F. Seg.

When I had read this, wee had muche talke aboute it. For it was thought not behement enough for so violent a man as king Richard had bene. The matter was wel enough liked of some, but the meetre was misliked almost of all.

And when diuers therfore woulde not allow it, what (quoth one) You know not whereupon you sticke: els you would not so much mislike this beecause of the vncertayne meetre. The comelynesse called by the Rhetoricians Decorum, is specially to be obserued in al thinges. Seeing than that king Richard neuer kept measure in any of his doinges, seeing also he speaketh in Hel, wheras is no order: it were against the Decorum of his personage to vse eyther good meeter or order.

And therfore if his Oration were far worse, in my opinion it were more fytt for him. Mars and the Muses did neuer agree. Neither is to bee suffered that their mold sacred Arte should seeme to procede from so cruel and prophane a mouth as his: seinge they themselues do abhorre it.

And although we reade of Nero, that hee was excellent both in Musicke, & in versifyinge, yet do not I remember that euer I saw any song or Verse of his making: Minerua iustly prouiding that no monument should remaine of any such vniust vsurpation. And therfore let this passe euen as it is which

the writer I knowe both could and would amend in many places, saue for keepinge the Decorū whych hee purposely hath obserued heerein.

In deede (quoth I) as you say: It is not meete ỳ so disorderly, and vnnaturall a man as kynge Richard was, shoulde obserue any metrycall order in his talke: which notwithstandinge in many places of his Oration is very wel kept: it shal passe therefore euen as it is, though to good for so euill a person. Then they willed me to reade ỳ blacke Smith, with a good will (quoth I) but first you must Imagin that you see him standinge on a Ladder ouerthrowne wyth the Tybourne a meete Stage for all such Rebels, & Traytours: & there stoutly saying as followeth.

How

THE WILFVL FAL OF blacke Smith, and the fooliſhe ende of the Lord Awdeley in Iune. Anno. 1496.

* *
*

WHo is more bould than is the blinde Beard?
Where is more crakt than in the Clouted ſhoone?
Who catch more harme than ſutch as nothinge feard?
Where is more guile then where miſtruſt is none?
No playſters helpe before the greeſe bee knowen,
So ſeemes by mee who could no wiſedome leare,
Untill ſutch time I bought my wit to deare.

UWho beinge Boyſtrous, Stout, and bayneleſſe bolde,
Puſt vp with Pride, with fierce, and Furies freet,
Incenſt with Tales ſo rude and plainely tolde,
UWherein deceit with double knot was knit,
I trapped was as ſeely fiſhe in net,
UWho ſwift in ſwimminge, not doubtfull of deſceit,
Is caught in Ginne whererein is layde no bayt.

Sutch force, and vertue hath this dolefull playnte,
Set forth with Sighes, and teares of Crocodile,
UWho ſeemes in ſight as ſimple as a Sainct,
Hath layde a Baite the wareleſſe to beguile,
And as they weepe they worke deſceit the while
UWhoſe rufull cheare the Rulers ſo relent,
To worke in haſt that they at laſt repennt.

Take heede therefore yee Rulers of the Lande,
Bee blinde in ught, and stop your other Eare,
In sentence slow, till skill the truth haue scande,
In all your doomes both loue, and hate forbeare,
So shall your iudgement Iust, and right appeare:
It was a southfast sentence longe agoe,
That hasty men shall neuer lacke match woe.

Is it not truth? Baldwin, what sayest thou?
Say on thy minde, I pray thee muse no more.
Yee thincke thou starest and lokest I wot not howe,
As though thou neuer sawest a man before:
By like thou musest why I teach this lore,
Else what I am that heere so boldly dare,
Amonge the Peeres of Princes to compare.

Though I bee bolde, I pray thee blame not mee,
Like as men sowe, such Corne needes must the reape,
And nature hath so painted in each degree,
That Crabs like Crabs will kindly crall, and creepe:
The suttle Fore vnlike the seely sheepe:
It is accordinge to mine Education,
Frowarde to Peeres in Rout, and Congregation.

Behold my coate burnt with the Sparkes of Fyer,
My Leather Apron side with horse shoe Nayles,
Behold my Hammer, and my Pincers heere,
Beholde my lookes a marke that seldome fayles:
My Cheekes declare I was not fed with Quayles,
My Face, my Clothes, my Tooles with all my fashion,
Declare full well a Prince of rude Creation.

A Prince

A Prince I sayd, a Prince I say againe,
Though not by birth by craftie usurpacion,
Who doubts but some men princehood do obtaine,
By open force and wrongful domination,
Yet while they rule are had in reputacion:
Euen so by me, the while I wrought my feate,
I was a prince at least in my conceit.

I dare the bolder take on me the name,
Because of him whom here I leaue in hand,
Tychet Lord Awdley a Lord of byrth and fame,
Which with his power and strength serude in my band,
I was a Prince while that I was so mand:
His Penticle still vnderneath my shielde,
Displayed was from Wells, to Blackheath fielde.

But now behold he doth bewayle the same:
Thus after wits their rashnesse do deprane,
Behold dismaid he dare not speake for shame,
He lookes like one that late came from the graue,
Or one that came forth of Trophonius caue,
For that in myt he had so little pith,
As hee a Lord to serue a traytour Smith.

Such is the courage of the noble hart,
Which doth despise the vile and baser sort,
He may not touch that sauours of the cart,
Him listeth not with ech Jacke lout to sport,
He lets him passe for paying of his port,
The soilye Egles catch not little flees,
The courtly silkes, match seeld with homely frees.

But ſurely Baldwin if I were allowd
To ſay the truth, I could ſomwhat declare:
But clarkes will ſay, this Smyth doth waxe to proud,
Thus in preceptes of wiſedome to compare,
But Smithes muſt ſpeake that clarkes for feare ne dare
It is a thing that all men may lament,
When clarkes keepe cloſe the truth leaſt they be ſhent.

The Hoſtler, Barber, Myller, and the Smyth,
Heare of the ſawes of ſuch as wiledome ken,
And learne ſome wit although they want the pith,
The clarkes pretend and put both now and then,
The greateſt clarkes proue not the wiſeſt men:
It is not right that men forbid ſhould bee:
To ſpeake the truth al were he bond or free.

And for becauſe I haue vſed to fret and fome,
Not paſſing greatly whom I ſhould diſpleaſe,
I dare be bold awhile to play the mome,
Out of my ſacke ſome others faultes to leaſe,
And let mine owne behinde my backe to peyſe,
For hee that hath his owne before his eye,
Shal not ſo quicke anothers fault eſpie

I ſay was neuer no ſuch woful caſe,
As is when honour doth it ſelfe abuſe:
The noble man that vertue doth embrace,
Repreſſeth pride, and humbleneſſe doth vſe,
By wiſdome workes, and rathneſſe doth refuſe
His wanton wil and luſt that bridle can,
In deede is gentle both to God and man,

But

But where the nobles want both wit and grace,
Regard no reede, care not but for their lust,
Oppresse the Poore, set will in reasons place,
And in their words, and domes bee founde vniust,
Wealth goeth to wracke till all lye in the dust:
There Fortune frownes, and spite beginneth to growe,
Till high, and lowe, and all bee ouerthrow.

Then sith that vertue hath so good reward,
And after vice so duelye wayteth shame,
How hapth that Princes haue no more regard,
Their tender youth with vertue to enflame?
For lacke whereof the wit and will is lame,
Infect with folly, prone to lust, and pride,
Not knowinge howe them selues or theirs to guide.

Whereby it happeneth to the wanton wight,
As to a Ship vpon the stormy Seas,
Which lackinge sterne to guide it selfe a right,
From Shore, to Shore the Winde, and Tide do teese,
Findinge no place to rest and take his ease,
Till at the last it sinke vpon the Sande:
So fare they all that haue not vertue cand.

The Plowman first his Lande doth dresse, and tourne,
And makes it apt or ere the Seede bee sowe,
Whereby hee is full like to reape good Corne.
Where otherwise no seede but weede would growe:
By which ensample men may easely knowe,
When youth haue wealth before they can well vse it
It is no wonder though they do abuse it.

How can hee rule well in a common wealth,
Which knoweth not himselfe in rule to frayne?
How should hee rule himselfe in ghostly health,
Which neuer learnde one lesson for the same:
If such catch harme their Parentes are to blame:
For needes must they bee blynde, and blindly led.
Where no good lesson can bee taught or read.

Some thinke their youth discreet, and wisely taught,
That brag, and boast, and weare their Feather braue,
Can ropst, and rout, both lowze, and looke a loft,
Can sweare, and stare, and call their felowes Knaue,
Can pyll, and poll, and catch before they craue,
Can Carde, and Dyce, both Cog, and Fopst at fare,
Play on vnthrifty, till their Purse bee bare.

Some teach their youth to pipe, to singe, and daunce,
To Hauke, to Hunt, to choose and kill the game,
To wynde their horne, and with their horse to praunce,
To play at Tenis, set the Lute in frame,
Run at the Ringe and vse such other game:
Which frates although they bee not all vnfit,
Yet cannot they the marke of vertue hit.

For noble youth, there is nothinge so meete
As learninge is, to knowe the good from ill:
To knowe the Tongues, and perfectly endyte,
And of the lawes to haue a perfect skill,
Things to reforme as right, and iustice will:
For honour is ordeyned for no cause,
But see right mayntayned by the Lawes,

At spites

It ſpites my heart to heare when Noble men
Cannot diſcloſe their ſecrets to their friend,
In ſauegarde ſure with Paper, Inke, and Pen,
But firſt they muſt a ſecretary finde,
To whom they ſhow the bottome of their minde:
And bee bee falſe, or true, a Blab, or cloſe,
To him they muſt their counſayle needes diſcloſe.

And where they rule that haue of Lawe no ſkill,
There is no boote, they needes muſt ſeeke for ayde:
Then ruled are they, and rule as others will:
As bee that on a Stage his part hath playde:
But bee was taught nought hath bee done, or ſayde.
Such youth therefore ſeeke Science of the Sage,
As thinke to Rule when that yee come to age.

Where youth is brought vp in feare, and Obedience,
Kept from ill company, vpheld of their luſt,
Do ſerue God duely, and know their allegiaunce,
Learne godly wiſedome which time nor age can ruſt:
There Prince, People, and Peeres needes proſper muſt,
For happy are the People, and bleſſed is that Land,
Where Truth, and Vertue haue got the ouer hand.

I ſpeake this Baldwyn of this rufull Lorde,
Whom I perforce do heere preſent to thee,
Hee fawnts ſo ſore hee may not ſpeake a worde,
I pleade his cauſe without reward, or Fee,
And am inforſt to ſpeake for him, and mee.
If in his youth hee had beene wiſely taught,
Hee ſhould not now his Wit ſo deere haue bought.

For

For what is hee that hath but halfe a Wit,
But may well know that Rebelles cannot speede,
Harke well my Tale, and take good heede to it,
Recount it well and take it for good reede,
If it proue vntrue I will not truſt my creede.
Was neuer Rebell before the World, nor ſince,
That could or ſhall preuaile againſt his Prince.

For ere the Subiect beginneth to rebell,
Within himſelfe let him conſider well,
Foreſee the daunger, and beat well in his Brayne,
How hard it is his purpoſe to obtayne,
For if hee once bee entred to the Brears,
Hee hath a raginge Wolfe fall by the Ears.

And when hee is once entred to rule the beaſtly rout,
Although hee would hee can no way get out.
Hee may bee ſure none will to him reſorte,
But ſuch as are the vile, and raſcall ſorte.
All honeſt men as well the moſt as leſt,
To taſt of treaſon will vtterly deteſt.

Then let him way how longe hee can bee ſure,
Where fayth, nor Freendſhip may no while endure:
Hee whom hee truſteth moſt, to gayne a groate
Will fall him from, and aſſay to cut his throate,
Amonge the Knaues, and ſlaues where vice is rooted,
There is no other Freendſhip to bee looked.

With Slathers, Slaues, & Snuffers ſo falſhoode is
The ſimple fayth is deadly ſinne, and vertue counted vice.
And where the Quarrell is ſo vile, and bad,

What

What hope of ayde then is there to bee had?
Thyncke bee that Men will run at this, or that,
To do a thinge they knowe not how, or what?

Nay yet what daunger may thereof betide,
Where Wysedome woulde they should at home abide,
Rather then seeke, and knowe not what to finde.
Wysemen will first debate this in their minde:
Full sure they are if that they go to wracke,
Without all grace they loose both head, and necke.

They loose their Lands, and Goods, their Childe, and Wyfe
With Sorrow, and Shame shall leade a wofull Lyfe,
If bee bee slayne in field bee dieth accurst,
Which of all wracks wee should attempt the worst:
And bee that dieth defendinge his liege Lord,
Is blist, and blist againe by Gods owne Worde.

And where the Souldiers wages is unpayde,
There is the Captayne slenderly obayde,
And where the Souldier is out of feare, and dreede,
Hee will bee lacke when that there is most neede,
And priuately bee seekes his ease, and leasure,
And will bee ruled but at his will, and pleasure.

And where some drawe forth, and other do draw backe,
There in the ende must needes bee woe, and wracke:
To hope for ayde of Lordes it is but vayne,
Whose foes taught wit of treason knoweth the payne,
They knowe what power a Prince hath in his Land,
And what it is with Rebelles for to stand.

They

They know by treason honour is defaced,
Their offspring and their progenie disgraced,
They know to honour is not so worthy a thing,
As to be true and faithful to their king,
Avoue cognisaunce or armes, or pedigrew far,
An vnspotted cote is like a blazing star:

Therfore the rebel is accurst and mad,
That hopeth for that which rebel neuer had:
Who trusting stil to dales doth hang in hope,
Til at the last he hang fast by the rope.
For though such tales be told that hope might feede,
Such foolish hope hath stil vnhappie speede.

It is a custome that neuer wil be broken,
In broyles the bag of lies is euer open,
Such lying newes men daylye wil inuent,
As can the hearers fancy best content,
And as the newes do runne and neuer cease,
So more and more they dayly do encrease.

And as they encrease they multiplie as fast,
That ten is ten hundred, ten thousand at the last.
And though the rebel had once got the field,
Thinkes he thereby to make his prince to yeild:
A princes power within his owne region,
Is not so soone brought vnto confusion.

For Kinges by God are stronge, and stourly harted,
That they of Subiects will not bee subuerted:
If Kinges would yeld, yet God would them restrain,

Of

Of whom the Prince hath grace, and power to raygne:
Who straytly chargeth vs aboue all thinge,
That no man shoulo resist agaynst his Kinge.

Who that resisteth his dread Soueraygne Loyde,
Doth dampne his soule by Gods owne very worde.
A Christian Subiect should with honour due,
Obey his Soueraygne though hee were a Iewe:
Whereby assured when Subiects do rebell,
Gods wrath is kindled, and threatneth fyre, and hell.

It is soone knowen when Gods wrath is kyndled,
How they shall speede with whom hee is offended:
If God gaue victory to whom hee liketh best,
Why looke they for it whom God doth most detest?
For treason is hatefull, and abhord in Gods sight,
Example of Iudas that most wicked Wight:

Which is the chiefe cause no treason prevayles,
For all must bee speede, whom Gods wrath assayles:
Let Traytors, and Rebels looke to speede then,
When Gods mighty power is subiect to men.
Much might bee sayde that goeth more neere the Pith,
But this suffiseth for a rurall Smith.

Baldwin when thou hearest my reason in this case,
Belike thou thinkest I was not very wyse,
And that I was accurst, or else lacked grace,
Which knowinge the ende of my fond Enterprise,
Would thus presume agaynst my Prince to ryse:
But as there is a cause that moueth euery woe,
Somewhat there was whereof this sore did growe. And

And to be plaine and simple in this case,
The cause why I such matter tooke in hand,
Was nothing els but pryde and lacke of grace,
Vayne hope of helpe, and tales both false and fond:
By meanes whereof I did my prince withstand,
Denied the taxe assest by conuocation
To maintaine warre against the Scottish Nation.

Whereat the Cornish men did much repine,
For they of Gold and Siluer were ful bare,
And liued hardly digging in the Myne,
They said they had no money for to spare:
Began first to grudge, and then to sweare and stare,
Forgot their due obeysaunce, and rashly fel to rauing,
And said they would not beare suc polling and such shauing.

They first accuse the king as authour of their griefe,
And then the bysshop Morton. and sir Reinold Bray,
For they then were about the king most chiefe,
Because they thought the hole fault in them lay:
They did protest to ryd them out of the way.
Such thanke haue they that rule about a prince,
They beare the blame of other mens offence.

When I perceiued the commons in a roze,
Then I and Flamocke consulted both together,
To whom the people resorted more and more,
Lamenting and crying, helpe vs now or neuer,
Breake this yoake of bondage then are we free for euer:
Whereat we enflamed in hope to haue a fame,
To be their captaines tooke on vs the name.

When

Then might you heare the people make a shout,
And crye, God saue the Captaines, & sende vs al good speede.
Then hee that fainted was counted but a lout,
The ruffians ran abroade to sowe seditious seede:
To call for company then there was no neede
For euerye man laboured another to entice,
To be partaker of his wicked vice.

Then al such newes as made for our auaile,
Was brought to me, but such as sounded ill,
Was none so bold to speake or yet bewayle:
Euerich was so wedded vnto his wyll,
That foorth they cryed with bowes, sword and byll.
And what the ruffler spake, the lout tooke for a verdite
For there the best was worst, the worst was best regarded.

For when men goe a madding, there stil the byler part
Conspire together and wil haue al the swape,
And bee it wel or il, they must haue al the port,
As they wil doe, the rest must needes obay,
They prattle and prate as doth the Popingape:
They crye and commaund the rest to keepe tharray,
Whiles they may raunge and rob for spoyle and pray.

And when we had prepared euery thing,
We went to Tawnton with al our prouision,
And there we slue the Prouost of Penryn,
For that on the Subsidie hee sate in commission:
He was not wise, nor yet of great discretion,
That durst approach his enemies in their rage,
When wit nor reason could their yre asswage.

From

From thence we went to Welles, where wee were received
Of this Lord Awdley, as of our chiefe captaine,
And so had the name, but yet he was deceiued,
For I in deede did rule the clubbish traine,
My earely knightes true honour did disdaine:
For like doth laue his like, it wil be none other,
A chorle will loue a chorle, before he wil his brother.

From Wels to Winchester, and so to Blackheath field,
And there we encamped looking for more ayde,
But when none came, we thought our selues beguilde,
Such Cornish men as knew they were betraide,
From their felowes by night away they straide:
There might we learne how vayne it is to trust,
Our fayned frendes in quarels so vniust.

But we the sturdy captains þ thought our power was strõg,
Were bent to trye our Fortune what euer should betide
We were the bolder, for that the king so long
Deferred battaile: which so increast our pryde,
That sure we thought the king himselfe did byde
Within the citie, therfore with courage hault,
We did determine the cittye to assault.

But he working contrary to our expectation,
Was fullye myndeb to let vs runne our race,
Til wee were from our domesticall habitation,
Where that of ayde or succour was no place,
And then to be plagued as it should please his grace.
But al doubtful plaintes, how euer they did sound,
To our best bayle we alway did expound.

[Wher

When that the king ſaw tyme, with courage bolde
He ſent a power to circumuent vs al:
Where wee encloaſed as ſimple cheepe in fold,
Were ſlayne & murdred as beaſts in butchers ſtal.
The king himſelfe, what euer chaunce might fall,
Was ſtrogly encāped within S. Georges field,
And there abode til that he hard vs yelde.

Then downe we kneled, and cryed to ſaue our lyfe,
It was to late our folly to bewayle,
There were we ſpoyled of armour, cote, and knife:
And we which thought with pride the city to aſſayle,
Were led in priſoners naked as my nayle,
But of vs two thouſand they had ſlaine before,
And wee of them three hundred and no more.

This my Lord and wee the captaines of the weſt
Tooke our Iune at Newgate fall in fetters tyde,
Where after triall we had but little reſt,
My Lord thorow London was drawne on a ſlyde,
To Tower hil where with an axe he dyed,
Clad in his cote armour painted al in paper,
Torne and reuerſed in ſpight of his behauer.

And I with Thomas Flamocke, & other of our ben
As traytours at Tybourne our iudgement did obay
The people looked I ſhould my fault lament,
To whom I boldly ſpake that for my fond aſſay,
I was ſure of fame that neuer ſhould decay:
Wherebyye may perceiue vayn glory doth enfla
Aſwel the meaner ſort as men of greater name.

But as the sickely patient, sometime hath desire
To tast the things that Phisicke hath denyed,
And hath both payne and sorow for his byte,
The same to me right wel may be applied,
Which while I raught for fame on shame did slyde.
And seking fame brought forth my bitter bane.
As he that fyred the temple of Diane.

I tel thee Baldwin, I muse right oft to see
How euery man for wealth and honour gapeth,
How euery man would climbe aboue the skie,
How euery man thassured meane so hateth,
How froward Fortune oft their purpose mateth:
And if they hap their purpose to obtaine.
Their wealth is woe, their honour care and paine.

Wee see the seruaunt more happie then his Lord,
We see him liue when that his Lord is dead,
He sleepeth sound, is merp at his boorde,
No sorow in his hart doth vexe his head:
Happie then is he that pouertie can wed.
What gaine the mightye conquerours when they be dead
By all the spoile and bloud that they haue shed?

The terrible tower where honour hath his seate,
Is hye on rockes more slipper then the yse,
Where stil the whorling wynde doth roare and beate,
Where sodaine qualmes and perles stil aryse.
And is beset with many sundry vice,
So straunge to men when first they come thereat,
They be amased, and do they wot not what.

[He

He that preuailes and to the tower can clime,
With trouble and care muſt needes abridge his dayes,
And be that ſlydes may curſe the bower and tyme,
He'did attempt to greeue ſo fond affaires,
And al his life to ſorow and ſhame obayes.
Thus ſlide be downe or to the top aſcend,
Aſſure himſelfe repentaunce is the end.

Wherfore Baldwine do thou record my name
To bee enſample to ſuch as credite lies,
Or thirſt to ſucke the ſugred cup of fame,
Or do attempt againſt their prince to ryſe,
And charge them al to keepe within their ſize:
Who doth aſſay to wreſt beyond his ſtrength,
Let him be ſure he ſhal repent at length.

And at my requeſt admonish thou al men,
To ſpend wel the talent which God to them hath lent,
And be that hath but one, let him not tople for ten,
For one is too much, vnleſſe it bee wel ſpent:
I haue had the proofe, therfore I now repent,
And happie are thoſe men, and bliſt and bliſt is hee,
As can be wel content to ſerue in his degree.

FINIS. Maiſter Cauille.

IT is pity (quoth one) that the metre is no better seeing ỹ matter is so good: you may do very wel to helpe it, and a little tyling would make it formal.

The authour himselfe (quoth I) coulde haue done that, but he would not, and hath desyred me that it maye passe in suche rude, sort as you haue heard it: for hee obserueth therein a double decorum both of the Smith, and of him selfe: for he thinketh it not meete for the Smyth to speake nor for himselfe to wryte in any exacte kinde of meeter wel layd another: the matter is notable to teache al people aswel officers, as subiects to cõsyder their estates, and to lyue in loue & obedience to the highest powers. what so euer they bee, whom God eyther by byrth, law, succession, or vniuersal election, doth, or shall authorise in his owne rowme to execute his lawes and iustice, among any people or nation: for by all these meanes God placeth his deputies, and in my iudgemẽt there is no meane so good either for the cõmon quiet of the people, or for gods free choise, as the natural order of enheritaunce by lyneal discent: for so it is left in Gods handes, to create in the wombe what prince hee thinketh meetest for his purposes: the people also know their princes and therfore the more gladly and willinglie receiue and obay them. And although some realmes more careful then wyse, haue entayled their Crowne to their Male thinking it not meete for the feminine sexe to beare the royal office: yet if they consyder all cir-

circumstaunces, and the chiefest vses of a prince in a realme, they shal see howe they are deceiued. For princes are Gods lieutenauntes or deputies, to see gods lawes executed among their subiectes, not to rule accordinge to their owne lustes or deuises, but by the prescript of Gods lawes: so that the chiefest point of a princes office consisteth in obedience to god and to his ordinaunces, & what should let but that a woman may be as obediente vnto God as a man? The second point of a princes office is to prouide for the impotent, nedy, and helpelesse, as widowes, orphanes, lame, and decrepite persons: & seeing women are by nature tender harted, milde, and pitiful who may better than they discharge this dutie? Yea but a woman lacketh courage, boldnesse, and stomacke, to withstand the aduersarie, and so are her subiects an open spoile to their enemies. Debora, Iael, Iudith, Thomiris, and other do proue the contrarie. But graunt it were so: what harme were that seeing victorie consisteth not in wyt or force, but in Gods pleasure. I am sure that whatsoeuer prince doth his dutie in obaying God, and cauling Iustice to be ministred according to Gods lawes, shal not onely lacke warre (be he man, woman or child) but also be a terrour to al other princes. And if God suffer any at any time to be assayled, it is for ꝑ destruction of the assayler, whether he be rebel or forreine foe, & to the honour & profite of ꝑ vertuous prince, in whose behalfe rather then he shal miscarye, God himselfe wil fight with enfections, & earthquakes

from the land and waters, and with ſtormes, and lightenings from the ayre and ſkies. Moe warres haue bene ſought throughe the wilfull & hauty courages of kinges, and greater deſtructions hapned to realme thereby, than by any other meanes. And as for wiſedome and pollicye, ſeeing it conſiſteth in folowing the counſel of many godly, learned, & long experienced heades, it were better to haue a woman, who conſideringe her owne weakenes and inabilitie, ſhould be ruled thereby, than a man which preſuming vpon his owne fond brayne, will heare no aduiſe ſaue his owne. You muſe peraduenture wherfore I ſay this. The franticke heades whiche diſable our Queene, becauſe ſhe is a woman, & our king becauſe he is a ſtraunger, to be our prynces & chief gouernours hath cauſed me to ſay thus much For what ſoeuer man, woman, or childe, is by the conſent, of the whole realme eſtabliſhed in the royal ſeate, ſo it haue not bene iniuriouſlye procured by rigour of ſword and open force, but quietly, by title, eyther of enheritaunce, ſucceſſion, lawful bequeſte, common conſent, or election, is vndoubtedlye choſē by God to be his deputie: and whoſoeuer reſiſtethe any ſuch, reſiſteth againſt God himſelfe, and is a ranke traytour and rebel, and ſhalbe ſure to proſper aſwel as the Blacke Smyth and other ſuche haue done. All reſiſt that wilful breake any lawe, not being againſt Gods law, made by common conſent for

the

the wealth of the realme, and commaunded to bee kept by authoritye of the prince: or that deny to pay such duties, as by consent of the high court of Parliament, are appointed to the Prince for the defence and preseruation of the realme. You haue sayd very truly herein (quoth I) and I trust this terrible example of the Blacke Smyth, will put all men in mynde of their duties and teach them to be obediēt to al good lawes, and lawful contributions. The scriptures do forbid vs to rebel, or forcible to withstand Princes, though they commaūd vnmust thinges: yet in any case we may not do thē but receiue quietly at the princes hand whatsoeuer punishment God shal suffer to be layd vpon vs for oure refusal, God wil suffer none of his to be tēpted aboue their strength. But because these two persons last before rehearsed were thought not onelye obscure in matter, but also crabbed in the meeter (I haue here readye to supplie that which lacked in theym) Shores wife, an eloquent wench, which shal fynish out both in metre & matter, that which coulde not comlily be sayd in their persons. Marke I pray you what shee sayth, & tel me how you lyke it.

HOVVE SHORES WIFE

Kinge Edwarde the fowerthes

Concubine, was by king Richard despoyled of al her goodes, and forced to doe open pennaunce.

AMongthe rest by Fortune ouerthrowen,
I am not least, that most may wayle her fate:
My fame and bruite abrode the world is blowen,
Who can forget a thing thus done so late?
My greae mischaunce, my fal and heaup state,
Is surly a marke whereat ech tongue doth shoote,
That my good name is plucke vp by the rohte.

This wandring world bewitched me with wyles,
And won my wits with wanton sugred ioyes,
In Fortunes frekes who trusles her when she smiles,
Shal fynde her false and ful of fickle toyes,
Her triumphes al but fil our eares with noyes,
Her flattring giftes are pleasure mixt with payne.
Yea al her worldes are thunders threatning raine.

The fond desire that we in glorye set,
Doth thirle our hartes to hope in slipper hap,
A blast of pompe is al the fruite we get,
And vnder that lies hid a sodein clap,
In seeking rest vnwares wee fall in trap:
In groping flowers: with nettles stong we are,
In labouring long we reape the crop of care,

Ob

Oh darke deceit with painted face for showe,
Oh poysoned bayte that makes vs eager still,
Oh fayned frend deceiuing people so,
Oh world of the wee cannot speake to ill:
Yet fooles we are to bend so to thy skyl,
The plague and scourge, that thousands dayly feele,
Should warne the wise to shun thy whirling wheele.

But who can stop the streame that runnes ful swift?
Or quench the fire that crept is in the strawe?
The thirstie drinkes, there is no other shift,
Perforce is such that nede obayes no lawe:
Thus bound we are in worldly yokes to drawe,
And cannot stay, nor turne againe in time,
Nor learne of those that sought to high to clime.

My selfe for proofe lo here I now appeare,
In womans weede with weeping watred eyes,
That bought her youth and her delightes full deare,
Whose loud reproach doth sound vnto the skies
And bids my corps out of the graue arise,
As one that may no longer byde her face,
But needes must come and shew her piteous case.

The sheete of shame wherein I shrowded was
Did moue me oft to plaine before this day,
And in myne eares did ryng the trumpe of brasse.
Which is defame, that doth each vice bewraye.
Yea though ful dead and low in earth I lay,
I heard the voyce of me what people said,
But then to speake alas I was afrayde.

And

And now a time for mee I see prepared,
I heare the liues and falles of many wightes:
My tale therfore the better may be heard,
For at the torch the little candle lightes.
Where pageauntes bee, smal thinges fil out the sights,
Wherfore geeue eare, good Baldwin do thy best,
My tragedye to place among the rest.

Because the truth shal witnesse wel with thee,
I wil rehearse in order as it fell,
My lyfe, my death, my doleful destenie,
My wealth, my woe, my doing euery deale,
My bitter blisse, wherein I long did dwel:
A whole discourse by me Shores wife by name,
Now shalt thou heare as thou hast seene the same.

Of noble bloud I cannot boast my birth,
For I was made out of the meanest molde,
Mine heritage but seuen foote of earth.
Fortune ne gaue to me the giftes of Gold:
But I could brag of nature if I would,
Who fil'de my face with fauour fresh and fayre,
Whose beauty shone like Phœbus in the ayre.

My shape some sayd was seemely to ech sight,
My countenaunce did show a sober grace,
Mine eyes in lookes were neuer prou'd light,
My tongue in wordes was chast in euery case,
Mine eares were deafe and would no louers place,
Saue that (alas) a prince did blot my brow.
Lo, there the strong did make the weake to bow.

The

The maieſtie that kinges to people beare,
The ſtately port, the awful cheare they ſhow,
Doth make the meane to ſhrinke & couch for feare
Like as the hound, that doth his maiſter knowe:
What then, ſince I was made vnto the bow:
Thereis no cloake, can ſerue to hyde my fault,
For I agreed the fort he ſhould aſſault.

The Eagles force ſubdues ech bird that flies.
What mettal may reſiſt the flaming fire?
Doth not the Sunne, daſill the cleareſt eyes,
And melt the yſe, and make the froſt retire?
Who can withſtand a puiſſaunt kinges deſire?
The ſtiffeſt ſtones are perced through with tooles,
The wiſeſt are, with princes made but fooles.

If kinde had wrought my forme in common frames,
And ſet me forth in colours blacke and browne,
Or beautye had beene parchd in Phœbus flames,
Or ſhamefaſt wapes had pluct my fethers downe,
Then had I kept my fame and good renowne:
For natures giftes was cauſe of al my griefe.
A pleaſaunt pray entiſeth many a thiefe.

Thus wo to thee that wrought my peacockes pryde,
By cloathing me with natures rapiſtrie,
Wo worth the hue wherein my face was dyde,
Which made me thinke I pleaſed euery eye:
Like as the ſterres make men behold the ſkie,
So beauties ſhow doth make the wiſe ful fond.
And bringes free hartes ful oft to endleſſe bond.

But

But cleare from blame my frendes cannot be found
Before my time my youth they did abuse:
In mariage, a prentise was I bound,
Then that meere loue I knew not how to vse.
But welaway, that cannot me excuse,
The harme is mine though they deuised my care,
And I must smart and lie in slaunderous snare.

Yet geue me leaue to pleade my cause at large,
If that the horse be ronne beyond his race,
Or any thing that keepers haue in charge
Do breake their course, where rulers may take place
Or meate be set before the hungries face,
Who is in fault the offender yea or no,
Or they that are the cause of al this woe?

Note wel what strife this forced mariage makes,
What loathed liues do come where loue doth lacke.
What scratching breers do grow vpon such brakes,
What common weales by it are brought to wracke,
What heape loade is put on pacientes backe,
What straunge delightes this braunch of vice doth breede
And marke what graine springes out of such a seede.

Compel the hauke to sit that is vnmand,
Or make the hound vntaught to drawe the Deere,
Or bring the free against his will in band,
Or moue the sad a pleasaunt tale to heare,
Your time is lost and you are neuer the neere:
So loue ne learnes of force the knot to knit,
She serues but those that feele sweete fancies fit.

The

The leſſe deſame redounded to my diſpraiſe,
I was entiſte by traynes, and trapt by truſt:
Though in my power remained peas and napes,
Unto my frendes yet needes conſent I muſt,
In euery thing ye lawful or vniuſt.
They brake the bowes and ſhoke the tree by ſleight,
And bent the wand ỳ mought haue grown ful ſtreite.

VVhat helpe is this, the pale thus broken downe,
The deere muſt needes in daunger runne aſtray:
At me therfore why ſhould the world ſo frowne,
My weakeneſſe made my youth a Princes pray.
Though wiſedome ſhould the courſe of nature ſtay,
Yet trye my caſe who liſt, and they ſhall proue,
The ryppeſt wits are ſooneſt thralles to loue.

VVhat neede I more to cleare my ſelfe to much?
A King me wan, and had me at his call:
His royal ſtate his Princely grace was ſuch,
The hope of will (that women ſeeke for all,)
The eaſe, the wealth, the gyftes which were not ſmal,
Beſieged me ſo ſtrongly round about,
My power was weake I could not hold him out.

Duke Hannibal in al his conqueſt great,
Or Cæſar yet, whoſe triumphes did exceede,
Of al their ſpoyles which made them toyle and ſweate,
VVere not ſo glad to haue ſo rich a meede,
As was this Prince when I to him agreed.
And yelded me a priſoner willingly,
As one that knew no way away to flye.

The

The Nightingale for al his merye boyce
Nor yet the Larke that yet delightes to ſing,
Did neuer make the hearers ſo reioyce,
As I with woordes haue made this worthy king:
I neuer iarde, in tune was euery ſtring,
I tempered ſo my tongue to pleaſe his eare,
That what I ſaid was currant euery where.

I ioynde my talke, my geſtures, and my grace
In wittie frames that long might laſt and ſtand,
So that I brought the King in ſuch a caſe,
That to his death I was his chiefeſt hand,
I gouerned him that ruled al this land:
I bare the ſwoord though he did weare the crowne,
I ſtrake the ſtroke that threw the mightie downe:

If Juſtice ſaid that iudgement was but death,
With my ſweete woordes I could the king perſwade,
And make him pauſe and take therein a breath,
Til I with ſuite the kantors peace had made:
I knew what wape to vſe him in his trade,
I had the arte to make the Lyon meeke.
There was no point wherein I was to ſeeke.

If I did frowne, who then did looke awrie:
If I did ſmyle, who would not laugh outright:
If I but ſpake, who durſt my woordes denie:
If I purſued, who would forſake the flight:
I meant my power was knowen to euery wight,
On ſuch a height good hap had built my bower,
As though my ſweete ſhould neuer haue turnd to ſower.

My

My husband then as one that knew his good,
Refusde to kepe a Princes Concubine,
Foreseeing the end and misthiefe as it stoode,
Against the King did neuer much repine,
He saw the grape whereof he dranke the wine,
Though inward thought his hart did stil torment.
Yet outwardlye he seemde he was content.

To purchase praise and win the peoples zeale,
Yea rather bent of kinde to do some good,
I euer did vphold the common weale,
I had delight to saue the guiltlesse bloud:
Eche suters cause when that I vnderstoode,
I did prefer as it had beene mine owne,
And helpe them vp that might haue bene orethrowne.

My power was prest to right the poremans wrong,
My handes were free to greue where nede required,
To watch for grace I neuer thought it long,
To doe men good I nede not be desired.
Nor yet with giftes my hart was neuer hyred.
But when the Ball was at my foote to guide,
I plaied to those that Fortune did abide.

My want was wealth, my woe was ease at wil,
My robes was rich and brauer than the Sunne:
My Fortune then was far aboue my skil,
My state was great, my glasse did euer runne,
My fatal threede so happely was sponne,
That then I sate in earthly pleasures clad,
And for the time a goodelle place I had.

But

But I had not so sone this life possest,
But my good hap began to slip asyde.
And Fortune then did me so sore molest,
That vnto plaintes was turned al my Pride,
It booted not to rowe against the tide:
Myne oares were weake my hart and strength did fayle,
The winde was rough I durst not beare a sayle.

WHat steps of strife belong to high estate?
The climing vp is doubtful to endure,
The seate it selfe doth purchase priuie hate,
And honours fame is fickle and vnsure,
And al she bringes, is flowers that be vnpure:
WHich fal as fast as they do sprout and spring,
And cannot last thoy are so vayne a thing.

WHe count no care to catch that we do wish,
But what we win is long to vs vnknowne,
Tyl present payne be serued in our dish,
WHe scarce perceiue whereon our griefe hath growen:
WHat graine proues wel that is so rashly sowen?
If that a meane did measure all our deedes,
And steede of corne we should not gather weedes.

The setled mynde is free from Fortunes power,
They neede not feare who looke not vp aloft,
But they that clyme are careful euery hower,
For when they fal they light not very soft:
Examples hath the wisest warned oft,
That where the trees the smallest braunches bere,
The stormes do blow and haue most rigour there.

WHere

Where is it ſtrange but neere the Ground, and Roote?
Where is it weake but on the higheſt Sprayes?
Where may a man ſo ſurely ſet his Foote,
But on thoſe Boowes that groweth lowe alwayes?
The little Twiges are but vnſtedfaſt ſtayes,
If they breake not, they bend with every blaſt,
Who truſts to them ſhall neuer ſtand full faſt.

The Winde is great vppon the higheſt Hilles,
The quiet Ile is in the Dale bee lowe,
Who treades on Ile ſhall liue againſt their wills,
They want not Cares that curious Arts would know.
Who liues at eaſe, and can content him ſo,
Is perfect wiſe, and ſets vs all to Schoole,
Who hates this loze may well be calde a Foole.

What greater griefe may come to any life,
Than after ſweete to taſte the bitter ſower?
Or after Peace to fall at Warre, and ſtrife,
Or after myrth to haue a cauſe to lower?
Vnder ſuch Props falſe Fortune builds her Power,
On ſodayne chaunge her flitteringe Frames bee ſet,
Where is no way for to eſcape her Net.

The baſty ſmart, that Fortune ſendes in ſpite
Is hard to brooke where gladneſſe wee embrace,
Shee threatens not, but ſodainly doth smite,
Where Ioy is moſt, there doth ſhee Sorrow place.
But ſure I thincke, this is to ſtraunge a caſe,
For vs to feele ſuch griefe amid our Game,
And know not why vntill wee taſte the ſame.

As earſt I ſayd, my bliſſe was turnd to bale,
I had good cauſe to weepe and wringe my hands,
And ſhewe ſad cheere with Countenaunce full pale,
For I was brought in ſorrows wofull bands:
A Pirry came and ſet my Ship on Sandes,
What ſhould I hide, or colour Care, and Nope?
Kinge Edward dyed in whom was all my Ioye.

And when the Earth receiued had his Corſe,
And that in Toumbe, thys worthy Prince was layde,
The World on mee began to ſhewe his Force,
Of Troubles then my part I longe aſſayed:
For they of whom I neuer was afrayde,
Undid mee moſt, and wrought mee ſutch diſpite,
That they bereft mee from my pleaſure quite.

As longe as life remainde in Edward breſt,
What was but I? who had ſutch frends at call?
His body was no ſooner put in Cheſt,
But well was hee that could procure my fall:
His Brother was mine Enemy moſt of all
Protectour then, whoſe vice did ſtill abound,
From ill to worſe till death did him confound.

Hee falſely fayned, that I of counſayle was
To poyſon him which thinge I neuer ment,
But hee could ſet thereon a face of braſſe,
To bringe to paſſe his lewde, and falſe entent,
To ſutch miſchiefe this Tyrants heart was bent:
To God ne man hee neuer ſtoode in awe,
For in his wrath hee made his will a lawe.

Lorde

Lord Hastings blood for vengeaunce on him cryes,
And many moe, that were to longe to name:
But most of all and in most wofull wyse
I had good cause this wretched man to blame,
Before the World I suffered that me shame,
Where people were as thicke as the Sande,
In Penaunce tooke with Taper in my Hand.

Ech Eye did stare, and looke mee in the Face,
As I past by the Rumours on mee ran,
But Patience then had lent mee such a Grace,
My quiet Lookes were prayse of every man:
The Shamefaste blood brought mee such colour thar
That Thousands sayd, which sawe my Sober cheere,
It is great ruth to see this Woman heere.

But what preuayle the peoples pitty there?
This raginge Wolfe would spare no guiltlesse blood.
Oh wicked Wombe that such ill fruict did beare,
Oh cursed Earth that yeldeth forth such Mud,
The Hell consume all thinges that did thee good,
The Heauens shut their Gates against thy Spryte,
The World tread downe thy Glory vnder Feete.

I aske of God a vengeaunce on thy Bones,
Thy stinkinge Corps corrups the Ayre I know:
Thy shamefull death no earthly Wight bemoanes
For in thy Lyfe thy workes were hated so,
That every man did wishe thy ouerthrowe:
Wherefore I may, though parciall now I am,
Curse every cause whereof thy body came.

¶ Wo worth the man that fathered ſutch a childe:
¶ Wo worth the Bower wherein thou waſt begate,
¶ Wo worth the Breſts that haue the world begilde,
To nourith thee that all the World do hate,
¶ Wo worth the Gods that [illegible]hee ſutch a fate,
To liue ſo longe, that death [illegible]ode ſo ofte.
¶ Wo worth the chaunce that ſet thee vp a loft.

Yee Princes all, and Rulers euerychone,
In puniſhment beware of hatreds ire,
Before yee ſcourge, take heede, looke well thereon:
In wrathes ill will if malice kindle fire,
Your heartes will burne in ſutch a hote deſire,
That in thoſe flames the Smoake ſhall dimme your ſight,
Yee ſhall forget to ſtryke your Juſtice right.

You ſhould not iudge till thinges bee well diſcernde,
Your charge is ſtill to maintayne vpright lawes,
In conſcience rules yee ſhould bee throughly learnde,
¶ Where clemency bids wrath, and rathneſſe pauſe,
And further ſayth: Strike not without a cauſe,
And when yee ſmite do it for Juſtice ſake,
Then in good part eche man your Scourge will take.

If that ſutch zeale had moued this Tyrauntes minde,
To make my plague a warrant for the reſt,
I had ſmall cauſe ſutch fault in him to finde,
Sutch puniſhment is vſed for the beſt:
But by ill will and power I was oppreſt.
Hee ſpoyled my goods, and left mee bare and Pore,
And cauſed mee to begge from Doore, to Doore.

¶ What

What fall was this, to come from Princes Fare,
To watch for crummes amonge the blinde, and lame?
When almes were delt I had an hungry hare,
Because I knewe not how to aske for shame,
Till force & neede had brought me in suche frame,
That starue I must, or learne to beg an Almes,
With booke in hande to say S. Dauids Psalmes.

Where I was wont the golden Chaynes to weare,
A paire of Beades about my Necke was wound,
A lynnen cloth was lapt about my heare,
A ragged Goune that trayled on the Ground,
A Dish that clapt, and gaue a heauy sound,
A slayinge staffe, and wallet therewithall,
I beare about as witnesse of my fall.

I had no house wherein to hide my head,
The open Streate my lodginge was perforce,
Full oft I went all hungry to my Bed,
My flesh consumde, I looked like a coarse,
Yet in that plight who had on mee remorse?
O God thou knowest my freendes forsooke mee than,
Not one holpe mee who suckred many a man.

They frownde on mee, that fawnd on mee before,
And fled from mee that followed mee full fast,
They hated mee, by whom I set much store,
They knew full well my fortune did not last,
In euery place I was condemnd and cast:
To plead my cause at Bar it was no boote,
For euery man did treade mee vnder foote.

Thus longe I liude all weary of myfe,
Till death approcht, and rid mee from that wo:
Example take by mee both Mayde, and Wife,
Beware, takeheede, fall not to folly fo,
A Mirrour make by my great ouerthrowe:
Defie this World, and all his wanton wayes,
Beware by mee that ſpent ſo ill her dayes.

FINIS.

Th. Churchyarde.